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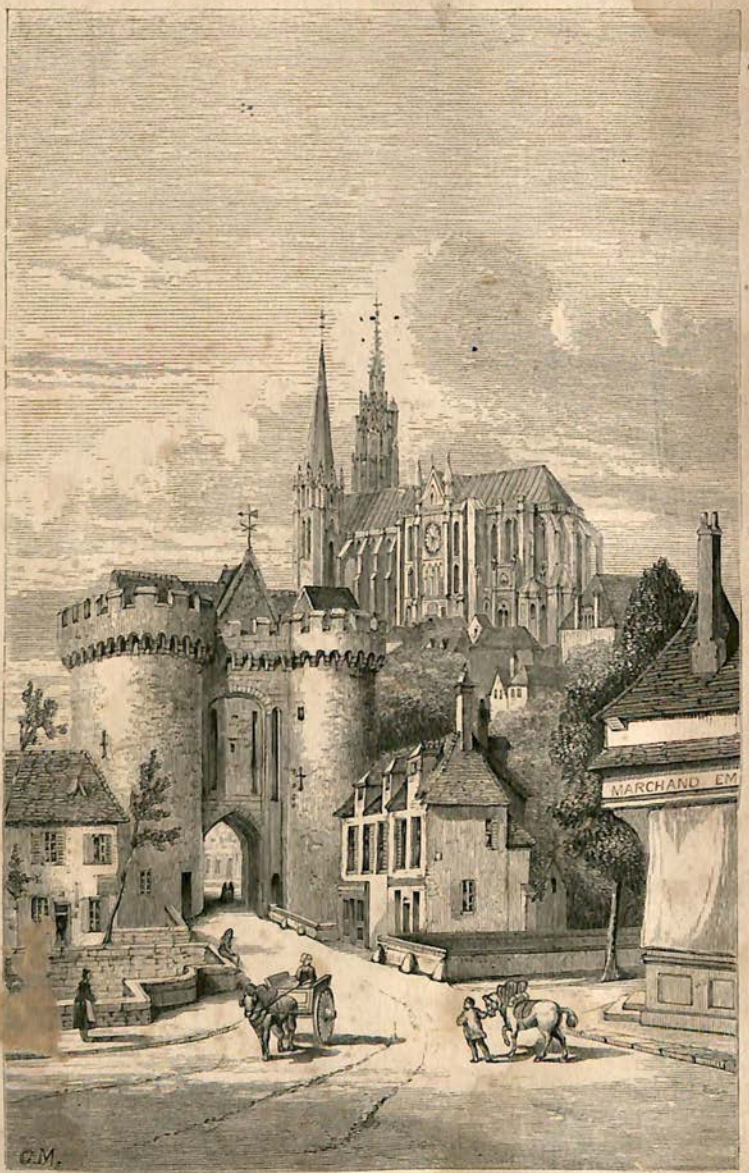
NOOKS AND CORNERS IN OLD FRANCE.

VOL. I.

" Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to nurse
The growing seeds of wisdom: that suggest,
By ev'ry pleasing image they present,
Reflections such as meliorate the heart,
Compose the passions and exalt the mind."

COWPER.



LA PORTE GUILLAUME, CHARTRES.

NOOKS AND CORNERS

IN

OLD FRANCE.

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TOWN HALL AND OLD LIGHT-HOUSE, CALAIS.

BY

THE REV. GEORGE MUSGRAVE, M.A.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NN. d. 31

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
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TO

SIR GEORGE MUSGRAVE, BART.

OF EDENHALL,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES,

RECORDING SUCH INCIDENTS AND NOVELTIES

AS PRESENTED THEMSELVES

IN A MONTH'S TOUR TO AN ATTENTIVE OBSERVER,

ARE HEARTILY DEDICATED

AS A TESTIMONY OF SINCERE REGARD

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

FEW must be the number, among the many who will peruse these volumes, that have not, on some occasion, formed part of the company conducted by a guide appointed for that purpose through the State apartments of a Palace, or the galleries of a large Museum; compelled to take in at a glance, and under the pressure of haste, just so many of the objects presenting themselves to the eye as the three or four minutes' stay in each room might enable even a keen observer to notice. Such a party will, doubtless, have gained a tolerably accurate knowledge of the interior of the Buildings; a generally correct idea of the magnificence of the princely home, or of the precious contents of the Repository: but, under the constraining regulation that all should keep together, the opportunity of examining Works of Art, or relics of Antiquity, in detail and in that silent leisure which favours thought and note-making, these sight-seers have

necessarily left unperceived and unregarded a very considerable amount of interesting productions and curiosities which they were only to hear of on their return home,—as items in this or that salon or cabinet, which were worth all the rest together! This is the cold comfort with which many a traveller meets at his journey's end: and his regretful justification generally rests on the declared impossibility of any one seeking for places, or singling out objects of particular interest, where there was so much to be seen, and so little time allowed even for a mere look around him.

It appears to me that these few words best describe the manner in which the generality of Tourists that I have at various periods met abroad, are accustomed to travel. They have, in almost every instance, affirmed that they had not leisure for more than a cursory view of anything. Their routes, in fact, had been planned with a single eye to traversing the largest extent of ground within the shortest possible allotment of time: and, upon this showing, human curiosity has ere now found contentment in one day at Rome, and one night in Naples, on the principle that

> 'If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
> It were done quickly.'

But, to this system is to be attributed, in great

degree, that remarkable unacquaintance with the inner life of foreign nations visited, and with the Religion and Laws, institutions, characters, thoughts and feelings of people with whom frequent tours on the Continent ought to make them familiar, which is observable among so many English on their return from abroad. Our countrymen at large regard not Foreign Travel in the light of a study. They are unwilling to limit their excursion to a small section of the outspread Map, and to *go through that little well.* They trace out hundreds of leagues in the "Continental Bradshaw," and, this done, "The Handbook" becomes to them all in all: and here lies their mistake. These "Manuels des Voyageurs", —(our own pre-eminently)—do their work well; but they reasonably leave quite as much to be done by their Reader, who should bring to bear upon every specified ROUTE his own previous information and acquirements. One indispensable 'vade mecum' is a well-stored memory: a mind, and, indeed, an eye—so educated that places, persons, and things shall be beheld with the glance of knowledge, and, almost, of recognition;—quite independently of the pocket-volume: and he who goes forth with Memoranda jotted down, after careful reading of various authors whose books in one way or other have reference to the Country about to be visited,—and with notes made several weeks or months

beforehand, relative to its history, laws, manners, and institutions,—will soon find that Travel and Locomotion are not strictly synonymous terms: that he has wherewithal to occupy every hour, and to turn every day to good account. Herein will he, probably, begin to emulate those intelligent men of the Law whose commission is to get up evidence from all quarters, however remote and obscure; and to return laden with pertinent and elucidatory facts; but, on the principle of carrying out these mental qualifications for a foreign journey, at first start, it will be seen that one traveller may glean as much information in three weeks as another, whose mind is a blank as regards the categories above mentioned, would only inadequately gather in as many months. I am not speaking of that 'dolce far niente' multitude that merely ride about from Station to Station and from Inn to Inn to be amused. My remarks apply to those whom we might expect to exert their powers of observation, but who come home to us with no more insight into Men and Things than they had when they set out. The truth is, they find investigatory excursion and visits of research no sinecure. The eye, the ear, and the tongue have therein more than enough to do, directly an intelligent and active man places his foot on the great Continent of Europe. An attentive spectator may effect much in the acquisition of knowledge; but a good lis-

tener will, probably, amass the largest amount of information: for, short and sensible questions may often elicit long and elucidatory answers; and we should cross the straits, not to teach and argue, but to learn and inwardly digest useful facts and enlightened men's communications.

Let me add that, without the further advantage of perfect familiarity with not only colloquial French, but with the terms, also, of Science in that language, all exegetical inquiry is out of the question; and the spirit of research is discouraged and baffled ere half its work is done. I say 'work'—because, in my opinion, our intellect and talents, of whatever order or degree, should be in constant activity in a strange land; as many an admirable volume has for more than a century testified; to say nothing of the information that has reached us from explorers of remote and alien territory, in those tomes of high antiquity (the Books of Herodotus and Strabo, for instance), which will attest to the end of time the persevering industry and highly-intelligent perception of their authors.

Be all this as it may, these observations emanate from good humour only: I even make them as a self-accuser, believing that superficial observation is the besetting weakness of us all; and I shall humbly own the impeachment, while condemning the fault; whether among travellers in particular, or in the world at large. It was my

endeavour, however, to indagate always in the right quarter, and to seek out, as far as was possible, authentic and authoritative informants,—restricting all companionship to the French themselves;—enlightened and sensible men enjoying a wide range of local and general knowledge,—who directed my attention to, and favoured my wish to become acquainted with occurrences, incidents, systems and details, of which it would be well worth while to take more than ordinary notice,—especially while wandering into unfrequented spots, and pursuing my way into neglected localities. These same French are a communicative and social people; and, being ever willing to go far out of their own way to put us right upon our chosen tracks, however devious, I shall only have done them justice in making careful, interesting, and lively reports of what I saw in the Nooks and Corners of those ancient provinces which, for hundreds of years, were subject to our dominion, and must for evermore continue to be suggestive of English pre-eminence among the nations, in the annals of glory and renown.

G. M.

Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park.

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TO

THE FIRST VOLUME.

[ENGRAVED BY G. PEARSON.]

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NOOKS AND CORNERS IN OLD FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

CALAIS.

"MESSIEURS pour Paris!—vite! vite!" were the first sounds that fell upon my ear from the shore of Picardy, as the mail boat 'Prince Impérial,' in obedience to the cry of "Stop her!" glided alongside of the jetty at Calais, on the 19th day of July, 1866. A rush of many, with all the scramble and unceremonious collisions incidental to going ahead, and no time to spare, was the instantaneous reply to this summons from the active agents of the Great Northern of France. My fellow-passengers were a queer lot—French, German, Spanish, and American—looking sick and sallow enough. I believe there were but two natives of England besides myself; and if Paris had been *Paradis*, which the French, in their love of the capital, would tell us is the better way of spelling its

name, the motley throng that began to run up the ladder could not have evinced more earnest desire to rush into *l'intérieur*, and leave Calais to those who could like it. Now, I hesitate not to declare myself of that number; and, considering the romantic reminiscences of the old piratical town—once the terror of the channel—the lengthened period during which it was held by England's kings, and the very close proximity to our island home, which induces so many owners of telescopes in Dover to adjust the focus for the opposite cliffs, on which, in clear summer weather, the windmills may be descried in active work—the aversion from even one day's halt at this landmark of British history, testified by thousands of even our best educated countrymen and women, is hardly to be accounted for. That clever writer, C. A. Collins, has christened it "Malaise," as if he would place on record how ill at ease he was in the place! As a brother in travel, I wonder at his inability to make himself comfortable. As an archæologian, I am astonished at his indifference to its antiquities. I care not, indeed, for that word which would have been found incised on Queen Mary's heart, had the surgeons of her royal household acted upon her melancholy intimation; but I can still gaze with interest on the bust of Eustache St. Pierre, around whose neck is seen the rope which, at the raising of Edward the Third's siege of Calais,

shone far more illustrious than his royal captor's crown; and I delight in treading the lanes, narrow and dirty though they be, that lead to where Jean de Vienne, commandant of the besieged town, superintended the delivery of rations of dog and rat among the famishing inhabitants; and, a few yards further on, in walking up to the Palace of François, Duc de Guise, surnamed Le Balafré—formerly the "Staple Inn" of Calais, and the residence of British kings, whose charters upheld the prosperity of this vast wool market. Here, too, was lodged François Premier, after his hearty welcome given to our "bluff Harry," who jousted with him, armed *cap-à-pié*, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold at Balinghen.

Look as we may into this old town and its archives, the memory of brave, great, and good men is, or ought to be, revived. "And still the eloquent air," to use Byron's words, "breathes, burns with" those who had coped with, till they conquered, the pride of the Tudors, as of the Plantagenets.

Calais has more than this to arrest attention, and to gratify laudable curiosity; and when I next hold converse with Red Murray *magni nominis*, I shall challenge his assertion that "after an hour or two it becomes tiresome, and a traveller will do well to quit it as soon as he has cleared his baggage from the Custom House." I remember having spoken thus unadvisedly up-

wards of fifty years ago, after waiting in Dessin's hotel nine days for a wind! But boys of eighteen or nineteen are no archæologists, nor makers of many notes by the way; and none of the objects which interested me in 1866 won any share of my attention in 1816:—many, indeed, were not in existence. Hogarth's gate, built by Richelieu, and immortalized by the picture and engraving, remains unchanged, save that there is no long-gaitered, cocked-hatted sentinel, nor any obese cook visible with a ponderous joint of beef, nor monk, nor mendicant to gaze wistfully thereon; but The Sentimental Traveller—if there be one left—might, even at the present day, descant on the striking picture of peace ("L'Empire! c'est la Paix!") where, less than sixty years ago, men were ever on the *qui vive* for battle. Behind the loop-holed parapet of the low wall commanding the moat of the fortifications, just where the ponderous draw-bridge still looks warlike, the newly-arrived stranger that proceeds from the railway-station into the town has but to glance at the grassy banquette (where a detachment from the garrison would be drawn up to discharge a murderous volley upon advancing enemies), to discern parterres of carefully cultivated flowers, among which rakes and watering-pots have superseded stands of arms and ammunition chests; and in close proximity are gaily-painted boards, advertising Bass's

bitter beer, and Allsopp's Burton ale, which, I perceive, the French are far from undervaluing, and which, but for the stinging cost thereof, they would adopt as a frequent as well as favourite beverage.

The townspeople have not left in oblivion the family of the Guises. On a pedestal, surmounted by a bust, in front of the town-hall, is an inscription—"Au duc François de Guise, Le Balafré, libérateur de Calais, 1553;" and in the transept of the church is a vast picture (formerly hung in this hall), well copied from the original at Versailles, representing the Duc de Guise making that attack from the waterside which recovered Calais from its intrusive occupants. A similar monument glorifies the memory of Cardinal Richelieu, who built the citadel.

Before I go further into any mention of Calais, I must place on record the immense improvement effected by the erection of a capital hotel on a small scale, with a restaurant and buffet attached, at the station on the pier landing-place. The whole management is admirable—the cookery excellent, the wine good, the charges very moderate. The apartments for day or night use are all that the traveller, arriving or departing, could desire. A dear friend of mine, who lodged there for a night or two with his family, had made very advantageous mention of it, and I found his recommendation justified in

every single respect. I breakfasted and dined in my own private apartments, and missed not an English comfort. The stillness all through the night was like that of Salisbury Plain; and I suppose that no one who had ever lodged here would for a moment think of seeking accommodation in even the best hotel in the town. The establishment is managed by the family who likewise conduct the business of the buffet at Amiens (Batonier-Oger).

I found the whole length of the street leading direct from the drawbridge to the great square *pavoisée;* that is to say, every house-occupier had thrust out a pole bearing the flag of France or England, as though to grace some procession or high festival; but all this demonstration was lavished on "the excursionists" from Ramsgate, who were expected twice in the week to disembark "free and easy," and augment the multitudes thronging in from the neighbourhood to enjoy Calais Fair; of which I shall have something to report a few pages further on.

Considerable outlay has been made on the old fortifications; and the barracks recently erected at the citadel, on the site of Richelieu's old buildings, are really splendid. The gates of his day, two hundred and thirty years old, must have been well built; for there is not a stone loose. The fieldworks, however, on the land side, remain *in statu quo;* but, as an old soldier observed

to me, the way in which the work of attack and defence is carried on now-a-days makes these mounds and moats simply ridiculous.

The day being all before me, I contemplated the ascent of the old lighthouse, whose blazing lamps I had so often watched from the cliffs of Kent, and at the height of which, so conspicuous from sea, I concluded I should gain a capital *vue de ballon* of all Calais and its suburb, or Basse-ville, St. Pierre les Calais; but the ancient lanthorn has been long since dark: the modern Pharos has superseded that which used to guide the mariner through the Channel, and as I had no desire to undertake two ascents, each exceeding two hundred and sixty steps, I walked off to the new but less picturesque illuminator of the Pas de Calais, after remarking, with considerable satisfaction, that the "autorités" have very carefully repaired and restored the decorative architecture of the tower of the Town Hall, which had begun to crumble away and lose its distinctive and pleasing features. It is a picturesque object, as most of our best artists know, and boasts of no mediocre antiquity; having been built nearly six centuries and a half, or a hundred and fifty-seven years subsequent to the Norman Conquest, in the reign of Philip Augustus. The sweet-toned *carillons* in the belfry seemed to chime in with these ancient memories as they played out the tune of "Depuis long tems."

As among old tomes, so in old towns there is a charm in coming suddenly upon time-honoured names. Threading my way last summer through the streets of Angiers, I was delighted to fall in with "Rue Plantagenet." So here in Calais we meet the Rue d' Eustache St. Pierre. Let the artist who understands happy composition and colouring halt at the corner of this street, and look towards the church at its extremity, and note the yellow and rose-tinted frontages intermingling with creamy-white and warm grey; and wait till the sunshine touches the green shutters and the brazen and gilt ensigns of various crafts—a carpet or a set of curtains hanging over a balcony, and a tilt-wagon and tumbril, with white and roan Norman horses, with their blue sheepskin collars and red tassels, intermingling with a few soldiers, whose red madder trousers warm up the middle distance among a knot of old crones habited in the costumes of the villages of Artois; and then let him wait till the greater part of the right side of the street is in transparent shadow, and the church tower in amber light against a blue sky; and if he cannot, on such an opportunity, emulate Girtin and Prout, and produce a bit of Calais worthy of the screens in Pall Mall East, he may be a thoroughly good Christian, but he has no feeling for Art.

There are several capital streets in this town, neither narrow nor nasty; for instance, Rue St.

THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE, CALAIS.

Michel, Rue Neuve, Rue St. Denis, and certain others leading off from the quarter of the church and principal convents; and the introduction of the railway would long since have led to the erection of many a a charming villa residence beyond the walls, but for the field fortifications already referred to. As it is, the best streets seem to have been appropriated by the Government offices, the ecclesiastical body, and the bobbinet manufacturers. Among these the Rue des Prêtres, called five hundred years ago "Parsons' Street," is one of good aspect; a considerable portion of it being occupied by the Inland Custom-house and one or two convents. At the termination of the Rue des Thermes is a handsome stone-built entry into that side of the ramparts on which stands the new and very handsome lighthouse. Here is a promenade, as much resorted to by the inhabitants of this quarter as the newly-formed Cours du Sud, an ornamental garden and promenade not far from the port; and with the young and agile it is a favourite diversion to run into the lighthouse, and ascend its noble staircase of two hundred and sixty steps, and from its summit look across at that England whose mediæval rulers were so proud to call Calais their own, and held it far too long for the peace and prosperity of either country. This fine tower is brickbuilt, with stone coigns and copings, and soars in air to the height

of one hundred and eighty feet. As a specimen of masonry it is faultless. The expense has been lavish: the whole cost amounting to upwards of £10,000 sterling; of which sum £8,000 were expended on the building, and £2,000 on the lamp apparatus. The latter was supplied from Wagner's works, in the Rue Montmartre, Paris. When I had recovered freedom of breathing, after three halts on the chairs considerately introduced in niches at certain intervals of the ascent, I began to inspect the massive and elaborate mechanism of the lamp, which maintains in continuous brilliancy a dense flame ten inches in height and four and a half in breadth. This is produced by four distinct circular wicks, the outward one being two inches and a quarter distant from the centre of the middle wick. These, in the hours of the longest period during which the light is maintained, consume two gallons of Colza oil. A concave refractor, upwards of six feet in height, and five feet in width, throws its well-known glare across twenty miles of the Channel, the intense brilliancy of which is augmented by lenses of prismatic form, two inches and a half thick, that revolve round the lamp, and multiply the light nine times. I understood the watcher to say that these refractors were made in England—probably the dioptric lenses manufactured by Messrs. Chance, and comprised in a hollow cylinder, built up of lenses and

prisms, the cost of which, on the scale employed in this Pharos, is not less than £1,600 sterling. Chance's lights are used in the Shetland Isles, on the Irish coast, and in Wales, and at Gibraltar.

An ingenious arrangement of cog-wheels and regulating scapements, from which depend heavy weights, prevents the oil rising too rapidly; and strict watch is kept through the hours of illumination by two men, entitled the "Gardiens de Phare." They take turns: one every alternate evening kindles the wicks, and takes his supper alongside of the mighty flame. At one o'clock he is relieved by his companion from below, who leaves his snug berth on the basement, and remains aloft till daylight, and then extinguishes the lamplight, by covering it with a huge curfew of brass, very closely resembling the largest sized fire-buckets. The upper portion of this magnificent tower, leading immediately into the crowning lanthorn, is lined with beautiful Italian marbles; and the whole structure displays evidence of unsparing—we may say, of lavish—outlay on its completion; the French taste generally inclining to this profuseness of ornamentation in their public buildings. The tower itself, in its external surface, is octagonal, diminishing in diameter as it ascends; pierced with upwards of fifty loophole windows, and surmounted by two consecutive little galleries that project not beyond the sides, but admit of an individual walk-

ing quite round; the upper gallery comprising the light. From this height I had anticipated a distinct view of the British shore; but the rainy weather, of which I subsequently had to encounter only too much, cast a dense mist across the straits, and nothing seaward was discernible. The panorama on the land side would comprehend points designated by the "gardien" as Mardyck, Marques, Oye, Coulogne, Guynes, Audruicques, Hardres, and the headlands of Gravelines and Dunkirk. St. Omer and Boulogne were hidden by intervening eminences. Immediately below lay that peculiar portion of old Calais known by the name of "Le Courgain," inhabited exclusively by a dense fisherman population of 3500 souls, for whom I observed a church was in progress of erection, corresponding with a similar provision on the heights of St. Peter, for the fishermen of Boulogne; but the building was at a standstill for want of funds to complete it. These rough squatters under the old town wall have maintained their exclusive locale for upwards of two hundred and forty years, and withal "an ancient and fish-like smell" of stale prawns and smoked haddock, mingling with that of home-made cigars and scattered oyster-shells. They are an unsocial lot, and grossly ignorant; but never know want.

At a mile's distance from us lay the suburb of St. Pierre les Calais; in fact, it is a second town,

exceeding by three thousand inhabitants the population of Calais proper, which numbers only twelve thousand seven hundred. My informant, who, but for the enormous quid of tobacco which he had not yet half chewed, would have been enabled to make a continuous and connected statement, instead of giving out desultory instalments, amid salival interjections, which interfered most annoyingly with his narrative, gave me to understand that there was quite a colony of English (thirty and upwards proprietors of Looms) in this St. Pierre quarter, and a tolerably large number of "refugiés," too, he added—*Anglicè*, runaways—who had "sold" creditors and friends in England! There was a church also, newly built, which had been consecrated five years ago; our Bishop of London having come across for that special purpose. The manufacture was almost exclusively of bobbinet, called in France *tulle*, from the town where this sort of lace was first made. There are several firms for this article of trade (twenty of them English) in the *old* town; and on more than one occasion I endeavoured to obtain admission into the works, but was met with a polite yet very positive refusal. The interdict was most rigidly enforced, that no strangers should on any account be permitted to cross even the threshold. The machinery costs a vast sum; two frames requiring an outlay of upwards of £1000. I have some faint

recollection of being told at the riband-weaving factories at Coventry that no foreigner was ever admitted into them; and, I may add, there was no very willing consent accorded to my own request then made, many years since, to be allowed a few minutes' inspection of the looms and reels. The "gardien" went on to say that great distress had befallen these workpeople in St. Pierre les Calais. Very soon after the failure of the Agra Bank, and of Messrs. Overend, Gurney, and Co., and several other firms in London and in the provinces—when all London was in a panic, and public credit was shaken to an extent which even France felt as a shock—all the great orders sent for the completion of "articles de luxe" (as the French term it), or fancy work, were withdrawn and cancelled; and the immediate result was a cessation of labour in these looms, which left the English operatives in Calais destitute.

"*Your* work," said I to the "gardien," "must, at any rate, know no intermission! Your extinguished lamp might wreck half the mercantile navy in the Channel!"

"A French sentinel knows how to behave at his post: *n'ayez pas peur!*" was the answer.

My memory, at the moment, recurred to a remarkable passage in one of the many sermons I had heard last year, when the preacher introduced the mention of "the great Lighthouse of Calais," and of certain words uttered by one of

the watchers to a sentimental traveller, who had climbed his way to the wicks. The point of that brief colloquy lay in the analogy between the "gardien's" nightly care and punctuality, and that ever-vigilant Providence which neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, and maintains the order of the universe night and day. The old fellow at my elbow did not seem to respond with much animation to this cue when I gave it him (he had just entered on his "tertium quid!") but pointed *downward* to the quantity of good grass needlessly wasted on field fortifications; and especially in these times, "when," said he, "you English and we here on this side, being perfectly well agreed, can keep the whole world quiet." I thought this was a very wholesome conviction, and might have said with Brutus, "Chew upon *this*;" so I took my leave and began the descent. There are comfortable lodges for these most important lamplighters in the tower. Each has many hours of leisure which he may spend at will in the town; and the salary is about forty pounds a year. Compared with the responsibility and forlorn watch of the Eddystone Lighthouse, this is the very luxury of independence.

I have already adverted to my long detention at Calais in 1816, when I was an inmate with, at least, a hundred guests beside, of the then highly-renowned Hôtel Dessin. Alas, for old associations! There is still, certainly, a hotel of that name,

kept by a descendant of the ancient *aubergiste*—himself the grandson of that worthy with whom Yorick bargained for a carriage, &c.; but it is in the Rue Neuve, not in the Rue Royale, and without pretention or prestige of any kind. Indeed, I think I never saw a more dismal-looking house of entertainment, and I cannot imagine a less profitable investment than hotel-keeping in Calais—except, indeed, at the railway station, where, if the profits be small (which I doubt), the returns are most encouragingly quick and well merited. It is amusing, *par parenthèse*, to see how jolly the traveller looks in that restaurant, when he has surmounted all the disagreeables—maybe horrors—of the passage, and, as Sterne says, is dining, or, at least, lunching, "so incontestably in France," and calling for a *côtelette et petits pois au sucre*, as boldly and hungrily as if that ground-swell, which did for him half-way, or the heave out of the trough, and total bilious derangement all the way, had never disturbed either his liver or his equanimity. But, for the Hôtel Dessin of old time:—It was purchased of the family five years ago, by the town authorities, for the sum of £880 sterling. The main body of the building has been converted into a museum. The Garden Court apartments, always retired, and cool, and quiet (but decidedly melancholy), which were frequently tenanted by the *élite* of families *en route*, are now appropri-

ated to National School education, the Ecoles Primaires (preparatory), and the Ecoles Secondaires (more advanced tuition). Another compartment of the ancient hostelry is fitted up for public baths—in the main street frontage—the superintendent of which is lodged in the chambers immediately over the great gate of entry—the identical sitting-room, be it said, of which I was an inmate above half a century ago.

So many changes—so many displacements and overthrows have combined to deface and, in many instances, entirely to obliterate the features of the old towns and edifices of France, that we may now cross thresholds, and explore courts, corridors, and galleries converted to the utilitarian purposes of the present day, without recognizing premises with which, in bygone times, when life and activity, bustle and excitement, were astir in all directions, we were most familiar. It might have been thus with me when I was following the *concierge* to the museum, had I not remembered every turning—nay, almost the very stones in the pavements, in what I used to term my House of Detention; but there were reminiscences and remembrances still abounding. Against the wall, on one side of the entrance court, was yet distinctly visible, in goodly black letters of the height of a foot, the once interesting, suggestive word, CUISINE—that laboratory of bright shining casseroles and dainty

condiments, *sautés*, *purées*, *sauces piquantes*, and *côtelettes à la soubise*, and *à la surprise* (much of the latter, certainly), out of which issued the first *plat masqué* I ever discussed in old Gaul. Opposite was still legible the very conspicuously painted word, JARDIN. On another course of stone were plainly to be seen the holes left by bell cranks communicating with rooms No. 47 to 60. The ten acacias now verdant in the court-yard are of comparatively modern growth. Passing into the stableyard, the scene of Sterne's "Remise," "Désobligeante," and "Preface," I recognized the old vine, now no longer pruned or cared for, and almost barren. The coach-houses are falling rapidly into total decay and ruin; the stables, where thirty pairs of post-horses were to be found ready for work every morning, are past all use; and the hay-lofts are almost roofless. The garden, only too free amid so great desolation, is green and umbrageous, being overstocked with limes, acacias, sycamores, chestnuts, and ash-trees; and around this, as above-mentioned, are established the schools.

The first class-room I entered was occupied by thirty-six boys, who are here instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, and Latin grammar. The master handed to me, at my request, the book from which he had been dictating. It was M. Bourdon's Elementary Treatise, for the use of the Ecoles Secondaires; a

voluminous work in octavo. At the moment of my entry the lads were hard at work, he told me, in extracting square roots. I could not resist hinting to him that if they could but extract the roots of some twenty of the largest trees in the garden, it would throw considerable light on all he had to inculcate in an apartment so inconveniently darkened by the overgrown thicket without; but he was looking forward to October, and the fall of the leaf, with all the *laissez-faire insouciance* which perpetuates so many hundreds of nuisances and abuses in France, as in many an English parish; owing to this consideration (which carries all before it, or rather, *behind* it)—"Who is to pay for its being done?"

In the adjoining room, No. 2, was a class of twenty-seven boys, occupied in nearly similar study; but the task immediately in hand was writing from dictation—an exercise on which the French teachers everywhere lay great stress, and, so far as my frequent investigation has led me to infer, with eminent success. In the third room were forty boys, answering questions from M. Deviller's Course of Study on Grammar and Construction. I found their spelling very correct, and they parsed all the sentences very fairly. Some of the little ones answered readily my questions on the localities of cities, the courses of rivers, &c. Their copy-books displayed

some admirable penmanship; and their errors in writing from dictation were surprisingly few. Many of these lads exhibited in their features a high intelligence, and the discipline was most creditable; for silence (that *sine quâ non* in a class-room, and, in my opinion, the test of a *teacher's* efficiency), was strictly maintained during the whole of my visit, which was not a mere looking-in upon the scene of instruction.

Six years ago these schools were situate in very inferior quarters, adjoining the Rue des Prêtres, near the ramparts. The boys are certainly gainers by the change, with exception of the disadvantage of inadequate light; but their teachers said they were content, upon the whole, to compound for this, in consideration of the coolness of the apartments all through June, July, and September—(August is the vacation time)—which effectually averted the weariness and languor under which even the best of students become, in very hot weather, inattentive and listless. I thought there was much to be said in favour of this view of a drawback. So here they work, till qualified to pass into some of the Lycées, or small colleges, for completing State education; here they cipher and calculate in little or large sums in addition, &c., and in Exchange, in the very same rooms where many an English *père de famille*, in the good old days of the Bourbons and Poste aux Chevaux used to sit and

reckon up how many hundred francs he might have to pay next morning to Monsieur Dessin, or to his son-in-law, Quillac, for half a week's sojourn in the great caravanserai, and for the three or four horses in the first royal stage on the road to Amiens!

Having completed this inspection of the hives of industry in the old garden courts, pondering on its appropriation as a change for the better, and an advance in the right direction, I entered the main building, and proceeded to visit the museum. Here, on the basement floor, the keeper pointed out to me an old chair of the seventeenth century, which had been the property of J. J. Rousseau,—an individual whom I have always held in supreme contempt. I was far more interested in a large painting (18 feet by 12), representing the six patriotic burgesses of Calais, who volunteered to sacrifice their liberty and life itself at the command of Edward III., indignantly resenting the obstinate defence of Calais, which for nearly a year he had besieged, subsequently to his victory at Crécy. They are seen, with halters about their necks, approaching the Royal presence. Eustache St. Pierre holds a large salver, on which lie the keys of the gates of the citadel; Jean Dairé, Jacques and Pierre Wissant, and the remaining two—who, strange to say, are not mentioned by name in the antique records of this heroic self-sacrifice—are hemmed

in by the English soldiers, with whom are interspersed a multitude of the grieving citizens; and a female, seemingly of high rank (the wife, perhaps, of St. Pierre), is seen swooning in the foreground. This figure is palpably imitated from one of the four Marys in Annibal Caracci's picture of the Crucifixion. Near to this large picture, I noticed a very admirable landscape by Nicolas Poussin; a Madonna and Child, by Correggio, and a rabbi's head by Rembrandt. Life-size portraits are hung opposite, of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe. Here, also, I recognised our large English print representing the entry of Henry VIII. into Calais, to meet Francis I. at Ardres, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; and opposite was its pendant, illustrating the encampment of the English forces at Portsmouth, and the English and French fleets, just previous to the battle of July 19th, 1545. One can hardly understand the object of exhibiting the last-named engraving.

But by far the most interesting object I encountered here, was a work executed several years since, by a member of the Dessin family, entitled, "La Glace Brisée." It is an oil-painting, in a frame twenty-eight inches square, or thereabouts, representing nine different objects of no great note, which seem to have been drawn, some in crayon, some in water-colours, some on copper-plate, and placed without any studied ar-

rangement behind a square of crown glass. "Pourquoi non faire réparer la glace?" said I, for at a glance I perceived not only a crack spreading, as "starred" glass does, in all directions, but also a considerable extent of surface of the painting left entirely without glass; the fragment having fallen out. *So, at least, it seemed.* To my intense amazement I discovered—but only after an earnest exhortation from the museum-keeper to look very closely on to the surface of the picture (which has no real glass at all on it)—that the whole picture and apparent loss of glass had been imitated by the cunning hand of the painter! Familiar as I have been through life with works of this description, I can gravely affirm I never met with the equal of this counterfeit; and I advise all parties arriving in Calais, who are not thoughtlessly bent upon rushing "vite! vite!" to Paris, to walk or drive to this museum in the *ci-devant* Hôtel Dessin, and ask for a sight of "La Glace Brisée." Were I a resident for a month in the town, I would request the favour of being permitted to copy this masterpiece; though I question whether such indulgence would be granted.

In an adjoining apartment, which I incline to believe was the old coffee-room, is an excellent plaster model of the Parthenon of Athens; a cast of the Venus de' Medici; another of the Laocoon; and near to this the Slave and Sandal,

and the Muse Urania (of the Louvre). There is also a colossal bust of Florian. A St. Jerome by Giorgione is worthy of a better light; for here again is partial obscurity. Then follows a large picture (presented, three years since, by the Emperor) of Romeo and Juliet, by Chiflard, of St. Omer. I could not recognise "Romeo and a Montague" in the impersonation here given of the god of poor Juliet's idolatry; and thought it was a Spanish grandee of the first class, *en grande tenue*, returned from a bull-fight and a scene of danger. Opposite is a beautiful portrait of Le Brunn, artist's name not apparent; and an equally fine head by M. Baumauge. Over the door in this apartment I perceived one of those wonderful paintings in chiaroscuro, which so often startle the traveller in Italy. It is by Balocchi, an Italian, and represents Cupid and two other youngsters at play. The illusion is so great, that in spite of what I felt ought to be a conviction, I was at last compelled to sidle close up to the wall and look upward, to assure myself that it was not an *alto-rilievo*, and that there were not plaster figures projecting from the panel. Imitative art cannot transcend this.

On reaching the first landing-place of the great staircase up which Madame Dessin, candles in hand, used to usher Duchesses and Ladies of honour to their salons and bed-chambers, I recognized an old acquaintance which I thought

had long since been transferred into *monnaie de cuivre*. Here stands, or rather leans, against the wainscot, the bronze plate (five feet by four) which once met the gaze of every tourist that landed on Calais pier, bearing the inscription to this effect, that on the 24th April, 1814, "His Majesty Louis XVIII. landed exactly opposite to the column [to whose base it was affixed], and was thus at length restored to his place in the affections of France;... to perpetuate the memory of which the townsmen of Calais erected this monument." This, however, and the little bronze plate, with an engraving of the impression of the King's left foot, which he placed upon the stone pavement on the occasion here mentioned, has shared the destiny of all such ill-considered memorials; and the Amour des Français, in July 1830, consigned both to the melting-pot, from which they were only by bribery or good-natured connivance rescued by some devoted royalist, and kept in close concealment till Nature had done with all her resentments in the Caletian mind;—and silent acquiescence, caring perhaps neither for King nor Kaiser, permitted the deposit of these "objets" (much in the light of old brass and lumber) in the obscurity—for such it is—of the museum. The little column, with its stone ball at top, still stands on the pier, with not a word to say! I advised the Mayor of Calais to insert into its pedestal a memento

of the gallant young Bellot, to whose memory we have erected a similar monument in the front of Greenwich Hospital; but his worship was of opinion that Bellot's native town would be the most appropriate locale for such a mark of honour and attachment.

The museum contains a very judicious selection of birds, insects, reptiles, shells, and fossils; but, unfortunately, the apartments which were built with windows on one side only, looking on to the courts, and which constituted very good sitting-rooms for families temporarily inhabiting the hotel, are sadly defective in that clear penetrating sunlight so essential to repositories of this nature, in consequence of the cases and cabinets rising so high as to block up three-fourths of the openings against which they have, of necessity, indeed, been placed; and over and above the obscurity, so much to be regretted where a really valuable collection has occupied the best attention of the local *savants*, there is a gloom throughout the entire suite of rooms which sheds an ungenial influence. The antiquary or entomologist who is intent on minute examination of a Brazilian moth, or a Theban or Macedonian coin, would fain enjoy *plein jour* and summer brightness. He seeks it here in vain.

The Etruscan and Greek vases, and a considerable quantity of Roman and Theban pottery, form a very interesting department; and the

coins of these and several other ancient nations are most carefully classed in cases appropriated to objects of high antiquity; not far from which are frames containing gold and silver money of the days of Philippe de Valois, Louis XI., Charles VII., Henry II. of France, and Henry II. of England, and Francis I.

Among certain signets and seals was one of brass, near to which lay a lump of red wax, bearing its impress, and particularised as taken from this seal, which was found in the ruins of the palace of John, Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward III. It bears the inscription "Je cours fou d'amour," which, I suppose, may be translated, "I run mad for love!" A label informs us that it was presented to the museum by Mr. Gordon Urquhart; this being none other than "*Jemmy U.*," the bosom friend of Fauntleroy, whose death at Newgate he heartlessly witnessed, in his irrepressible mania to attend executions! There is a complete and beautiful series of all the bronze medals of France, from Napoleon I. upwards; and a very copious selection of English bronze coins and medals;—the latter including one in silver, two inches and a half in diameter, of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The coins descend to Henry IV., V., and VI., of England, and near to these is a rare gold piece of Queen Elizabeth, the features of which are as sharp as when first executed. If the Pistrucci or Guyon

of the Tudor Mint eliminated her royal features in all faithfulness, we cannot but infer that the nose must have been abnormal in excess, and the forehead almost equally so; but I should say the profile is abominably ill-drawn.

There is a well arranged assortment of domestic articles and weapons from the islands of the Pacific, from Africa, and the East and West Indies, and a few Chinese works of art and ingenuity, such as are now to be found in the generality of museums; and as this long stack of building is at length become a good central nucleus for the formation of classified series and species—an object which many sensible and intelligent Frenchmen are continually keeping in view throughout the country—there is every probability of Calais eventually possessing a treasury of art, science, and archæological valuables which will rival those of Rouen, Saumur, and Angiers, where great and successful efforts have been made to render these provincial collections equal to the best in any department of France.

After two hours' wandering in the mazes of this old building, and musing, as I well might, on the vicissitudes of even a quarter of a century, I stepped forth again into the Rue Royale, and was cogently reminded of its most inconvenient narrowness, by a hair-breadth escape from being run down and run over by a heavy lumbering

omnibus, driven at desperate speed by a *woman*, who cracked her whip and shook the reins with all the pretentious vehemence of French coachmanship. A moment afterwards she would have annihilated an old fellow crossing the street with a ponderous box suspended from his neck and shoulders, about half the size of a family plate-chest, to the contents of which he every now and then drew notice, and not without advantage, by a long brass horn, for which his antique lungs seemed very ill qualified to supply breath; but he was a functionary of some note in the town, and is probably at this moment making a noise in the world. He was vending, at two sous, the *Moniteur Universel*, a great advocate of *progrès*, to which, with his forty pounds weight of wood and letter-press, and his own burden of seventy years, he was the living antithesis!

In the course of my rounds and *inquiries* (the one will be marked by shortcomings and most inadequate information without the other), I learned that the great opprobrium of Calais, regarded as a place of residence—bad water—would soon cease to interfere, as it has ever hitherto done, with its welfare. Few springs were free from a highly detrimental deposit, which rendered filtration indispensable; but the inhabitants are now supplied to a great extent from the new Artesian well, six hundred and sixty feet deep, which yields the purest of

draughts; and when a second shall have been brought into equally extensive operation, the whole town will drink without apprehension, and resort to the old fountains for merely cleansing or irrigation. One of their *hommes de science* enlightened me as to the strata penetrated in the course of boring. The first thirty yards' depth exhibited sand, flint, pebbles, clay, chalk, and ferruginous ore. A similar thickness below these consisted of greyish chalk and flint; then followed twenty-five yards' layers of that compact grey chalk, which the French geologists term "craie tufau," and all below this consisted of blue clay, with portions of white chalk, beneath which lay green sand. Mulot, of Paris, was the engineer retained for this excellent undertaking, which, at a period of vast increase in the population, was to contribute so materially to the salubrity of every quarter of the town.

Before the afternoon was far advanced, I found myself in close contiguity with the ancient gateway, and a quadrangular court beyond it, of the "Staple" or Wool Mart and Exchange—afterwards the palace of the Ducs de Guise. It reminds one slightly of St. Augustine's Gate in Canterbury, where, if my memory deceive me not, a large painted boarding bore, some years since, the word BREWERY. The stone groinings within the gate are perfect. The court somewhat resembles the "quad" of a small college at

the Universities, but has been cut up into many utilitarian appropriations—a projection here, and a recess there, to accommodate the modern uses and requirements that soon must "do away, I ween, the memory of what hath been," in this once noble seat of custom and princely domicile, whose antiquity won but little reverence from a certain M. Willay, Peintre en Batiments et en Voitures, *i.e.*, House and Coach Painter, who has affixed an enormous scarlet-coloured board across the whole breadth of the gateway, with gilt letters, each a foot high, indicative of his work being carried on here. The desecration was much the same as if "THE BERKSHIRE BREWERY" should surmount the principal archway leading up into Windsor Castle.

Having duly inspected the boys' schools, I determined to visit an equally well-ordered institution, the Ecole Communale for girls, in the Rue des Rivières, contiguous to the church; the vast frontage of a Magasin de Vivres, or store-house for the town, standing intermediate between the sacred edifice and the school. The latter has now carried on its work of usefulness for the space of six years; the original establishment having, during thirty years previous, been conducted in the old Benedictine Convent, in the Rue St. Denis. Education is here given almost gratuitously to some hundreds of girls. There were 450 on the list—380 actually in attendance.

This exhibits more than a fifth of the daughters of the inhabitants under tuition:—indeed, we may confidently speak of it as being the fourth: a proportion never reached, I believe, in our towns. Twenty-five (orphans) are boarded at the expense of the Commune; the remainder are day-scholars.

I found the classes superintended, as usual, by the *religieuses*;—women who, being neither professed nuns nor recluses, devote their energies and lives to this most laudable and truly Christian duty; as others of their order live and die as attendants on the sick and dying. We can hardly speak too favourably of these admirable sisters of real charity; patient, painstaking, and unwearied in their work and labour of love, rearing the young, and, but for them, the wholly untutored minds of the poorest, as well as of the middle classes; and delighting to send them forth into an unfriendly and vicious world, with just that amount of useful knowledge upon which politer learning may (if needful) be based in the form of accomplishments; and with so much of the elementary rudiments of their faith as would always avail to guide them into the path of Christian duty, and to bring conscience to a check when they swerve therefrom. We cannot require national education to do more than this. How many "select seminaries" fail to accomplish very much less!

The prescribed course of instruction in the Ecole Communale takes the scholars through the usual routine of the alphabet, *ab initio:*—spelling, writing, ciphering, geography, history, and plain needlework, with occasional *travail de fantaisie*, fancy-work, such as crochet and embroidery, some very pretty specimens of which, anticipatory of of the Fête de l'Assomption et de l'Empereur (15th of August), were shown to me in the anteroom. The first apartment I entered was that of the preparatory section of the institute. Here were a hundred and twenty little ones, ranging between A B C and chapters of two syllables, with just so much interpolated oral instruction as tended to keep the mind actively occupied, and lodge a little modicum of information, day after day, without encumbering the memory. The infant children in France evince wonderful readiness to learn. I have been among thousands of the same tender age in our country, and not found so great aptitude.

In the four succeeding class-rooms I marked all that indicated successful teaching and application. Writing from dictation was most creditable in each division; and the girls read with a fluency which left nothing to be desired. Two of the classes are on the basement floor; the three others on the first landing, into which the best proficients are draughted from below, so soon as they can learn by heart, and write from

dictation. In the least advanced section upstairs, I was glad to find a well-thumbed manual in general use, entitled, "Un Nouveau Traité du Devoir d'un Chrétien." It was full of excellent matter, without reference either to the Virgin Mary or other saints; and in every part that I had leisure to peruse, there appeared to be plain and faithful teaching of the child's duty towards God and her duty towards her neighbour—the great commandment of the law, indicative of the primitive and practical piety of Christ's holy Church, before men began to seek out new inventions, "and sweet religion make a rhapsody of words."

In each of the upper-class rooms were sixty or seventy girls. Here was great diligence, and all the flush (a goodly symptom!) of intense application to the work in hand. Each scholar seemed to be "hard at it," and to have no time for talking. Silence had its perfect work; but the universal aspect was that of cheerfulness; and it was impossible not to observe that teachableness and sense of discipline which make tuition (arduous as it ever is) at once pleasurable and profitable both to the giver and recipient of useful knowledge. The most forward learners evinced a readiness in mental arithmetic which would surprise a stranger to such proficiency in young minds. I think it must be the system of decimal numeration which facilitates this head-

work. A ready reckoner in one of the hôtel-bureaux assured me on one occasion that this was undoubtedly the case; "for," said she, "how could we get along with your duodecimals?" We do not often hear the latter word, by the by, from the lips of the fair, even *en commerce*. It needs no French dame or damsel to tell us that we can multiply and divide by ten much more rapidly than we can by twelve; and these little fledglings throw out their 000,000 with a celerity which would delight Mr. Babbage, and turn their dark piercing eyes upon us with a solution of the sum before we have half worked it out to our own satisfaction, or are ready to say "quite right!"

I always quit these French schools with feelings of high gratification. A few steps led me into the church. I had not set foot in it since I was a youth of eighteen; and the interior struck me as looking cold, drear, and cheerless, as at first; but it was built by our countrymen, nevertheless, while Calais was an appanage of the English crown, and exhibits many of the pleasing characteristics of that period when mediæval art had reached its perfection. Octagonal columns in the nave are intermixed with cylindrical, and the capitals of eight pillars in the choir are ornamented with light foliage. The windows are large, and of good proportion; and while the scaffolding for the present laudable work of

restoration was yet obstructing the view, I could not but note with admiration those harmonious arrangements of flowing lines in stone, for which the masons of Edward the Third's day were justly famous. These windows are being restored at the joint cost of the Government, the town, and the congregation, and will eventually become the most pleasing features in the building. There is such a mania, however, at the present time for stained glass, that in all probability the day is not remote when some thriving citizens of Calais, well advised and persuasively exhorted by the keepers of their consciences, will make these windows illustrious memorials as specimens of coloured illumination. There are many quarries of ancient stained glass in various parts of the church; but they are sadly faded, and could never have been other than ordinary in design or execution.

One of the subjects, however, depicted in the modern windows, is Joseph, the husband of Mary, on his death-bed. Mary is seen at the foot; God the Father Almighty is figured on the left side of the moribund, with extended hands, significative of benediction! Another represents "Nazareth where He dwelt." Christ is seen dividing a log of wood with a cross-cut saw; Joseph and Mary intently beholding Him. In the Northern transept hangs a very large picture which for several years used to be shown in the Town Hall. It is

a copy of the one in the Gallery at Versailles, illustrating the successful attack headed by Henry, Duc de Guise, to rescue Calais from the English. He is seen dashing with all his chivalry through the water from a fort on the opposite side of the moat (the remnant of which is still visible from the ramparts), and evidently carrying all before him. The inhabitants are better pleased to have this record of their ancient champion and deliverer exhibited where it is, than where it was; for no one ever thought of visiting the Town Hall; but every one is supposed to enter occasionally the Town church; though, indeed, the subject of the painting be not altogether germane to the matter of the curé's discourse, nor to the masses said or sung at the high altar—an immense structure, by the by, of costly foreign marble, which, with its massive ugliness, blocks out the whole of the Eastern extremity of the church, like a fantastic party-wall. It reaches the roof, and exhibits the worst taste of the seventeenth century; marring the entire effect of the architecture of the choir, which, but for this hideous excrescence and most offensive anachronism, would have been simply beautiful. There are flat ceilings and wagon-tilt ceilings also in this old temple, as if taste had fled back into the middle ages, and the designs and devices of a vulgar mind had conspired to fill up the measure of outrageous disfiguration; but I was

delighted to learn that, when the work of restoration shall have been completed in the windows, these abominations are to be done away with, and an ample renewal is to be effected of that internal enrichment, which, doubtless, characterized the original structure, and which, as in our own country, has in the course of time been ignorantly or wantonly defaced. There are marguilliers and curés, too, in France, quite as atrociously addicted to whitewash and yellow ochre as any of our most *active (!)* churchwardens or "Mister Compo." I have seen in some cathedrals five layers of encrusting lime and whiting; handiwork which the men of better taste among these dread functionaries designate as "badigeonnage." Graining and enriched radiating tracery are to supersede the snowy white boarding which for centuries past has been substituted for the legitimate roof; and then, if some bold and good spirit would but enter and protest against the high altar, Calais church would, *quand même*, be always deserving of a long and attentive inspection. Rich catholics, and now and then "the elder son of the Church" purchase at certain periods some of the best productions of the modern school of painting—(those especially that are exhibited as trial specimens in the Gallery of the Luxembourg Palace, illustrative of Scriptural subjects,) and present them to churches. Calais may come in for her share.

In the South transept of this church hangs a very large painting—much the worse, by the by, for damp—which was presented not long since by the Emperor. It represents Christ in the palace of the high priest. Peter is seen kneeling in the crowd on the left, and Judas is rushing out in great agitation. A low fellow, one of the common soldiers, perhaps, is uplifting his hand, with a piece of rope in it, to strike the Lord on the mouth. I could not anywhere distinguish St. John.

The organ is a most magnificent structure, spanning the whole breadth of the Western wall of the nave; but, as in many another instance, built up in a frightful modern gallery of Ionic architecture, in mahogany; the outlay on which would have defrayed all the cost of an elaborate design in decorated Gothic, consistent with the original style of the edifice.

Exteriorly this House of God presents no very striking features; yet there is an aspect about the tower which the eye rests upon (repeat the glance as we will) with satisfaction. There is an appearance of its having originally been surmounted by a spire, conformable to the judicious designs of the builders in the fourteenth century. The first twenty feet only of such spire are now to be discerned, and on this remnant of stone which has survived the destruction is based a wretched little pinnacle of extinguisher shape,

which detracts considerably from what might be deemed a starting point of advantage whence a shaft, like that of St. Pierre at Caen, or of the parish church of Langrune in Normandy, would soar in exalted beauty.

My long and busy day now drew to a close; but nightfall suggested yet another reconnoitre or two. Remembering well the little theatre which used to afford many a half hour's pleasant recreation, at the lower end of old Dessin's garden, I felt more "patronizingly" than I otherwise should towards its successor, which has long superseded it, and stands in another street. The old one either fell to pieces, or was taken down many years since. The modern edifice is far more pretentious; being three times larger than the Dessin House, and really very well appointed, both in respect of the accommodation of an audience, and the advantages to be desired by the players and the scene-painters. An operatic adaptation of the drama of "Charles VI." was preceded by a comediette, played by two performers only, in which "a very pretty quarrel" was represented as having arisen from a husband reading a note left open in his wife's boudoir; and the lady having in like manner opened his blotting-book on the library table to get a sheet of paper, and found a note in his handwriting, intended to be placed in an envelope, but not yet addressed or despatched. Now the missive

on Madame's writing-desk was in a gentleman's hand, addressed to herself, in which he offered a home and *entretien*, and all kindness, life-long, to Sophie (her name), if she would but be induced to make *his* house henceforth that happy place of rest. Monsieur in his "billet" had penned a few hurried lines to a male friend, requesting him to purchase something on his behalf, till he could see him, to present to Marie next day, and to the dear child.

The indignant lady at once rushes to the conclusion that this "Marie" was some wicked, horrid, hateful rival, whom her better half loved not wisely, but only too well. He, on the other hand, is furious at "things" having come to such a pass as that any rascal should try to lure his Sophie from her home, from "her place in his affections," &c., &c. After the storm that begins to blow and rage upon these two discoveries, light breaks in, and the wife learns that "Marie" is the name of a *man*. This is not very uncommon in Catholic countries, where a long-wished-for boy is christened in the name of the Virgin Mary, who had been invoked by the mother. We know that Anne of Montmorenci was no woman, but Constable of all France!

This Marie was the husband's oldest friend, and had just been reported to him as having arrived at Honfleur from America, a widower with one child, and his birthday would be two days after-

wards. "Sophie" was the name of a lapdog, the property of his wife's cousin, who, being on the point of going abroad, wished to hear of some one who would be sure to take care of the long cherished pet for the residue of its dog-days. The wrangle was admirably kept up; and the mutually outraged couple beginning supper at separate tables, from which they ejaculated bitter and biting sarcasms, as ridiculous as they were witty, and then by degrees backing their chairs so as to draw closer and closer, till all the heavy artillery of wrath had been exploded, and reason began to make her placid voice heard amid the passing smoke, so as to induce reciprocal eclaircissements, afforded exceedingly lively entertainment to a tolerably large audience, among whom I espied the Mayor and some twenty of the garrison militaires; a section of the population generally visible in the French theatres, by favour of *entrée* at a lower price than is paid by the people at large.

The female performers in the musical piece that followed sang so frequently out of tune that I left the house before the conclusion of the second scene, and as I regained the open street came face to face with an old fellow who was striding backwards and forwards as he rang a bell, like our London muffin boys. Of course I asked him what his object was in this night-air performance.

"C'est pour avertir le monde!" replied he.

"De quoi?"

"Du commencement de l'Opéra!"

The "monde," however (not only "all the world," as we should say, but "his wife" too), seemed to have yielded to the seductive fascinations of the great Fair which about this date would continue to make day noisy and night radiant and merry for fourteen days. Long booths of framed wood had been erected on each side of the Grande Place, under which was set forth, in tasteful and tempting display, the usual *omnium gatherum* of such marts, the categories of which in *utile* and *dulce* defy particularization;—for there was everything a man could need or fancy in life, from wardrobes and weapons down to crucifixes and barley sugar: but it would really be interesting to learn (just as it has been often asked, "Where do all the *pins* go?") in what space of time the *gingerbread* exhibited on these occasions is disposed of. Had all the cakes of it which I saw that night been ranged in four lines, they would have formed a dwarf wall of Nuremberg material, say two feet in height, sufficiently extensive to have included the area of the fair. There must have been upwards of ten tons of the spicy condiment under cover. Probably the vendors wander with this rolling-stock from town to town through the summer; and the demonstration which startled me was not for a day, but for

all time, till cake-consuming boys and girls in the thirty-two departments should have exhausted it.

There must have been two thirds of the thirteen thousand inhabitants of Old Calais, and of the sixteen thousand of the new town (St. Pierre) in the large square at night; yet all was orderly and quiet as a flock of sheep on the Welsh mountains. Curiosity rambled one way, and Hunger another, Thirst and Frolic in a third direction. I confess to having gone with the stream in the first direction, and effected a safe arrival in front of an immense circular pavilion of most gorgeous ornamentation and brilliancy, scintillant in all that gas, gilding, crimson, and vermilion could supply to make it proudly pre-eminent. The exhibitors called it the "Manége." The whole of the lower part of it was in rapid motion. Eight splendid barouches, or rather triumphal cars, that Alexander the Great would not have disdained to admit into a procession in Macedon, whirled round with three chestnut (wood!) horses, or grey in turn, before them. Each car held six persons, and each horse bore a rider; the fair sex certainly pre-eminent in equitation; among whom were old and young nurses by the dozen, some with, some without infants in their arms (it was nearly ten o'clock), and among these rode and frisked in rapturous jollity as many youths and lasses as could hang on behind or before.

A concealed orchestra was playing in very good style some popular airs, of which the delighted multitude, one and all, took up the refrain; and an occasional interlude of barrel-organs and trumpets made the charivari complete. The blaze of gas seemed perilous. Some of the jets and bat-wings flared up, without globe or guard of any kind, amid the dresses; and not all the pennons and banneroles of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, or of St. George's at Windsor, would have sparkled so gloriously as the devices and standards which without stint contributed to shed lustre on this gyration. The clamour was wonderful. The organ did its best; and the trumpet, when its player had got up his wind for an obligato accompaniment to the secret orchestra, achieved greatness, and sent blasts out to sea; but the "Vox Humana" outdid all. The *old* girls even screamed with delight. The marvel, in my estimation, which I expressed to an elderly citizen, who with his daughter had elbowed a way through the dense crowd to my side, was how the immense circular platform, five-and-thirty feet at least in diameter, could be made to whirl round so rapidly, considering the weight of at least a hundred persons upon it. He informed me there were three horses acting on the spokes of a huge wheel, of which the platform was the framed circumference. These animals were concealed behind the central hangings,

where likewise the musicians were ensconced; and a *postillon d'occasion*, who must have used up all his flagellant *matériel* long before midnight, laid on to the sturdy little Norman cobs with lavish length of whipcord, but no *miséri*corde, so as to keep them in gallop *pro re natâ*, which was at intervals of ten minutes, when the masses from outside poured in at threepence a head for their turns in this most magnificent "merry-go-round." I daresay the night had advanced far into "the little hours" before men and horses, boys, *bonnes*, and bantlings, got their first sleep.

I ought not to withhold the immortality these pages may confer on a different description of entertainment provided in a still larger pavilion brought upon the scene by Veuve Eliza Fourdinier! A huge and gorgeous notification in letters visible from any corner of the great square, announced that A LA REINE DES FRITURES, the yet supperless crowd might obtain, under the widow's canvas, any variety of fried plaice, eels, gudgeons, liver, and fritters, sausages, kidneys, and potatoes;—a very kingdom, or queendom, rather, of small and great fry, which might be relished with "*bonne double bierre de Mars, cidre, et vin ordinaire à deux sous.*" Intoxication I saw none. No Temperance Meeting in Pennsylvania could have been more exemplary in this respect. The wine-shops, of course, were open in all directions; but in all that mass of twenty

thousand individuals I detected not the slightest symptom of low debauchery, and heard not a word that could offend. In England it is a matter of rejoicing with all steady folk to get entirely rid of a fair, though there may be a tolerable exhibition of sobriety, order, and decency in our village wakes and town holiday gatherings; but I incline to think with Yorick that "they manage these things better in France;" and, ruminating thus, without prejudice, soon turned in for a comfortable night's rest in much abused Calais!

CHAPTER II.

A LONG DAY IN PARIS.

THE street façade of the Great Northern Railway Station in Paris has been too recently and amply eulogized by travellers who witnessed its completion, to require such advantageous mention as my pen might make. It is unquestionably an ornament of the mighty capital, and sheds dignity on tramway travelling; but our SOUTH EASTERN in the Strand, with its Charing Cross monument, were it but viewed from an equally advantageous distance and area of space, would be quite as imposing in general effect; and I conceive the proprietors must realize something far more lucrative than admiration from the eight or ten stories between the pavement and the roof-top in that palatial edifice,—that solid cube of commodious and comfortable apartments—to be reckoned by hundreds—for a legion of temporary lodgers and permanent occupiers; whereas the French frontispiece to the vast terminus bears rather the appearance of a richly architectural screen, hiding the offices and rolling

stock, but realizing no capital, and paying no dividend.

Progress, the present watchword of France, surrounds it on every side. The demolition of ancient houses and streets, and the conversion of fetid alleys into noble avenues, is in continual action: in short, go as often as we may to Paris, these reforming enlargements and creations meet one at every turn, and, like Popë's assertion of Hope and Happiness, Paris "never is, but always *to be*" completed!

The Rue de la Fayette is a noble approach to the great starting-place; and boulevard succeeding to boulevard dispels all the recollections of those narrow and frowsy stifling back streets and byways through which our postilions, with hair *en queue*, and legs in boots like portmanteaux, used to "clack, clack," all the way from the old Bureau d'Octroi and Barrière St. Denis to the brighter quarters of Paris.

M. Haussmann, Prefect of the Seine (and exercising tenfold of the authority and power vested in our Lord Mayor, in every quarter of the capital and its arrondissements) considers himself in the light of a public benefactor to whom his fellow-citizens can hardly be adequately grateful, on view of his *destructiveness!* Between October 1865 and October 1866, two thousand two hundred and fifty-six houses have been totally or partially razed to the ground, of which nine

hundred and sixty-seven were by appropriation, and one thousand two hundred and eighty-nine by their owners' act and deed, with a view to new and magnificent constructions and corresponding gains. In making his report to this effect to the Council-General of the Department, he protested against the outcry and thoughtless censures raised among different classes on view of these demolitions and constructions which have made Paris the finest city in the world, and done so much to improve the condition of human life in the great metropolis of France. Among these he might most justly direct attention to the Avenue Victoria, which now expands in beauty where I well remember relinquishing all attempts to thread my way, seven years since, towards the parish of St. Eustache. The removal of decayed houses eight stories high, in lanes eight feet wide (!), and of walls that served only for bill-stickers and advertisements, where there should have been drains and fountains, has been most providential in averting pestilence, physical and moral. It has caused air, light, and water to circulate (witness that beautiful Fontaine St. Michel), destroying infected quarters, tortuous and filthy alleys, and those stinking styes of degraded humanity the "impasses" (no thoroughfares), which bred only fever and corruption; and by levelling with the ground scores of houses which had for years stood uninhabited, has cer-

tainly secured the best preservatives against epidemic and contagious disorders, which from year to year were known to leave their deadly impress not only on the population of Paris, but on those of the districts radiating from its centre.

There is nothing conjectural in this statement. The tables of mortality confirm it most convincingly. During the Cholera season of Paris in 1831–2, there were 21,670 deaths. In 1849 there were 25,052. Then began certain demolitions. In the Cholera period of 1853–4 the mortality amounted to 11,873. In 1865 the number shrank to 6,626, and last year to 5,700. Considering the rapidly increasing population, this contrast with the state of things seventeen years ago justifies all that has been done. The builders, whose work of demolition is evenly balanced by that of construction, testify no little confidence in the masonry of Old Paris. They leave blocks or stacks of houses, seven and eight stories high, standing as isolated clumps of stone and brick, wedge-shaped, so narrow, even in their widest part, that street passengers avoid as much as possible making a thoroughfare where they interpose; just as we see individuals "giving a wide berth" to the tottering walls of a frontage where there has been conflagration so destructive as to gut the buildings. Danger or no danger, the utilitarian advertiser turns the solitary remnant of once populous domiciles to profitable account, and actually hires

the bared sides and gables, by payment to the contractor who has undertaken to pull down the condemned tenements, and in all haste brings ladders, and sends up *peintres à la gouache* to execute upon the blank and white surface an illustrative announcement. Some of these puffing tradesmen confine their frescoes to colossal letters and numerical figures, such as NOUVEAUTÉS, No. 105 RUE ST. MARTIN: or to the representation of a hat, twelve feet by six; and the address of the shop subjoined: but, on the flank of a stack of isolated buildings eighty feet high I espied the gigantic figure of a green-fleshed fiend (about twenty-five feet in stature) entitled 'LE BON DIABLE'; who held in his left hand a huge sack inscribed 'NOUVEAUTÉS' (the latest fashions in gowns and bonnets), but was shaking down out of a cornucopia, grasped by his right, a charming variety of paletôts, waistcoats, trowsers, and frock-coats, &c., suitable for all ages. He sported an orange-coloured skirt below his waist, a formidable pair of red wings, four yards in height, and horns to match: tail, blue tipped with vermilion! and was to be heard of at headquarters; not, however, in Rue d' ENFER near the catacombs, nor on DEAD walls only—but at No. 36 Rue St. Martin.

A shop in the Rue de Rivoli, also, had retained just such another wall and 'good devil,' to advertise hats, wide-awakes, and 'kepis.'

"Segniùs irritant animos, &c." (the quotation is somewhat musty), but the French are as fond of these symbols as the Egyptians were of Sphinxes and hieroglyphics; and their house-painters have left hardly any form of illustration unessayed. They quote Latin to set off and sell chocolate;—calling it *utile dulci!* and illuminate, missal-fashion, their shutters, their doorposts, awnings, parapets, and chimney-stacks. Many a pork-butcher exhibits a balcony constructed exclusively of sausages carved in wood, painted and varnished to the perfection of *fac-simile*, with here and there an imitated skin of lard, as a set off to the corners; and a statue, perhaps, in the centre, of St. Anthony, patron of hogs and *charcuterie en général.* The relish of this display of ingenuity in *vraisemblance* among the natives, high and low, is universal; and, as New Year's Day approaches, the variety of it, to suit all fancies, is inconceivable. Some spécimens, indeed, are in execrably bad taste: but the models and emblems "got up" to rivet attention, and mark the locality of the advertiser, are for the most part exceedingly amusing, and admirably executed. I used to drive very often along the Quai de la Mégisserie, on the North side of the Seine, on my way from Pont Neuf, and, to the last, was deceived, for a moment, by the statue of a gardener, at the entresol window of the house numbered 16. It was so well carved and

coloured as to pass always for a real man employed to replenish and trim the plants or flowers cultivated in the windows. The late Madame Tussaud did not a little, in her day, to familiarize us with these peculiarly French "*objets de curiosité*!"

One of the most startling novelties, however, that arrested my notice last July, soon after leaving the station, was the designation given to a three sided opening, on my right hand, hardly more extensive than Audley Square, planted with acacias and other ornamental trees and shrubs, and henceforth to be recognized as 'Squar Montholon.' The French have taken up a notion that 'Square' implies, *vi termini*, an area having an ornamental garden enclosure in its centre: and the word will be found registered to this effect in all their future vocabularies, from which, *per contra*, their old term 'place,' for such openings, is to be excluded as no longer applicable. In the instance I am here referring to, the *peintre en batiments* had spelt the word as he, in common with all his countrymen, would pronounce it,—omitting the letter e.

I believe the area so recently and so elegantly planted out and railed in, where the Emperor has added what may be called a reduplication of the Louvre, facing the Carrousel, is known as the 'Squar de l'Empereur.' Most of my French acquaintances who had seen London urged that all our squares exhibited these central gardens,

and of course were wholly unacquainted with Audley, Panton, Salisbury, Gough, and many similar squares (especially in the Eastern districts), devoid of even a fullgrown weed in their centres; and looked at me incredulously while I insisted that our term indicated nothing beyond a quadrilateral area without reference to grass-plots, or gardens of any description. Their pleasantries on the attractiveness of Leicester Square, and on the able administration of our Metropolitan Board, who have admitted the responsibility devolving upon them in this matter, and thus proclaimed their miserable incapacity, were tempered with mercy and politeness; but it is ever thus in our country: *Individual* energy, intellect and taste alone begin, continue, and end well, whatever constitutes improvement. The Executive, '*pede claudo*,' comes limping in at the end.

Among many other demolitions and new constructions that fell under my notice in the few days devoted last July to deserted and empty Paris, I observed with what a trenchant cut the Emperor has descended on the old gallery of the Louvre. Down cloven to the waist of the building, the slated roof, the gilded ceiling, the floor, the walls, on which we used to gaze in our walk for hours,—to enjoy a banquet of Fine Art which it required four centuries to provide—are now distinctly visible from the pavement of the quay

below. A tarpaulin closes that vista which was estimated to be a quarter of a mile in length; and masons are toiling day and night to complete the stone work which is to connect the Louvre with the main body of the Palace of the Tuileries before next spring and the Grande Exposition.

Meanwhile a most untoward displacement has shifted the pictures into lateral show rooms, and Villot's admirable catalogue is rendered almost useless. So many new compartments, however, have been created by the direction and, be it said, admirable judgment of the Emperor and his Corps de Génie for the Civil Service, for displaying comparatively new collections and contributions—the relics, chiefly, of high antiquity,—that the attention of old travellers, *habitués* at the Louvre, is directed to these rather than to the paintings with which fifty years have made us so familiar. It is a matter of regret that though the curiosities here adverted to have been now upwards of two years within the walls of the Louvre galleries, no catalogue has been published to enlighten the visitor, who is indebted exclusively to an occasionally appended label here and there, in the glass cases, for a word or two of information as to the locality from whence the object attracting his attention was obtained. In one of the new apartments for exhibition of these treasures I was deeply interested in finding a large octagonal case, containing under plate glass

some hundreds of fragments of moulded figures in *terra cotta* found by Monsieur L'Anglois in Tarsus of Cilicia, the birth-place of St. Paul. The workmanship was that of no ordinary potter, from designs introduced into Asia Minor from Greece. In another room I noticed heads of small statues from Palmyra, Cyprus, and certain parts of Phœnicia: vases from Rhodes, and fragments of ceramical handiwork from Moab and Gaza. A diminutive vase, somewhat resembling the little Roman 'lachrymatories,' two inches and three quarters high, from Judæa, bore the closest resemblance to a cut-glass scent bottle, of French manufacture, in my possession, which may, in fact, have been copied from the antique. The Parisian workers in *articles de luxe* soon reproduce such samples of primeval fancy. Not far from this were flint knives, found in Bethlehem. Very large varieties of Etrurian pottery enrich these new rooms; and some of the oil jars, or wine-runlets, from Tuscan Cervetri, would contain upwards of a hundred and fifty gallons.

This Etrurian department is highly interesting. It comprises a very large collection of articles that might have been handled daily in the domestic life of the primitive Tuscans; and of other objects which would lead us to infer that they had a keen perception of the ludicrous: odd fellows, as prompt and capable in making fun as any of us now living and laughing. I allude par-

ticularly to an extensive series of moulded figures called Rhœtians, with the heads of sheep, oxen, stags, horses, cows, pigs, lions, apes, hares, rabbits, ducks, cocks, eagles, &c. But, of the entire assortment, one in particular arrested my attention and pencil. I denominate it the Sir Toby Fillpot of Etruria. Some of our glazed brown ware beer-jugs bear a close resemblance to it, and might serve as an illustration in the exact dimensions of the original, about four inches and a half high. It simply indicates a 'pot-bellied' Etrurian with his skin full of such wine as may be still relished in Florence, Acqua-Pendente, and Perugia;—succumbing to the somniferous influence of his potations; in exceedingly hot weather, no doubt;—for the drowsy old sot, sewed up as to eyelids, has not, as the saying is, a rag of clothing upon him! I incline to think he personates some slave who had seized his opportunity when the supply of wine for the year was being carried into those one hundred and forty gallon amphoræ above mentioned, in the days when cooperage and oak staves were not known, and all the vintage was stowed in earthenware vessels. I saw a cellar in Herculaneum containing four of them. That it is the counterfeit presentment of such a slave, I infer from two bandeaux, very like manacles, about his ankles.

Not far from these Rhœtians are some very curious specimens of glass vessels, found in

ancient Roman dwellings and tombs, showing considerable advances in that manufacture. These were presented to the Louvre collections in the year 1825, by the then reigning King of Naples: old 'shot-bag' Ferdinand!

The French have acquired, and I was glad to see it, some very valuable samples of the Assyrian sculpture and inscriptions. Several of the groups in *rilievo* are as sharp in outline and finish as if executed yesterday. There is a procession of men and women marshalled as though for some high ceremonial,—or triumph, rather,—for two prisoners are discernible in the throng; and on the opposite side of the hall is a very fine group of archers; each figure four feet six inches high, —quite as perfect as the preceding.

There are also equally admirable specimens of sculpture from the Palace of Sardanapalus V., of Nineveh; labelled 7th cent. B.C., and from the Palace of Nimrod, 10th cent. B.C. Not far from these is a portrait, admirably chiselled in stone, of Sardanapalus III., 10th cent. B.C. We are enlightened as to these by the labels they bear. Were the entire collection similarly noted, it would furnish entertainment for many years: but, at present, the absence of a handbook makes itself painfully felt. As the Parisians, Emperor and Empress, Prince Imperial, Ministers and Population, *en masse*, seem to be anticipating a season of glory, wealth, and unparalleled

aggrandizement from the Exposition of this year, and influx of visitors from the five great divisions of the world, the curators of the museums, beginning with that of the Louvre—(for throughout Paris this defect is in excess)—will, it is to be hoped, take care to complete and publish satisfactory catalogues of all the collections. There are thick books sold in the vestibules and landing-places leading into the rooms, purporting to be correct guides: and such, indeed, they were;—but the breaking up of the old rooms, and the circumstance of so many of the most interesting objects having been contributed subsequently to the last edition of the catalogue, have combined to leave the multitudes resorting to the several apartments in utter ignorance of their contents. A supplement might have met the existing difficulty, but such public grievances find no organ, in Paris, to make the hard case known: and as an individual grumbler would be exceedingly puzzled if called upon to prove that he, an insignificant unit of La Grande Nation, contributed through direct taxation to support these exhibitions, the matter is disposed of with a shrug!

The 'corps de génie' attached to the Army of Occupation in Rome have made good use of the proximity of their garrison to Naples. A large increase has accordingly become manifest of bronze antiquities from the Pompeiian excavations: and the circumstance of such extensive

breaking up of ground as has ensued from the construction of railways in France has contributed to the formation of a very considerable and interesting collection of objects raised from the sites of ancient Roman camps, baths, and mansions in various departments of the country, many of which have been deeply imbedded in earth ever since the days of the first Cæsars.

On my second visit I took a leisurely survey of what is called the Musée de Napoleon III. in the Louvre. This is a suite of very handsome apartments admirably fitted up for the purpose of popular edification and amusement: several of them containing relics of the Revolutionary times, and of the First Empire. Some of them are curious enough, and come under the eye very unexpectedly. The turning lathe is thus seen with which the hapless Louis XVI. used to beguile many an hour in the Tuileries: and alongside of it is a little wooden *étui*, or box, about two inches and a half wide; the work of his royal hands. One of Marie Antoinette's shoes, also, is here to be seen. It is of black silk; very much worn:—high at the heel, and prolonged to the finest conceivable point: nine inches long. Doubtless it was a comfortably fitting and favourite shoe: but, from the appearance of having been so hardly used, I conceive the unhappy queen wore it to the last day of that imprisonment in which she had to endure every conceivable depri-

vation and hardship: for in the time of wealth, splendour, and life without a care, she had probably the choice of fifty pair of shoes in every year. 'Dress' was her weakest point. The Empresses, from Josephine upwards, have been delinquents in the same category of extravagance. This shoe was presented by M. Salvador Cheri. Not far from it is one of her fans, made out of carved ivory. Then follows the tiny dress-sword worn by the poor little Dauphin, who was given over to Simon the bootmaker "to be disposed of" in 1793. It is only two feet two inches long; but tells sad stories of the fate of kings. To these articles (which I perceived the people hardly cared to glance at) has recently been added, by the Emperor, an ornamental coffer, which was a gift from the City of Paris to Queen Marie Antoinette, at that time the happiest of French matrons, on the occasion of the above mentioned son's baptism. Next in order stood an exceedingly clumsy and ill-looking handbell, which Louis XVIII. used during the whole of his stay at Hartwell. It would require the bigoted attachment of a very devoted royalist to look with any interest upon this. He was a selfish prince, and not equal to the occasion which a gracious Providence spared him to meet. I well remember being introduced to him in that very chamber of the Tuileries Palace, where the devoted Cent Suisses fought and died so nobly for his brother;

every one of whom might have been spared, had their vacillating master spoken one word only in due season; but the whole retrospect of that period is too exasperating to be dwelt on.

In the midst of these *tristes souvenirs* we are suddenly carried back through a vista of many eventful centuries to old Charlemagne, whose sword and spurs are here still in excellent preservation, as is also a Bible dated A.D. 850, presented by the monks of the Abbey of St. Martin to Charles the Bald... It was originally treasured up in the cathedral church of Metz. There is, also, close to it, a handsome suit of bright steel armour formerly worn by Francis I. who must have been a taller man than painters have generally represented; for the coat of mail and leg defences would completely invest a warrior six feet two inches in stature.

Passing from these vestiges of early times, we recur to Napoleon the First's camp bedstead, and an old green silk covered arm chair, which he exclusively used in the library of the Tuileries: and then is shown the white cambric pocket-handkerchief taken from his death-bed by Pierron his *maitre d'hôtel* at St. Helena. Close to this is the young King of Rome's cradle, and a glass case containing "a shocking bad hat," of very plebeian style, worn by the Emperor as his specially favourite "tile" all the period of his life at St. Helena, except when he expected

visitors, or an interview with any official. A cocked hat of enormous dimensions is placed in juxtaposition, and labelled as the one he wore on his voyage from Torbay to the island; and below it is one on a more moderate scale, which he wore when taking exercise there on horseback. A glazed case is exhibited in which are seen a handful of leaves from the well known willow of Longwood; and another containing locks of hair from every member of his family. Then we are shown the stirrups and bit of the horse he rode at Waterloo; which one would have supposed his Imperial successor would not have thought it worth while to expose thus. Beneath, is a large watch and chain and keys, worn by Bonaparte First Consul and Emperor, till after his escape from Elba. The white face is two inches and a quarter in diameter. The keys might have been purchased at fivepence each, and were probably substituted by somebody for metal of higher value. Two of his snuff-boxes lie near the watch; and then follows a variety of coats and waistcoats worn in prosperous days; the assortment crowned by the little "*redingote grise*" of such long celebrity, and which, somehow, always looked better on Napoleon I. than his handsomest coronation robe. This was added very recently by the present Emperor; probably just after the displacement of the bronze statue in which this very coat was immortalized. The

said statue is now on a pedestal in the neighbourhood of the Barrière de Neuilly, to the extreme disgust of the "thinking" Bonapartists, who know that that quarter is the rendezvous of the worst characters that haunt the barracks and canteens of the soldiery; and where the '*petit caporal*' who shook the world, stands worse than ever deposed and degraded. I may mention, *par parenthèse*, that I found all tongues in every rank of society, vehemently loud in condemnation of this removal from the summit of the Vendôme Column, where now may be seen a figure called 'Napoleon le Grand,' of the most unmeaning character. Seen from the Rue de Rivoli, and from the South side of the Place Vendôme, it bears the appearance of a man in a short dressing-gown, carrying a flat candlestick:—The effect of bare legs, when viewed from behind, is strongly suggestive of a female shrimper. Some *esprits forts* tell us that it may possibly be the goodwill and pleasure of the people of Paris at no distant epoch to make the two statues change places. The grave citizens deplore the innovation as a grievous error of judgment on the part of an autocrat who has evinced such excellent discretion in many another matter. Certainly all who conceded the meed of merited admiration to the young, needy, and neglected lieutenant of artillery of 1795, and watched his career from 'the day of the Sections' to his coro-

nation, would always attach more interest, more credit, more fondness in memory to the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of France who wore that little coat and won in it his hundred fights, than to the diadem and robes of an Emperor whose name is not even yet a century old, and whose ancestors, in apposition with the Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns, and Guelphs, were mere men of yesterday. But the reigning prince has no relish for the fact of the "successful soldier" implied in the diminutive military cocked hat and over-coat, and prefers the actual ancient "Imperator Romanus" effigy, under an erroneous conception that the people will, from age to age, point to it and tell 'a grateful posterity' that this was their Cæsar!

The remnants of the wardrobe of 1812 and 1813 are accompanied by three travelling canteen equipments—to which is added, with a frank communicativeness which is amusing enough—"the hat worn by the Emperor during the campaign of 1814!" Considering the grievous reverses and results of that period of Napoleon's generalship, it is matter of astonishment that this old relic was not rather thrown into a limekiln, or into the Seine. It is of preposterously large dimensions, and must have overshadowed his countenance most gloomily: the prognostic of his rapidly approaching destiny!

The next section exhibits seven of his fowling-

pieces (flint locks!), and lastly, but not least in interest, is laid open to view his quarto copy of Ossian's Poems, in the French language, which he invariably carried about with him, even in all his campaigns, with what applicability to purposes in hand, it is not easy to conceive; but "Peace to the souls of the heroes! Their deeds were great in war!" &c., &c., would but on too many a field of carnage supply the dirge, "When the din of war was past"—and perhaps, these rhapsodies were really held in high estimation by the ungentle reader! It is the edition of 1777, published by Musier, Rue de la Tour St. Jacques. An engraving faces the title page, at the foot of which is this sentence: 'Ossian, in solitude and blindness, relates in song the events of past times. The shadows of the heroes of his family surround him"—a predicament not very dissimilar to Bonaparte's eventual solitude and reminiscences on that far Atlantic wilderness where he was destined to close his strange eventful history. Little did he surmise when he adopted Macpherson's singularly wild and fantastic lay that it would in the closing of his career express, so near to actual fact, his own forlornness.

There is a statue on a pedestal in the centre of the apartment wherein these melancholy relics are exposed to public gaze, which will, for many an age, probably, rivet the attention of all who shall have perused with careful study the History

of Europe in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and have heard their forefathers dilate on the events and issues of the greatest revolution that ever shook the world. It is cast in a composite metal, not very dissimilar to aluminium, and represents Napoleon I. at the age of fifteen, in the College of Brienne. He holds in one of his hands a book. The expression of the features is indicative of grave reflection, if not of melancholy; and every lineament reminds one strongly of the well-known medallion struck in honour of Bonaparte, Premier Consul, when he was twenty years older. The costume represents that which was worn in the college at that date: (1784)—knee breeches and shoes with buckles. The statue is below five feet in height: I should say, not exceeding four feet ten inches: yet may have been life size—as it would not have been an exceptional instance of growth that the nine inches which, added to this measure, made up Napoleon's full stature, should accrue in five years. I stood before it for at least ten minutes, but was astonished to observe the utter disregard with which troops of the people (it was one of the public days) passed it with scarcely a glance. It would fetch an almost fabulous price in our country.

To any one conversant with Fine Art and the schools of Painting, the vast collection of crayon drawings in the galleries that are now carried

round the Louvre, executed by the Old Masters, must ever prove the most attractive and invaluable of all the treasure that Paris has to exhibit. They may here be counted in thousands; and within an hour we may become familiar with the handling of Raphael, Caracci, Correggio, Guido Reni, Titian, Domenichino, &c.—all the schools of Lombardy, Tuscany, Bologna, and Venice, besides the finest samples of German, French, and Dutch genius. Five hundred thousand pounds would not, according to the rate at which original sketches are sold in London, be an inordinate valuation of these beautiful sketches, from which I felt it to be an absolutely painful effort to part as the hour drew nigh for the public to leave the palace. Not that 'the discerning public,' by the by, were to be found here. I was alone.

It was a great privilege to examine at Vienna, some six and forty years since, Raffaele's sketch in crayon for 'The Transfiguration.' It was in one of the portfolios of original drawings in Duke Albert's Gallery: but here in the Louvre is a collection which would occupy a life-long study; and more might be gained in this department towards drawing with precision than among the finished pictures, all glorious as they are, and well worthy of the admiration of enlightened Europe.

The adequate examination of all the treasures amassed in the Louvre would occupy many years;

and go as often as we may to this mighty storehouse of the world, we gain but transient glimpses of the beautiful and marvellous. One average long lifetime is barely sufficient to compass the range of knowledge so ungrudgingly thrown open to inquiry after perfection; and the adage, "*Ars longa, vita brevis*," makes its truth keenly felt. We must be content, therefore, with such a glance as, from time to time, our opportunities, and, let me add, our *forces physiques*, may permit; for the fatigue of a day spent in the seemingly interminable windings of what is become a labyrinth, is overpowering; and whoever has paced the round in a summer morning and afternoon, be he scientific or simple, is sure to wend his way homeward with the heartiest disposition to rest and be thankful!

Probably there are many who will exclaim, 'Is there anything new to be told of Paris?' We are improving and widening where we can, and we are vaulting over quiet citizens' roofs and undermining our neighbours' foundations in most conspicuous display of engineering and enterprise; and, doubtless, our letters and provisions will, at no distant date, travel in many a direction under ground; but, in all this our rivals across the water have been, to the full, as industrious. Very few of our countrymen visiting Paris are aware of the existence of that remarkable line of subterranean traffic which is carried

along by the name of the 'Entreprise Générale de Transport par l'Eau,' commencing at the Custom House on the Quai de Jemappes and continuing throughout the entire length of the long quay known as the Boulevard de Richard le Noir, upon the Canal of St. Martin, up to the termination of the boulevard. Small steam-boats have here for the last three years been continually carrying merchandise quite independently of the streets, without giving sign of their activity or even existence. My attention was drawn to this novelty by the appearance at intervals of certain plantations upwards of twenty yards in length and twenty feet wide—comprehending shrubs and flowers,—in the midst of which was perceptible a circular stone wall about a yard in height, constructed with convex sides and a decorative coping, and very much resembling those ornamental basins into which the grouped tritons, naiads, or nymphs that adorn classically designed fountains eject the water. Our own in Trafalgar Square are the counterpart; but are four times larger than the structure I am here referring to. Observing, as I drove along, that they recurred at intervals of perhaps thirty yards, I inquired of my coachman (an intelligent fellow, and obliging, withal) what was the object of these ornamental circles and of the remarkably neat and showy gardens that were appended to (and occasionally almost hid) them, on the broad,

hard main road which ran parallel with the highway I was riding over. He replied that these were the orifices that supplied light and fresh air to the long subterranean watery way beneath; as also to carry off any vapour of steam or smoke issuing occasionally from the passing steamboats.

No one would for an instant surmise the fact of such canal conveyance, nor regard the plantations and apparent basins as being other than fanciful introductions over a long line of road [such as our Commercial Road, but considerably narrower], which was thus made accessory to the ornamentation of that part of the city, while an immense amount of business most beneficial to the revenue was being continually transacted underneath.

On the morning next following after my drive in this direction, I met for the second time the ponderous locomotive, entitled "La Ville de Paris," employed for crushing stones, and rolling into flatness the public roads. It is worked with double action of two cylinders exerting a steam-power of twenty horses. The weight of it, including the tender for coals and water, amounts to thirty tons, and the efficiency with which it does its work is astonishing. Three men are employed to superintend and direct its proceedings, and a fourth to watch the operations; the former, on the top of the machine; the latter

walking alongside. The wheels are reversible, and I saw it moving backwards and forwards while they were being greased. Most of the work is done during the night,—beginning in summer at twelve o'clock; or in winter, a little before daybreak, up to nine oclock;—because of the accidents that occurred when it was first introduced; the horses taking fright at the first glance of a dark, slowly moving mass, emitting smoke; and at the noise of the wheels, and of the escaping steam. The impediment, also, to ordinary traffic on the roads rendered its presence in the streets altogether objectionable. Anything more effective I never beheld. The huge roller, which fell under my notice three years since, on the Boulevard Sebastopol, drawn by eight horses, was a toy in comparison. The driver of this 'Ville de Paris' was a Scotchman.

The French very frankly concede to our nation the first rank of celebrity in all such machinery; but they have effected much in economy of labour. I saw a winepress, of Parisian manufacture, exerting a power of five tons pressure, by which, on the principle of the screw, one man alone, turning a crank, could, in the course of six hours, express from white grapes seven hundred and fifty gallons of juice; and from red two thousand two hundred and fifty—or three pipes and upward in an hour! Of course, in the large "Vinifications," as the

French call the fabrics where wine is made, steam effects ten times more, at least; but this '*pressoir vertical*,' which cost only ten pounds, has done wonders in small establishments. Compared with the rude and cumbrous apparatus still shown as the press that was worked by the monks (and, I believe, actually in use) at Clos Vougeot, in Burgundy, it is simply elegant, indeed.

My round of visits having taken me into the medical quarter of Paris, I went, for the fourth time, to Dupuytren's Museum of Anatomy, which has received large and valuable accessions; and though the Florentine Cabinet is more striking in its general appearance, and exhibits wax preparations which have never been surpassed, and rarely equalled, I incline to believe that for the purposes of study Dupuytren's must be found invaluable. To the non-medical eye some of the subjects are terrible to behold. I saw on this occasion three heads with an eye in the forehead only, and a skeleton of a child with a perfectly formed canine head. There were feet with eight toes each, and faces without mouths, and the entire trunk of a man's body which had no arms, but two (united) fingers projecting from each shoulder. Several spines were ranged in order, each of which resembled the capital S in the alphabet, doubled. There were many other dreadful specimens of deformity, and abnormal or arrested developments, which set men's minds

a-thinking. For my own part, I have often surmised that the excessive toil to which females of all ages are everywhere subjected in France, particularly in the rural districts, where they work like farm horses, stooping for eight hours, carrying weights under which any ordinary porter would bend, and stretching their young or aged limbs on ladders or trenches, as if muscles were composed of caoutch, and bones of split cane, must materially injure their frame, and, during utero-gestation, most fearfully affect their infant offspring. It is difficult to ascribe the almost innumerable malformations and monstrosities exhibited in these museums to mere *lusus naturæ*: and the depraved habits of the lowest of the low in Paris may account for much that is shown thus to the eyes, to grieve the heart.

On the day of my inspection of these chambers of horrors, the physicians who had been so sedulously and devotedly engaged at Amiens during the fatal visitation of cholera in that ancient city, last June and July, were invited by the Mayor of Paris to assist "à un Punch, offert à l'Hôtel de Ville." I asked an old soldier what was implied in this term; and he replied that among the civilians, as among the military, a steaming bowl of 'punch,' served up with brioches or Rheims biscuits, was a compliment always duly appreciated; and regarded, moreover, as *quelque chose* in the best style of England!

Paris was of course empty in July and August. Visiting was out of the question, and most of the public places and institutions are closed for repairs and cleansing: so that the traveller, *en passant*, must provide his own amusement for the few days of his halt after coming up from the coast; but I know few cities where a man may derive more amusement from a leisurely stroll with his eyes wide open, and his disposition inclining him to appreciate all the innocent enjoyment implied in '*desipere in loco*,' than the great metropolis of France. We are all of us more or less disposed to be carried along there, as in London, by the tide of population; though it move not so abundantly or rapidly as the English stream in the most populous thoroughfares of the East and West end. The warehouses, shops, and frontages in general are very unlike,—I may say generally very inferior to—ours,—but if a man be on the look out for drollery and peculiar "notions" and "fixings"—(I speak *en Americain*), for the nonce, he will soon be enabled to make a catalogue of the queerest of associations and incongruities, furnished even by the pettiest dealers in the streets.

It was not a little remarkable to find CLOVIS retailing gloves; PEPIN, spices; and CAPET, candles. Whence any man, however, could derive the name of DIEU, as I noticed in the Rue de Clichy, on my way to the residence of M. Wolowski, is

not easy to conceive. Possibly it is a corruption of DE EU; as in England and Scotland we meet with DEATH, instead of DE ATH.

But what have not speculation and inventiveness employed as images, emblems, and illustrations, to arrest the eye and win attention to that object after which it would appear to have been the characteristic of us Gentiles to have sought, not only in the Augustan age, but long, long before, and which the female million still love, not wisely, but too well! "Wherewith shall we be clothed?" Not but that the living daughters of *Israel*, at home and abroad, transgress herein frequently *à outrance*. DRESS seems to be the paramount consideration and prevailing foible to which the largest number of hands minister in Paris. I conversed for some time on this topic with a very sensible housekeeper whose relatives employed couturières, in many districts, all the year round. The passion for dress, she observed—and especially that style of self-adornment which exhibited the height of fashion—was raging with hardly conceivable emulation and self-abandonment. Many women of good family will live upon biscuits and *eau sucrée*, or dry bread and lettuces, for many weeks, to put aside the sum that would purchase a certain gown-piece or *chapeau*. They will neglect for half a year the education of two or three children, and, ofttimes, withhold the medical aid which their deranged

health requires, to be able to vie with a neighbour, or acquaintance, or relative, in Nouveautés. The print-seller, on the Italian Boulevard, who sells so many well-chosen 'Views in Paris,' is also agent for the 'Belle Assemblée,' whose *feuilletons* or numbers, with engravings of the Mode, are published every month. I was amusing myself with one of his portfolios, well supplied with Italian and Spanish subjects, when a young married lady and her daughter, a child of eight or nine years, came in requesting to see 'the fashions.' The child was left on the doorstep, to be edified by anything she might see or overhear among the labourers who had taken up the pavement, to lay down gas-pipes. The mother perched herself on a high chair, and staid three-quarters of an hour, turning over hundreds of prints illustrative of bodies and skirts, sleeves and bonnets, and then departed, having bought nothing. She had come for the sole purpose of gaining some hints, or correcting some mistakes or misfits; and in all likelihood would devote the day to investigations of the selfsame nature. "*C'est affreux!*" said Githaut. "*Se ruiner en chiffons, et faire ainsi la mendiante!*" As Cowper said still more forcibly before him:

"We sacrifice to dress till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellars dry,
And keeps our larders clean, puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe
Where peace and hospitality might reign."

Among letters and cards deposited on my table during a brief sojourn in Paris was one from Monsieur Emile Pessoneaux, Greek Professor at the Lycée Napoleon, and translator into French prose of Homer's Odyssey, cotemporaneously with my own blank verse edition of the same poem. He had produced already very faithful renderings of Sallust, Virgil, and Suetonius. On my return visit at his town residence, I missed him; and accordingly set off for Clamart, a pretty little village about four miles South-Westward of Paris. These short excursions, in the summer season, around that capital, are always delectable; and infinitely surpass, in my opinion, any that we make within five miles of our own metropolitan pavement. From the URBS we reach the RUS so much sooner, abroad; and "the pleasures of the plains" (I am not constrained to continue Handel's chorus in adding, "Happy nymphs and happy swains!") meet us almost immediately after quitting the platform of the railway station, as on this occasion, when I found myself in contact with vines at a distance of less than a hundred paces from the ticket-office.

Throughout the plain over which this ride of nine or ten minutes conveyed me, I discovered numerous large wheels, twenty feet in diameter, made to revolve by men stepping on their circumferences, erected at the brinks of pits whence the quarrymen raise stone; as in the Caen district

of Normandy. Two thirds, nearly, of the soil immediately surrounding Paris abound in stone; and the houses of that fine city and of the villages, far and near, are built with it; but not always with due regard to substantial and safe construction. As I walked leisurely from the station down into the village of Clamart, which lies considerably below it, I stopped to watch the work of some masons who were erecting a small six-roomed house. They used hollow bricks here and there, interspersed with great blocks of unwrought stone, and with as infinitesimal a quantity of mortar as barely sufficed to smear the materials. Large cavities were left in the walls, into which, as the courses rose, they cast bushels of small stones, by way of filling in —a perilous mode of scamping off their work, which, among fifty stretcher bricks, exhibited not two headers! The wall was rising without any binding, and the road material (for it was nothing else), which they rammed down into the hollows with lavish distribution, would, in all probability, make the wall fall to pieces in the first days of rain, by its own weight. Every now and then such *écroulements* are to be seen in France where a contract has been taken, but no precaution. I should imagine that the number of vertical cracks in his frontage must long since have convinced the tenant of that domicile, if it ever was completed, that a weekly hiring would

be the only terms compatible with the constitution of the building, or the safety of its occupiers. This is the great objection to stone when the work is to be done cheaply.

I found my Professor at nine o'clock in the morning, in his slippers and high spirits. He was really and truly enjoying the sunshine, the leisure, and the *dolce far niente* of August, when all lyceums, colleges, schools, and pensionnats are closed for the vacation; and he had nestled, as I said to him, into comfortable quarters at a large house which, it appeared, was well known to the Parisians, as a sort of boarding establishment, where families or individuals might reside for any number of weeks in the summer, and enjoy life in *villeggiatura*, as the Italians say, free from all the cares, constraints, and conventionalities of the capital. The neighbourhood of Paris abounds with these pleasant places and quiet homes. Enghien, Montmorency, Sêvres, and all the vicinities of St. Cloud, receive yearly visitors that come like swallows and so depart; and these facilities constitute no light advantage in the choice of Paris as a residence, where, if a man choose, he may live, as in London, on his own terms.

We were soon, however, in the good company of kings, lords, and commons of the earliest period of civilization. Within two or three minutes after seating ourselves under the fig-tree

in the centre of the little garden attached to the pensionnat, M. Pessonneaux was adverting to King Autolycus, Nausicaa, and Ulysses; and the breakfast-bell might have pealed in vain till he had finished his comments on the staid demeanour of Penelope, and the faithfulness of Eumæus, and the frequent carousals over mixed wine. Since my return to England, I fell in with a London incumbent of high position, who said he had been in Ithaca, and had been presented some time afterwards with a few cases of Ithacan wine, which, that it might be duly mellowed, he kept nearly twenty years in his cellar. An occasional taste did not beget any liking for it, and at the end of the two decades he threw it all away! I wish I had been able to relate this to the Professor; for it would have been appropriate to the subject of wine potations in the palace of Ulysses, which involved the question whether the invariable "mixing" on every occasion was of one sort of wine with another, or of water with wine. The wine from Zante proved equally worthless. When the Frenchman's gaiety had a little evaporated, we fell into somewhat graver colloquy. He said the Odyssey was preferred in the Paris schools as a class-book; it being considered more likely to make lasting impressions on a young scholar's mind than the Iliad: but these, unhappily, were not generally producible in the present day. A corrupt taste and an ill-dis-

guised aversion from the pursuit of the Literæ Humaniores were more observable than at any former period. Remarkable as it might appear, especially in a nation once so chivalrous, and still so romantic and heroic as the French, the writings of Homer, Virgil, and Milton had not so many genuine admirers among them as might be supposed. While every one, especially the youth of the country, continued to read and delight in absolute trash, pure literature must of necessity languish: taste was too degraded to appreciate exalted themes or high poetic excellence. The merit of Homer, especially, was of a quality far above the standard to which the taste of general readers is adapted; and could only be duly relished or distinguished by minds already cultivated beyond average study and research. Greece esteemed him worthily, because his writings lay level to the capacities of the students and men of mind who lived in the age of Pericles. Moreover, the surpassing beauty of Homer's descriptions and sentiments would be far more vividly felt by warriors and sages who lived nearer to his time, than by the learned of whatever class in the present day; for those altercations and quarrels among the leaders, and the details of slaughter which appear so extravagant and barbarous to polite readers, were quite consistent (as bull-fights are *enjoyed* by the most enlightened Spaniards) with the experience of the Athenians,

who delighted to hear of battles and the deaths of heroes, and must, in many a case, have actually witnessed all the wounding and mutilations, and shared in all the perils, casualties, and hardships, as well as in the victories and triumphs so faithfully portrayed in the Iliad. The comparison was hardly to be drawn, but he agreed with me in considering our Shakespeare to be superior to the author of that poem in extent of observation, in mastery over the passions, in abundance of fancy, and in vigour of expression:—'Hamlet' and the 'Midsummer's Night's Dream' will always stand alone. Nevertheless, Homer exhibits beauties which have never been equalled; and, indeed, in all the pure poetry of early ages, there are excellences which have never been surpassed by compositions that enjoy highest repute as proofs of modern civilization and refinement:—The frequent appropriation *(la filouterie)* of old ideas and images from that father of harmonious verse, evinced very plainly the indebtedness of authors, even now living, to these venerable originals; and it became a part of exegetical teaching to lead back to such sources, and thus elicit a due sense of their merit. Exercises in parallel passages effected much in this direction, and served especially to eliminate the breadth of Homer's meaning.

Speaking of the expansion which I said I had found almost inexorably forced upon me when

translating the Odyssey, he said it would unquestionably arise in almost any poetical version; because Homer himself was a diffuse writer, especially in that poem, and elongated his phraseology by the use of terms which neither one nor two nor three words of French, or (as he supposed) English, would adequately render; and this must impose a wide compass of expression. I should have found no such necessity in translating Dante, whose conciseness would appear to use not one single word more than is necessary to convey his meaning. This faculty of condensation, I said, had won for the Earl of Derby, and very deservedly, the highest eulogium. Pessoneaux deeply regretted his ignorance of our language. It was a deplorable omission in the education of his day (he is but two-and-forty years of age) that English was not enforced as a *sine quâ non* at every examination. Now, the untaught in our tongue relied on finding our countrymen speaking French (a rash reliance, in my opinion), and took no thought for learning "the most difficult, because the most irregular, language on the face of the earth."

I recommended that Doré should be engaged by some spirited publisher to illustrate both the Iliad and Odyssey: and he said he would suggest this at once to Charpentier, who brought out his translation of the latter. It might win attention to the poetry; "but," said he, gloomily, "clas-

sical taste, *mon cher monsieur*, is almost defunct in Paris. It is worse than light reading that satisfies the public taste in these times: the trashy ephemeral productions that issue from the press are a disgrace to the nation, which thus connives at the extinction of solid literature, and crushes respectable authorship between the presses of *feuilletonnistes. Faute de solidité, le gout se perd.*"

It being now ten o'clock and breakfast-time for my learned brother, we bade adieu to each other, and went severally our ways; he to his chicken and salad, and I to the Clamart Station, with pleasant recollections of the little episode in which, '*cantare pares et respondere parati*,' we had exchanged somewhat more than complimentary greetings and civilities. He was a man of mind, and in welcoming me to his little Tusculum at Clamart, invited me, as it were, to feast upon his intellect. He was a man of right feelings, and it would be well for France, well for the world, if there were more of the same stamp. As a scholar, he has won a high place in the estimation of the learned of his country, and though I could not induce him to believe that, as a member of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, I was in no respect on the footing of a member of the Institute of Paris, he was profuse in his expressions of delight in having thus formed an acquaintance which was, *sans doute*, to

ripen into friendship when next we should renew our favourite subjects in the literary circles and *salons* of Paris. It sounded very genial!

I had a long conversation, subsequently, with Charpentier, on the Quai de l'Ecole, who re-echoed nearly every syllable of Pessoneaux's protest againt the corrupt taste of the public. He said Firmin Didot was still in the ascendant as a publisher, made his own paper, and monopolized the purchase of rags, to be converted into a vehicle for matter, only too often proving to be much less valuable than the fibres that were employed to make a page! The worthy bibliopolist well knew how many crown octavoes disseminate false doctrine, false politics, heresy, and schism; but this passing sneer at old Didot reminded me of Cade's:

"Contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill."!

CHAPTER III.

LA CONCIERGERIE.

BEFORE my departure Southwards, I availed myself of the permission sent to me by the Préfet to see the celebrated Prison known as the Conciergerie, the pinnacled towers of which constitute so peculiar a feature in all the views of Paris, between Notre Dame and the Palais de l'Institut, on the site of which stood, in very early times, the Tour de Nesle. My credentials were drawn up in this form :

Préfecture de Police,
Cabinet du Préfet.

M. George Musgrave est autorisé à visiter le Palais de Justice (Conciergerie) *avec toutes facilités.*
Sic.

Paris, le 24 Juillet, 1866.
Par la Préfecture de Police;
Le Secretaire-Général,
DU VERGIER.

Cette carte n'est valable que pour une fois.

The " toutes facilités " would entitle me to make

the closest inspection, and to be taken to parts of the prison not usually shown to the public.

I was very politely received at the low doorway leading into the dreary old building from the quay. It opens into a mediæval-looking hall, with pillars and groined ceiling, which in ancient times had been the Guard Room. From this I was conducted by a very intelligent warder through the courts and galleries, wards, and dormitories. The principal sleeping apartment, containing twenty-nine beds, was about forty-eight feet square, and twelve high, paved with hexagonal tiles. There might be twelve or thirteen beside this: more of them containing four bedsteads than five. In some I saw six: in some eight. The mattresses were made up of horsehair and wool: the bolsters likewise; and at each extremity of the room was a large square lantern fastened to the wall, at the height of eight feet from the floor, in which a light was kept burning throughout the night. A watchman, also, paces up and down the corridors. Another apartment was shown to me as the Infirmary. It contained eleven beds, and was supplied with a stove, in case of excessive cold.

I entered one of the cells. The floor was made of oak wood, laid parquet fashion, and a cloth and brush were lying near the bedstead, with which the prisoner is required to keep the boards clean and bright. A broad leaf was an-

nexed to the wall, on the left of the door entry, which let down from hinges and served, at need, for a table. A stool, chained to the wall, was close beside it.

There was provision made for washing the face and hands: a water can, for drink, and a spittoon stood on a ledge. A fixed commode communicating with a sewer was alongside of the stove. Opposite the door was a bedstead. The door had a panel moving on two hinges, which could be opened from without by a spring; and this opened inward on a small bracket on which the turnkey in attendance deposits the plate at meal-times. Suspended from a nail in the door was a milled board, on which was pasted a square sheet containing the prison rules. I perceived in these an interdict against writing or drawing upon the walls, and an injunction to sweep the floor and keep it clean. Should the prisoner be under the necessity of summoning a turnkey or warder to his cell, he has but to press a knob close to the doorpost, and a signal is made on which the man outside acts. There is also a hole in the moveable part of the panel above mentioned, about half an inch in diameter, through which the prisoner may at any time be seen from without.

He is allowed a ration of half a pound of bread, with a small can of soup, every morning at nine o'clock. This is served again at three o'clock, with beans or potatoes. On Sunday and

Thursday seven ounces of hot meat are substituted for the soup. Each prisoner is permitted to purchase, if he have the means, three quarters of a pint of wine on any day in the week, and as much tobacco as he may like to have. Ham, bacon, and cheese may also be procured for money; a canteen being kept for that purpose. Pens, ink, and paper are in like manner attainable; and books, also, from a library which is superintended by a chaplain or almoner attached to the prison. The warder said it was gratifying to observe how reverently the incarcerated inmates comported themselves during the solemnization of mass in the chapel. I entered the chapel. The associations connected with this portion of the building are fearful indeed. This was the large hall in which the victims of the Reign of Terror, in 1792–3–4, were assembled in groups to hear the names read out from the list for the executions of each successive day, till all should have been disposed of. A tumbril stood on the quay outside, to convey the selected individuals to the Guillotine. Muller's picture in the Luxembourg Palace Gallery depicts this dreadful place of detention and its occupants, among whom were three princesses of exalted rank, and a marchioness, two marquises and a bishop. Antié Léonard, also, the Queen's coiffeur, was in the throng. He was suspected of having been an accessory to the flight to Va-

rennes in June 1791. I should have been glad to peruse a page of Carlyle's "Revolution in France," while sitting in this *ci-devant* chamber of horrors, now sacred to the worship of Him who is the God of consolation and peace; but to whom "the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners appointed to die," in that day of sin and misery, appealed in vain.

The whole of the prison, which is very extensive, is warmed by hot water tubing; and gas is laid on throughout, the cells inclusive. In a broad corridor, apart from those in which are the cells, I observed a range of spacious closets, not very unlike garden-arbours, with seats inside, and a square grating at the back. These are called the 'parloirs,' or places where the prisoners are permitted to hold a parley or discourse with their relatives, or professional advisers. I saw one of them almost filled with a party of seven. Some are so framed that the individual coming to see the prisoner cannot enter, but is restricted to speech at the grating. The warder took me into another which was parted off from a wooden screen by an interval of a foot, the 'parloir's' grating being in a line with a similar grating in the screen. This, he said, was for cases in which it might be desirable to prevent anything being conveyed from without to the prisoner.

No corporal punishment is resorted to in any

of the French prisons. Insubordination entails confinement in the black hole, without daylight, and stoppages and forfeitures of the use of the canteen, &c.

The Conciergerie is only a house of detention. Convicts that have received sentence of further imprisonment are sent off to the central prisons in the provinces, which are numerous. In these far stricter discipline is enforced, and neither wine nor tobacco nor other such "creature comforts" are procurable on any terms. The silent system is also resorted to, and is held in great abhorrence; which any one acquainted with a Frenchman's love of talking may well imagine.

On the day previous to my visit I had sat an hour in the Criminal Court, after hearing a case of breach of covenant on the Chancery side; and evidence against four young men under trial upon a charge of coining and negotiating base money; and I took this opportunity of asking in the Conciergerie what had been the judgment. The two who had made the spurious franc pieces were condemned to hard labour for six years: the two who had been detected in circulating them, to five.

My visit terminated, as I intended it should, by an inspection of the very dungeon in which the royal daughter of Maria Theresa, the hapless Queen Marie Antoinette, was incarcerated under circumstances of atrocious cruelty, from which

she was freed only by death. After the murder of her husband, she was brought from the Temple to this prison, and there remained for seventy-six days, at the expiration of which she was led in a tumbril to the guillotine. In the cell of her detention are three oil-paintings, which depict, one of them, her removal from the Temple; another, her reception of the Eucharist previous to quitting the prison for the place of execution: the third, her lonely figure in this cell at first entry. In the first of these, her daughter, the late Duchesse d'Angoulême, is seen clinging to her in closest embrace: while Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, is falling in a swoon. Simon, the villainous shoemaker, to whom her son, the Dauphin, had been made over by the regicides "to be disposed of," stands close enough to Her Majesty to touch her garments. His wife is also close at hand. One of the so-called "Representatives of the Sovereign People" (that hateful term!), with cockade in hat, and scarf about his waist, is holding the door ajar. In the other picture of the Last Communion, two gendarmes are seen kneeling at the Queen's side, recipients of the sacramental wafer. A touching incident is connected with this. By the connivance of humane jailors (for such good spirits there were, even in that day, among the evil that abounded), Monsieur l'Abbé Magnan, a priest attached to the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois (which was

that especially frequented by the Royal Family and the Court), was introduced stealthily into the prison, disguised as one of the Gendarmes Cavalry Police, and was enabled to divest himself of the uniform, assume the sacerdotal vestments, and officiate on this threshold of death. On the small altar represented in this picture is seen a crucifix hardly eighteen inches high. Both altar and crucifix are in this dungeon still; and before this sacred emblem did the unhappy Queen bow in deep devotion, living, as it were, in prayer, and in the outpourings of an overcharged heart, even to the end; heaven and earth protesting against the deep damnation of her taking off. This cell now serves as a vestry-room to the chapel.

In the third picture referred to, Marie Antoinette is seen standing erect, habited in a black silk gown, with her head turned towards the barred window. Her countenance, expressive of dignified resignation, seems, nevertheless, to bend its regard with wistful glances towards the sky, as though seeking there the peace for ever more denied to her on earth; and her snowy white hair is bound by fillets under a cap, disfiguring, though it could not entirely mar, that beauty which in her bridal entry into this same Paris, twenty three years before, the people had gazed upon with idolizing homage and admiration. A truckle bedstead is seen, turned up, in a corner

of the cell,—(has my reader ever seen this same royal lady's bed at Versailles?)—and a folding screen stands between her and the sentinel near the door. In the day of her imprisonment there was a stone-built partition in this cell, in which the said intermediate door hung, the door entering into the corridor being beyond this; the extreme length of the two compartments not exceeding sixteen feet by eight feet six. The screen was introduced at her prayerful entreaty to be spared the gross indignity of being compelled to disrobe and dress herself in the full gaze of the sentinel, as her brutal judges would fain have compelled her to do; and this delineation of it affords additional evidence, if any were needed, of the pictures having been most accurately designed from descriptions given by parties who had lived in those days of wickedness and shame, and well knew from the testimony of eye-witnesses—(the priest and the gendarmes, for instance)—every minutest feature of the scene. While I was gazing with intense interest on the altar, which is of white marble, much discoloured by damp, I perceived traces of an inscription which had been painted (not engraved) on it. The words still discernible are COMMUNIQUÉ PAR LE ROI, and, in another place, NOTE; and, further on, MAD. ELIZABETH. The turnkey stated, in reply to my earnest inquiries, that at the period of the restoration of the Bourbon

family in 1814, there were still to be seen on the wall of this cell several sentences which had been traced with a pin or nail by the unhappy captive, whose handwriting was recognised by many that came thronging in to behold it. Upon this discovery being made known to Louis XVIII., he sent an agent to transcribe every syllable of it; and hereupon the words were painted (it is most remarkable that they should not have been *engraved)* upon the marble panel forming the front of the altar. At a subsequent date—probably when the dogs of war had again been let slip amid the cry of 'Havoc!' in the *three days* of July, some malevolent enemy of the dethroned Charles the Tenth, rushing to and fro in the recesses of the Conciergerie, found entry into the hallowed spot, and defaced both wall and altar; the removal of the writing from the latter having been effected by the application of some mordant acid,—vitriol probably,—which obliterated every trace of it, except the few syllables above placed on record, and which, singularly enough, began to re-appear some time after the work of extinction seemed to be complete.

It is doubtful whether any Royalist be now living who, from position about the Court, and through intimacy with parties enjoying the confidence of the deposed monarchs, may have been in possession of a copy of this remarkable memorial. Few such records have possessed the

interest attaching to its locality and subject matter. The solitary name still surviving in the *tabula rasa* recalls the memory of the most saintly woman in France: the word 'king' is there still, reminding men of this generation that when sovereignty passed into the hands of the common people, human life had no value; a condition of things quite compatible with that low political despotism whose counsels and projects have but too often deceived the wisest and the best of men; whose triumphs have in every age and in every clime availed but to send forth new evils into the world, and to multiply that world's wickedness and sorrows under the specious pretence of advancing liberty and progress, prosperity and virtue!

I have it in my power, nevertheless, to gratify my readers with a document never before published in this country, and to which few of our countrymen visiting Paris have, so far as I can learn, had access; it is the copy of a letter (the last she ever penned) begun, and, indeed, with exception of her signature, apparently finished, by the high-minded and devout Marie Antoinette, in the morning watch of that day which closed her career of suffering and of wrong.

It was addressed, a few hours before death, to that saintly lady Madamè Elizabeth de Bourbon, sister of Louis XVI., but never could have reached her; in fact, the Queen, as will be seen,

expressed a doubt whether her beloved sister-in-law would ever set eyes on it. This Princess Elizabeth is the illustrious personage characterized by Sir Walter Scott, in his Life of Napoleon, in these expressive terms: "Of whom might be said, in the words of Lord Clarendon, that she resembled a chapel in a king's palace, into which nothing but piety and morality enter, while all around is filled with sin, idleness, and folly!" That most impressive writer, Mr. T. Carlyle, also speaks of her as "among the kindliest, most innocent of women." She was guillotined in May 1794.

Through the pious care and loyalty of some right-minded survivor of the Reign of Terror, this deeply interesting and most touching letter was preserved—(it is impossible to say how)—through seventy years, and has eventually been framed and glazed in one of the galleries of that Palais des Archives, which will be thrown open to the public this year, at the corner of the Rue de Paradis,—(formerly the Hôtel du Duc de Choiseul): and some weeks after my return to England I heard that it was there to be seen, as a curiosity of great value and interest. My letter to the Marquis de la Borde was most graciously honoured; an authorization from the Government was granted to my worthy friend Docteur Blatin, of Rue Bonaparte, and he, with infinite good-nature, took the trouble to go twice to the palace,

and make a *fac simile*, even to the dimensions of the paper, and the blots, and the errors in orthography and punctuation, which, with the adze of the guillotine, as it were, suspended over her head, the afflicted writer might well leave on the face of such a memoir. When I first heard of this most precious manuscript, I was given to understand that the Queen had her pen in hand, on the point of signing her name; if, indeed, she intended to close her letter with the word 'étranger:' but this is mere conjecture, and the scant information that has been handed down to the present day comprehends no details of this nature. The gendarmes, according to the usage still prevalent, would enter the cell at an early hour on the day appointed for execution of the sentence, and exhibit the warrant for seizure and removal of the condemned. Nothing but such a fearful interruption would have interfered with the Queen's intention of appending her signature, and concealing the letter, in hope of seeing some friendly individual before she reached the scaffold, to whom she might entrust so sacred a document. The written paper, however, was undoubtedly lying loose, with the ink and pen, on the little table in her cell, and would instantly be seized by the three individuals whose names appear at the foot of the concluding page, and by them be delivered to the Prefect of Police. Her untimely death followed a few hours after-

wards, as if to teach mankind to what extremity of damnable sin the evil spirit of Democracy can impel human nature, when contempt of all that is sacred, and utter disregard of whatever is just, and true, and worthy, has gained the ascendant of mere violence to outrage alike the laws of God and man.

I will now, however, lay before the reader my translation of this memorable and most touching letter, begun exactly two hours before break of day on the 16th of October, 1793. It was penned by the dim light of a taper, and under momentary apprehension of being stopped short by the sentinel at the dungeon entrance, who, had he not dropped asleep, would to a certainty have seized all writing-materials, in obedience to an interdict to that effect alluded to in the letter.

A copy of the indictment criminally arraigning the Queen had been delivered to her on Sunday night, the 13th. The trial commenced on the morning of the next day,—insult being heaped upon wrong and tyranny by her being designated as the Widow Capet. (The Bourbon family began to reign in 1589, and were of the stock of Hugues Capet, who constituted himself sovereign ruler of France in the tenth century.) The iniquitous sentence was pronounced on the afternoon of the 15th, and was, in all probability, made known to the condemned in the course of an hour afterwards: but the strict injunction

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against use of pen and ink after her consignment to the Conciergerie, compelled the Queen to wait her opportunity, as I have above shown, and then (provided, no doubt, by some devoted adherent with the needful materials—concealed, till they could be used, in her 'necessaire' or dressing-case), she committed her last thoughts, hopes, and wishes to the sheet of paper, which, my Parisian copyist informs me, measures ten inches and five-eighths in length, and eight and a quarter in width. The original French will be found in the Appendix at the end of Vol. II., and shows where blots appear on the face of the manuscript. My readers, on perusal of the French, must not infer that Marie Antoinette, though a German princess (she was sister of the then reigning Emperor of Austria), was ignorant of the spelling, accentuation, or punctuation of the language in which she was writing. The errors in all these points were the simple result of agitation of mind, misery of heart, and dread of interruption. Indeed, we cannot but behold with astonishment and admiration a production testifying nobleness of mind, goodness of heart, and beautiful simplicity of style, which might have reflected high honour on a writer absolutely exempt from intrusion, dread, sorrow, or any other like impediment to lucid arrangement of ideas or effective expression of feeling.

"16th October, half-past 4 A.M.

"This, the last letter I shall ever write, is addressed to you, my sister;—I have been condemned to die; not by an ignominious death, for criminals alone have to suffer *that*, but to depart and rejoin your brother—myself as guiltless as he, too, was of offence. I hope I may manifest in turn all the firmness he evinced in his last moments. I enjoy all the calm derivable from a conscience without reproach; but deep is my sorrow to be thus compelled to leave for evermore my poor children: you know that I only cared to live for their sake—for you, my kind and affectionate sister;—for you who in your loving kindness had sacrificed everything to be with us. What a position is yours in which I am now to leave you! I learned, from the speech of counsel in the trial just concluded, that my daughter has been taken away from you. Alas! poor child, I dare not write to her: she would never receive my letter. I know not whether this will reach you. Receive herewith my blessings on them both. My hope is that at some future day, when grown up, they may have it in their power to rejoin you, and enjoy to the full your affectionate solicitude on their behalf. May they both ponder thoughtfully on what I have unintermittingly endeavoured to instil into their minds—that high moral principles and the faithful discharge of their bounden duties lie at

the very foundations of life, and that their reciprocated affection and confidence will secure the happiness of it.

"Let my daughter keep in mind that at her age it must devolve upon her to assist her brother with all the advice which her greater experience and all her fondness will prompt her to give him. And may my son, on his part, render to his sister all those attentions and good services which affection must prompt; and may it be the feeling of both that, under whatever circumstances of life they may find themselves placed, all their happiness must depend on their mutual love for each other. Let them behold their example in ourselves. How great consolation has our common esteem afforded us in all our sufferings! Twofold is the enjoyment of happiness when shared with one we love; and where is the sense of it so exquisite as in the bosom of one's own family! Never may my son forget the last words of his father; words which I here repeat emphatically,—that he is never to seek opportunity of avenging our death.

"I would on this occasion make mention to you of a subject that has pained me much at heart. I am aware of the trouble this child must have given you: but forgive him, my dear sister; think of his age, and how much more easy it is for us to address to the comprehension of a child our own wishes, than for him to enter

into them. A day will come, I hope, when he will only the more thoroughly appreciate the value of all your goodness and affectionate love for both himself and sister.

"I have now only to confide to you my last thoughts. It was my wish to have done this at the very commencement of the trial; but, to say nothing of my having been forbidden to write, it has been conducted with such precipitancy in all its stages as, in fact, to leave me no time for so doing.

"I die in the Catholic Apostolical Religion of the Church of Rome;—in the faith of my fathers —wherein I was brought up, and which I have uniformly held; having, at this moment, no prospect of receiving any spiritual consolation from without, and unaware of even the existence of any remaining priests of this religion. Moreover, the place I am in would expose them to too great publicity were they only once to enter it.

"Most sincerely do I ask pardon of my God for all the faults I may have committed in the whole course of my life. I trust that of His goodness He will receive my last prayer, and those which I have long before now continued to uplift, entreating Him of His mercy and goodness to receive my soul.

"I ask forgiveness of all whom I know, and specially of you, my sister, for all the trouble I

may unconsciously have given you. I forgive all my enemies the ill they have done me. I bid farewell to my aunts and all my brothers and sisters. I have had friends, and the thought of being separated from them for evermore, and of what they must now feel, constitutes one of the most painful regrets that I shall retain to the hour of my death. May they only, at least, know this, that I kept them in mind to the last.

"Farewell, my kind and affectionate sister! May this letter reach you. Cease not to think of me. I fold you in these arms with all my heart's love, as I do also those poor dear children. Oh! my God! how heartrending it is to quit them for ever! Farewell! farewell! henceforth I have nought else to engage my thoughts but the duties of Religion.

"As I am not a free agent, they will probably be bringing to me a priest; but I here protest that I will not address to him a single word, and shall treat him as an absolute stranger."

Here follow the three signatures already described.

The *fac-simile* of the Queen's letter exhibits such autographs as lead us to infer that the individual whose name stands first in order among these signatures, must have been one of very low degree—hardly competent to make that name intelligible in writing. He may have been one of the gendarmes placed as a sentinel,

day and night, in the fore-cell of the dungeon, where, as was explained to me on the spot, he could always keep the prisoner in sight. Possibly this man was in a sound sleep while the Queen was writing. The other two may have been warrant officers from the Prefect's palace, in which head-quarters of police this letter was doubtlessly deposited three minutes afterwards, for the prison forms a part of the premises; and there, in some overlooked desk or pigeon-hole, must it have remained during the twenty-one years' interval between October 1793, and the Restoration in 1814. It is matter of wonder that such a memorial of innocence should have survived the fury and destructive hate of that particular period of the 'Reign of Terror.' The spirit of the time would fain have obliterated every remnant and vestige of royalty; and this record of maternal and sisterly love, blending therewith the expression of purest religious feeling, would appear simply despicable and odious in the eyes of such wretches as judged and condemned the writer.

I think it very probable that the writing with a nail or hair-pin on the wall may have borne some reference to the letter. The name of ELIZABETH, as has been mentioned, appeared on it, and the Queen may have adopted this rough expedient to place on record (believing that the darkness of the cell would screen it from any

casual observer of the interior) that she hoped to make Princess Elizabeth the depository of her last thoughts and wishes on earth. This conjecture, however, might be resolved should any future opportunity of a visit to the French capital favour inquiry in quarters where the occurrences that signalized the dreadful times here referred to were made the subject of an official entry, or part of a *procès verbal.*

CHAPTER IV.

HORSE-FLESH.

ISIDORE GEOFFROY ST. HILAIRE, a scientific writer and a sensible thinker, of whom the Parisians speak with admiration, and with evident regard for his amiable qualities as a man, expressed himself, towards the close of his life, in the following terms; at a period long preceding the Rinderpest, when the price of meat in the capital had become so exorbitant that the poorest of the people were subsisting entirely without it, and only the best paid among the operative classes could afford to buy beef, mutton, or veal in the Parisian markets:—"Is it not sheer folly to reject, month after month, the means of obtaining millions of pounds of excellent meat, procurable through the length and breadth of France, while there are millions of men in every department of the Empire who are in absolute want of it?" This was the earliest and most cogent argument employed when the French

Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals began seriously to entertain the project of introducing by statutory enactment the sale of the flesh of horses, in common with that of oxen, calves, sheep, and pigs. The Metropolitan Board of Health had long deliberated on the expediency and desirableness of disabusing the public mind on this subject. To exhaust inquiry and resolve all doubts as to the certainty of equine flesh being a highly nutritious aliment and "good for food," a committee was chosen by the above-mentioned Society which should become a standing consultative board; and which, being composed of eminently practical men that had tested the wholesomeness and valuable qualities of the flesh by a variety of experiments, might append their evidence and all the weight of their unimpeachable authority to the earnest recommendation of the Faculty of Paris, and, eventually, of the State. These gentlemen affirmed the flesh of horses to be in every single respect as wholesome as that of the ox or cow, or sheep, or any other animal affording aliment to man; and added that there was nothing in the fibre or tissues, blood or juices, that constituted any the slightest difference between this flesh and beef, except in the proportion of fatty substance which, in an animal whose best condition of health was associated with continual exercise, would be less than in the bullock, who, whether

stall-fed for the purpose of manure, or left to graze in pastures, would accumulate adipose matter in comparatively excessive quantity. It was urged, moreover, that this very deficiency constituted a positive advantage in the equine flesh, from which a strong gravy soup is made much easier of digestion than that which is made from the bovine, which contains so much larger a proportion of grease; the presence of which, in all broths, is so unfriendly to dyspeptic subjects, skim the liquor as we may.

The fact is, prejudice alone has interposed, age after age, as the sole obstacle to the general use of this category of food: a prejudice based altogether on ignorance of those truths which sober investigation has at length made manifest and alleged to be indisputable. Some of the foulest feeders in the animal kingdom, such as swine, and ducks, that will delve into, and voraciously devour, black mud and excrement, are accounted delicious food, and realize high prices at market. Eels, crabs, lobsters, prawns, and shrimps, any one of which would fasten upon corpses washed on shore from a wreck, are equally esteemed. The horse, herbivorous and graminivorous, who rejects the slightest particle of dirt or foreign matter in hay or oats, has nevertheless been tabooed as repulsive to taste, and as inadmissible into the shambles. The nations of Europe, however, have within the last ten or twelve years

begun to give to this subject the attention it deserves. It is at the present moment, when the ordinary butcher's meat has risen to what is termed 'famine price,' a grave matter of deliberation; and our Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals will probably become, as was the case in Paris, the first movers in a right direction, when Experiment shall have had its perfect work, and a sufficient number of *esprits forts* among us shall have begun to look truths and horses boldly in the face.

It has been ascertained that there are three millions of horses in France, and that a fifteenth of this amount constitutes the annual replenishment. Two hundred thousand horses are therefore withdrawn in every year from the working numbers. Taking into account those who die of extreme old age, or of disease, or by accident, or who may be in any other manner disqualified for a meat market,—and these are estimated at about fifty thousand—there still remain a hundred and fifty thousand in every respect suitable for the use of man in the shape of sound, nourishing meat. To these might be added snpplementary consignments of excellent flesh obtainable from asses and mules, the number of which in France exceeds, conjointly, eight hundred thousand. The haunch of a young ass is inferior only to buck-venison. [I have long since been on the look out for this delicacy, with which many families in

the South of France are familiar; but I am aware how often the question has been facetiously asked—"Who but Mr. Yorick ever saw a dead donkey?"] The average quantity of "prime" and "inferior" joints of meat from a moderately sized horse may be computed at about four hundred and forty five to fifty pounds. These hundred and fifty thousand horses would therefore stock the markets with sixty seven millions, five hundred thousand pounds' weight of meat: but the collective quantity would probably exceed this; for, directly the owner of a horse whose age had begun to render him less serviceable, either as a roadster or for draught, than when he was in his prime, began to reckon between the price obtainable for the living beast and the value of the dead one in the market, he would feel it was his interest to take more care of the animal than he otherwise would: in this way rendering the creature's latter days or years a period of comfort, instead of using him with a single eye to the knacker's yard. The horse would, therefore, be more likely to yield five hundredweight than four.

The Germans are no strangers to this article of food. Since the year 1855, shops have been established in several localities for the open sale of horse-flesh; and the number of these is on the increase. At Vienna, for instance, the carcasses sold in the year 1863 amounted to 1,954; each on

the average producing three hundred and fifty pounds of meat. In the same year 1,302 horses were sold, in joints, at Berlin. Three firms in Altona deal exclusively in the flesh, at the rate of 550 horses annually: and at Hamburgh, in the same year, 1863, eighty-four horses were killed for the market, and eagerly bought up on each occasion of sale. In the butchers' shops of Vilvorde, a town of eight thousand inhabitants, near Brussels, the joints of horse are arranged for purchasers indiscriminately with those of beef, mutton, veal, &c., and are no novelty. Three statistical reports were published two years ago under a commission for obtaining corrected returns from all places where the sale of horse-flesh had become considerable, with a view to the issuing of a Statè Paper on the subject of 'L'Alimentation Publique.' With reference to the condition and quality of the meat offered for purchase, the French Government exercises a laudable vigilance in all the Abattoirs. Every carcass of beef, veal, mutton, pork, &c., is daily inspected by officers specially appointed for the purpose; and any attempt to dispose of unwholesome, or even questionable, meat, is made the subject of a criminal information. The protection thus thrown around the purchasers in the ordinary flesh-market is, of course, a guarantee of security in the *extraordinary*; and the very conspicuous exhibition (as I can testify) of all the

viscera of the Chevaux Abattus, indicates the confidence of the butchers in the soundness of the animals, and in the quality of all that they sell. It requires no acumen in diagnosis to detect an unhealthy state of liver, heart or kidneys, after having learned how these organs ought to appear when extracted from the slain beast.

As would be the case in England, so was it in France when the enactment appeared which licensed the dealers in meat to introduce this variety. The common talk was divided into *pro* and *con.* It was urged by some of the opponents of this measure for increasing the supply of animal food, in a largely augmented population, that all the old horses would be palmed off upon the meat market, and exceed bull-beef in toughness; and that the muscles of a worn-out omnibus or cabriolet hack, or of an old mare unfit even to walk round a mill-post or to raise water from a well, would defy mastication, and yield not one fluid ounce of the essence of meat for a potage. The rejoinder to this was reasonable enough: Would a venerable old cow, fifteen or eighteen years of age, who had produced a dozen calves and supplied eight thousand gallons of milk, and drawn carts or ploughs or harrows as occasion might have required, yield meat superior to that of a horse? Yet beef is sold and eaten and relished, cut from the carcasses of cows whose career is accurately recorded in this query; and

the cooks are never at a loss to make the flesh eat tender; for if it be not all right after a 'marinade,'—*i.e.*, being steeped in strong vinegar,—they try oil of poppies; and, as a *dernier ressort*, soak the meat in white wine; and then molar teeth have but little to do. [This soaking in vinegar is exactly what is done in Yorkshire, where the Wakefield steak "is a dinner for a king."] Now, in France, cows are five times more numerous than oxen; and, as every one knows, these animals are never, in any country, killed before they have reached what would be termed a good old age; being, in fact, well-fed and cared for with a view to their producing calves, and repaying their first purchase money and subsequent keep. The history, therefore, of Vaccine life points not to any superiority, in these respects, over the Equine.

As for the masses of the lowest rank of the Parisian population, they regard the new supply as a 'Godsend.' Indeed, there is every reason for believing that such an amelioration of their hand-to-mouth existence, which has from generation to generation made them foul feeders in the worst degree of want and wretchedness, was infinitely beyond their hope of amendment, and opened to them a prospect of health and strength to which their forerunners in the every day struggle for life had lived and died strangers.

The poor have but indifferent bread; but they

now eat excellent meat. The committee of management for furthering the introduction of horse-flesh into the markets have, for several years past, made weekly distribution of it among the indigent, who have thankfully received that relief in aid, and have never failed to make application for further supplies. Three horses cut up into large and small rations, daily, did not meet the demands.

The brains are considered in every respect as acceptable as calves' brains. The liver, also, is much sought after. I saw one weighing fifteen pounds. But, upon every occasion of dressing the carcasses, written requests have been conveyed to the butchers from families in excellent circumstances of life, for a joint or two, to be served at their tables.

The French people have not led the way in Hippophagy. They have simply followed up the precedent which was originated with such eminent and happy success in Austria, Russia, Saxony, Belgium, Würtemberg, Denmark, Hanover, and the Hanse towns. This statement is of course with reference to what has been done at a period when neither the stern exigences of famine, nor any calamitous deprivations of ordinary provision dictated the expedient of adding the flesh of the horse to that of other animals slaughtered for general consumption. Germany opened the market in a period of profound peace. The

experiences, nevertheless, of the First Empire afforded triumphant corroboration of all the reasoning so lately brought to bear in favour of the new diet. The armies—hundreds of thousands—who fought under command of Massena and Soult at Genoa; under Davoust around Hamburgh; in Spain, at St. Sebastian, where Ney was hemmed in by our besieging forces, subsisted, month after month, upon horse-flesh, and fared well. In the terrible retreat from Moscow, this furnished the daily rations from the commissariat: and that admirable man, Larrey, who presided over the medical staff, discovered such wonderfully nutritive properties in the gravy-meat as induced him to have every disposable horse killed for the benefit of the sick, along the whole line of march from the Kremlin to Leipsic. To these facts ST. HILAIRE very rationally appealed when urging the adoption of horse-flesh as an accredited and fully approved meat in the shambles of Paris and all France: "What our heroic fathers did in the season of dire necessity, let us do in our turn: let us encourage our fellow citizens to follow their sensible example: especially in these times when so many are constrained to practise the sternest self-denial, and so frequent thought is taken for the sufficient maintenance of families and their little ones, till life seems made up of misgivings and struggles for bare support."

This inspiring word of counsel went forth with power and won many thousands of adherents to the project so patriotically commended. A banquet was proposed at Algiers, all the dishes of which, without exception, were of horse-flesh. Three hundred guests, among whom sat Monsieur l'Abbé Chapelier, the almoner of the garrison, or chaplain to the forces, were assembled on the occasion. The Professor of Zoology and Dean of Faculty at Toulouse inaugurated a similar feast. Lyons followed the precedent. The last-named feast was founded by Doctor Munaret, an eminent physiologist and author, who used to relate with much humour the incident that made him acquainted by hearsay with the excellence of horse-flesh. He stated that about the year 1816 he was dining in Paris at the table of a friend who had invited Brillat Savarin and the celebrated Surgeon Richerand to meet him. Savarin told the following story;—that in one of his summer rambles in the provinces he was invited to a simple repast by one of the officers of the old army of 1802, resident in a little village that lay in his *route de voyage*: that one of the dishes was so palatable and appetizing as to elicit the warm praises of the whole party. The veteran host at once proclaimed that it was *viande de cheval*: that he had very often dined heartily upon it in Larrey's tent, in the Russian Campaign of 1812, and having just killed his horse,

who had met with an accident which would have made it lame for life, he took this opportunity of tasting again the *filet de cheval.* This is that part of the ribs which corresponds with our 'undercut' of the sirloin of beef; and is universally known among our countrymen in France as '*filet de bœuf,*' and must be regarded as the best '*plat*' in the way of beef which is procurable in that country. It is frequently sent to table as a stew, larded:—few French bullocks supplying fat.

Richerand, whose eminence in his own country would have placed him on a level with, at least, a President of our College of Physicians, published, in his day, a treatise which created great interest not only in the Medical world but also among general readers, on the errors and prejudices obstructive to maintenance of good health. In this he treated the exclusion of horse-flesh from ordinary animal food as a prejudice; though the pamphlet had appeared previous to his meeting Savarin on the occasion just mentioned.

Prejudice, it need not be said, has, in remote times, been fiercely antagonistic to the introduction and adoption of many a good thing. Tea was at first eyed askance, in A.D. 1666, and was chiefly used as medicine! Coffee fared not much better; but upwards of a hundred years subsequent to this exotic's first entry into Europe, the abhorrence expressed, in France, of the POTATO

plant was universal. The names of Drake and Ralegh attached no prestige to it. The scientific men in Paris, of the eighteenth century, protested against the introduction of a tuber abounding in poisonous properties, the use of which would originate the most fearful diseases! Even the most moderate opponents asked, protestingly, why this coarse and detestable tubercle from the land of the Incas should be forced upon the public, while the soil of France was capable of supplying the most salutary and delicious productions of the vegetable kingdom. It required all the perseverance and energy of Parmentier, upheld by poor Louis XVI., who had made a point of giving it a fair trial, week after week, and month after month, in the Palace of the Tuileries, to persuade the Parisians to cook a potato. Were the use of it proscribed *now*, such an ordinance would to a certainty produce a revolution; though the microscope has recently detected in only one speck of a diseased potato hundreds of pugnacious worms!

It was in the year 1858, about eighteen months subsequent to St. Hilaire's publication of a "Series of Letters on Alimentary Substances, and especially on the Flesh of the Horse," that the Parisian mind was aroused to the serious consideration of this subject. The first promoters of his views were the Members of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals, who began to make strenuous efforts towards the establish-

ment of licenced slaughterhouses, under control of the city authorities as supervisors of this meat in common with that of other animals for daily consumption.

Their zeal on behalf of the horses, whom they hoped to rescue from the ordinary fate of being worked to death, or starved till they should die of inanition, became the theme of many a witticism,—in appearing to protect them most effectually by cutting their throats! In the early part of 1858, however, a select assemblage of *connoisseurs* and *gourmets* decided on enjoying *un petit diner chevalin* in one of the rooms of the Grand Hôtel du Louvre. Chevet, the most celebrated *chef* of that day, took the chair, having previously superintended the culinary processes in the kitchen. Sixteen persons sat as guests, and returned to their homes enthusiastically lauding their excellent entertainment. Monsieur Volserres, the Editor of '*Le Constitutionnel*' (who was also present at the great banquet of 1856), in speaking of Chevet's experiments, said that the gravy soup reminded him slightly of the taste of poultry: the 'filet' recalled the flavour of chevreuil; and the marrow patés were incomparable, as were the "*terrines*," prepared almost similarly to the *foie gras de Strasbourg.*

Chevet's renown, and the wide circulation given to all that was so emphatically reported by the parties for whom he had catered and cooked so

successfully, set half Paris talking about the savoury *Viande de Cheval*; but the first decisive conquest won over the ancient antipathy and prejudice was achieved at a recent date—February 6th, 1865—when a banquet, truly sensational, invested the subject with an importance which, as will be seen, soon drew the attention of the State to all the able arguments and advocacy brought to bear upon it,—and led to the enactment now in force. All France responded to a decision thus carried by acclamation—not only in the meeting, but out of doors—and as opportunity made me acquainted, on my recent visit to Paris, with the principal Vice-President, who, in the course of two or three visits, furnished me with ample documents detailing all that occurred at that high festival, I shall unhesitatingly lay the general purport of them before my readers, under an impression that many, sharing the curiosity of the Athenians to hear some new thing, will not be unwilling to listen to my story; and that others will not be a little interested to learn what influence all these speeches and testimonies may have exercised on my own judgment.

On the occasion here referred to so many as two hundred individuals of note in the capital, including some of the *haute noblesse*, and the majority of the leading men of Science, gave in their adherence to the project of making this

public demonstration, and the chair was taken by Monsieur Quatrefages, member of the Institute of Paris, and Vice-President of the Imperial Society of Acclimatization, supported by the Marquis de Montalembert, M. Baube, Chef de Division à la Préfecture, the Comte de Choiseul, the Comte de Launay, the Comte de Puy, Baron Poisson, the Marquis de Vitry, and a hundred and twenty-four others, comprehending a vast body of physicians and professors, and all the chief editors of the Press. The dinner was held at the Grand Hotel, in the magnificent Salle des Glaces, and the tickets were issued at the rate of twelve shillings and sixpence English money. The company sat down to table at half-past seven o'clock; the following *menu* being distributed among the dishes:

POTAGE.

Vermicelle au Consommé de Cheval.
Hors d'œuvres de table variés.

RELEVÉS.

Saumon: Sauce Hollandaise.
Culotte de Cheval bouillie, garnie de choux.
Cheval en bœuf à la mode.

ENTRÉES.

Hachis de Cheval à la Menagère.
Poularde, Sauce Supreme.

ROTS.

Filets de Cheval Bigarrès (Sauce Xérès [Sherry] à part).

Sorbets Mousseux au Kirsch. } Salades de Saison { Sorbets Mousseux au Kirsch.

Pâtès de Foie de Cheval aux Truffes.

ENTREMETS.

Petits Pois à la Française:
Abricots à la Portugaise:

GLACE.

Parfait au Cafè.

DESSERT.

VINS.

Madère.	Sauterne.
Bordeaux de Table.	Beaune Superieur.

CAFÉ ET LIQUEURS.

This banquet lasted three hours and a half, in the course of which the chairman proposed a toast to the memory of Isidore St. Hilaire, who, he observed, had from the year 1847 addressed his active energy and talent to the laudable object of increasing the palpably insufficient supply of wholesome food for the people. There existed a prejudice of long standing against the eating of horse-flesh, and this constituted St. Hilaire's greatest obstacle: that prejudice being, in fact, founded on the feuds and sanguinary conflicts between the Pagans and early Christians. For instance, in the religious rites of people,—the descendants of Asiatic tribes,—the sacrifice of the horse held a prominent place; and the eating of its flesh constituted an act of idolatry. The Saxons among other manifestations of their desire to revert to the creed and superstitions of their great forefathers, used, from one and the same motive, to set apart a

day for murdering a Christian priest and eating a horse. Hence the thunder of the Vatican was hurled against the use of an aliment which formed so conspicuous a feature in a heathen and hostile religion, whose ritual might be said to be written in blood; and the Popes of the eighth century denounced it as 'immundum et execrabile:' an anathema quoted from Gregory III. by St. Hilaire. Such denunciations would of course leave a deep and fearful impression on the minds of every new convert to the Christian faith; but, as time began to heal the feuds originating in the new creed, the Papal interference was heard of no more, and no interdict was enforced against the meat that might offend a brother. The effect, nevertheless, of the execrations was of long duration, though it survived the memory of the cause thereof: for succeeding generations ridiculed the notion of horse-flesh being a sacrilegious and abominable food; and the popular aversion was founded only on the belief that it was prejudicial to health, and, indeed, hardly eatable.

"Now," observed the chairman, "some gentlemen here present, who have been doing ample justice to the dishes before them, have delivered their opinions to the effect that some of those dishes tasted exactly like good ox-beef, some like venison, and others like chamois and chevreuil. Of course there must be a variety of

communicated flavours where a first-rate cook has had free range amid the raw material. The same result is obtainable from beef and mutton; but we could point out to this assembly hundreds of families here in Paris who eat no other meat, and who are in the enjoyment of vigorous health: and, beyond the frontiers of France, there are whole populations who for years past have welcomed it as their approved dish, and who would spurn the idea of its being an inferior aliment. It is very gratifying to be able to state (because it is an essential fact, which ought to influence public opinion), that all the chymical analyses have concurred in the discovery that the fibre of horse assimilates more rapidly in all the processes of digestion than that of the ox: and this confirms St. Hilaire's earliest assertions; as you would see in the volume he published upon the subject: a work in which he modestly disclaims all pretensions to being the first advocate of the cause we are upholding. There had been many a champion of hippophagy before he began to urge its adoption, not only in foreign lands, but in France also. So was it with Parmentier. It was not he who introduced the potato, nor was he the first to adopt it as a first-rate vegetable: yet France has ever awarded to this spirited individual more honour than she rendered to Sir Walter Ralegh, in that Parmentier set to work cultivating the plant to the best

advantage, and succeeded at length in giving it a position which has, in point of fact, raised it above all the cereals of the old world! My toast shall be 'Justice to the memory of Isidore St. Hilaire!'"

Albert Geoffroy St. Hilaire, the son of Isidore, returned thanks and directed the attention and approving voices of the assembly to Monsieur Decroix, one of the most indefatigable promoters of the cause. Hereupon M. Jules Delbrück, a literary gentleman of considerable repute, took occasion to observe that the adoption of horse-flesh in the every day supplies of the markets would mark the epoch at which all such horses as were beneath the rank of thorough-breds and high-priced animals, would become objects of care and considerate treatment. Hitherto, the horses of the nobility and gentry alone had been treated as if their health and condition of flesh were worth preserving; but, from this time forth every horse would be looked upon by its possessor as a source of profit in death, as well as in life,—provided always that it died in an undeniably sound condition. There was another consideration, also, which was not to be lost sight of: this newly accredited meat would now become a ready resource for large armies in time of war, who had but too often suffered the most cruel privations when the commissariat failed to procure bullocks. The benefit of such unfailing

supply would, in the Ambulances department, especially, be hailed as invaluable for the invalids: and, in the third place, the poorest classes would henceforth be enabled to subsist on a salutary *meat* diet; instead of having recourse to the frequently pernicious substitutes for nutritious flesh which to so great an extent undermined the health of the masses.

[I may here quote a passage from the diary of Major General Sir Thomas Seaton, K.C.B., recording the hardships and sufferings of our troops (1841–2) in Jellalabad, while besieged by Akber Khan: "Very short commons: some of our officers going to try horse-flesh. I shan't."]

The next speaker on this occasion was M. Sibire, a magistrate and member of the Council of Administration in the Society for the Protection of Animals. After some general remarks he added that Providence dictated the propriety of breaking up fallow ground, and getting rid of the tares that sprang up with good wheat,—and separating truth from error. Voltaire had said that prejudices were the tyrants that held in slavish subjection the vulgar mind. He, Monsieur S., would add, that barbarous times alone favoured and perpetuated prejudices: the tendency and work of civilization was to extirpate them, day by day, if needful. The object of this Society was to put an end to cruelty to animals; and at the same time to popularise an aliment which would meet a

daily increasing difficulty;—the sustentation of millions who needed every advantage of highly nutritious yet inexpensive diet.

Monsieur Lomon, editor of 'Le Pays' newspaper, maintained that horse-flesh was no new article of food. Let the Parisians go a little further than the Barrières and the Bureaux d'Octroi, and learn what nations had long since done beyond that Paris which they were but too prone to regard as the whole world! Why! the ancients were decidedly 'hippophagists'; and Virgil referred to donkey-meat when, in the Georgic, the words occurred—'Timidos agitabis onagros.' L'Abbé Delille, in his translation, supposing that his countrymen would be horrified by his giving the more faithful rendering, had used the word 'lièvres'—[hares]. 'Onagri' were not hares, but wild *asses*. "For my part," said M. Lomon, "I have often eaten both asses' flesh and mules'. The flesh of the ass is very delicate in flavour; it is savoury meat, and an exquisite morsel. The only objection I ever heard attached to it,—if, indeed, it be an objection, which is questionable—is that it tends to *l'embonpoint*. You have all heard of Chancellor Duprat, minister of Francis I. He was exceedingly fond of asses' flesh, and ate it daily: and to this alone was attributed that corpulency which made him the most conspicuous member of the council. Gentlemen! we have been throwing away, in

successive generations past, millions upon millions of excellent meat. Our drivers have been belabouring the old horses in their employ, up to the last hour of their existence; they knew they were too old to be able to do much work, but as *work* was all that they knew was to be got out of the wretched animals, they beat them and tortured them while life held out. The horse should and would, henceforth, begin to receive like treatment with the bullock that works in the plough. The latter is employed on the farm for about fourteen years;—more frequently, twelve. What does the owner do with the animal at that period? He fattens him up, that he may send him to the butcher; and he obtains a remunerating price. Now, there would be no necessity for putting up the horse to be fattened. The flesh is rather deteriorated thereby than improved. The horse would have derived the positive benefit of careful treatment through fifteen or sixteen years, and at the expiration of that term would represent a certain value; instead of being only fit to be thrown as carrion into a dog-kennel. The common saying, at present, is 'Bullocks pay:—horses are a continual cause of loss.'—The time is approaching when bullocks will disappear from among the farm operations, and be replaced by the stronger quadruped, which eventually will stock the market; and thus we shall have subserved three

great and good ends,—the improvement of farm labour, the better nourishment of the masses of the people, and the cause of humanity."

The editor of 'La Presse' addressed the company at considerable length, detailing the invaluable uses of horse-flesh in supporting the troops employed in distant countries, where no other animal food was obtainable. The superabundant testimony to its excellence as a nutritive aliment was, in itself, the strongest argument for its universal adoption.

Dr. Blatin, Vice-President of the Society, an impressive and influential speaker, recapitulated in an able speech the services rendered to the cause of hippophagy by a large number of individuals of rank and talent, and by societies whose operations tended, directly or indirectly, to advance it. Monsieur Barral of the 'Deux Mondes' said the time had at length arrived when superior education would do its work, and men would take rational views of many subjects on which early prejudice and traditional errors had only too long fastened the most absurd opinions. Among the blunders and false judgments which had thus misguided and injured so many of the community was the system of illtreating horses. It had been the common opinion that these noble creatures when beyond work were of no more value than what would be realized for their hides and bones. Some owners were barbarous enough

to let them out to leech collectors, who drove them into the marsh ponds, where many of them perished from loss of blood when drawn out of the water;—the leeches draining life's stream from every pore. "Now," continued Monsieur B., "let us kill the worn out horse, but not by slow torture, nor by any barbarous treatment:—Men used to abhor cow beef; yet it is to be found on all our tables! Let us now add horse beef, and cast away the old prejudices: and let me relate an incident to show how far these will carry a man. One of my acquaintances, a gentleman whose periodical publication you all read, week after week, with eager enjoyment of his witticisms, had always cherished a holy horror of horse-flesh; and nothing, he affirmed, would induce him to taste an atom of it. Not long since he made a hearty repast off one particular dish at the table of a common friend of ours, who, a few minutes afterwards, called across the table, saying, 'Well! I have been at last successful in enabling you to regale, to your entire satisfaction,—on horse-flesh.' The amazed and confounded editor affirmed it could not be: it was impossible that that 'filet rôti' could have been other than ox-beef, 'and first rate, too.' He appealed to the other guests, who, all with one voice exclaimed,—'Viande de cheval! viande de cheval!' They had been previously enjoined by the host to say this. The man of letters sat

some time in mute astonishment, but, at length, acquainted the company that all his convictions were being confirmed: that all he had heard men say about the unwholesomeness of such flesh was only too true: he begged to withdraw; for he felt, already, the pernicious action of the meat upon his stomach: and he went straight home, and was extremely ill for three days: but it was the *best ox-beef* that the Parisian market could supply which he had eaten. Prejudice alone and merest fancy had worked thus ungenially on his 'internals'! Let us rear the rising generation on a more sensible system. Be it the duty of the Press to combat these ancient errors and misconceptions, and prevent young people adopting false notions as articles of faith, and taking up opinions as foundationless as they are detrimental to individual happiness and general good."

Several of the company expressed their curiosity to learn from Monsieur Decroix, one of the Committee of Management under whose directions and superintendence the three horses had been selected and slaughtered for the present banquet,—in what condition of growth the said animals were when sent to the butcher.

M. Decroix rose and spoke as follows:

"Mr. President! Gentlemen!—Upon every previous occasion of a horse-flesh feast held in France or in Algeria, the Committee of Manage-

ment have made selection of either young animals, or such as had for a considerable period been turned out and exempted from work. I may add that the cooks, in their ambition to exhibit more than ordinary skill and refinement, prevented the guests from forming a correct judgment on the real flavour of the flesh: so that the saying, 'Good sauce passes off the ordinary fish' was only too applicable on these occasions. The gentlemen, therefore, who took upon themselves to make all the needful arrangements for the banquet at which we are now seated,—having a single eye to public utility, determined that none of these culinary arts and artifices should interfere with the genuine 'gusto' of a flesh which in itself is as agreeable to the palate as it is wholesome for the stomach. Accordingly, three horses were bought and, almost directly afterwards, slaughtered. One was eleven years old,—the next eighteen: the third twenty two. The first was sold at a charge of thirty five francs: [£1 8*s.* 0*d.*]; the second, cost twenty francs: [16*s.*]; the third, forty francs: [£1 12*s.* 0*d.*] The meat, at this rate of purchase,—(and upon such terms it has always been purchasable by the poor)—might have been sold at three half pence a pound. These animals, gentlemen, were most scrutinizingly examined by one of the committee in every respect qualified to make such inspection, and were pronounced to be in a high con-

dition of health and free from blemish or defect of any kind: but they had been for some time exempted from work, and merely kept alive from motives of humanity, as the prices would lead you to infer: and so thin and lean were they that the cooks could not extract from all three carcasses sufficient fat to use as the grease necessary for due preparation for table. Care has been taken, I beg to say, to serve up each dish in such wise that you should see the genuine colour, scent the veritable aroma, and taste the unsophisticated flavour of the meat. It only remains for me to add that if, under the very ordinary condition in which these three animals were brought to the butcher, you have pronounced their flesh to be not only *eatable* but *agreeable* and *relishing*, the quality of that which would be supplied to the public markets, whenever those markets shall by 'ordonnance' be authorized to sell it with other animal food, would be decidedly superior; and the earnest desire of numerous bodies of our working classes to benefit by such sale will, it is hoped, be met at no distant date."

The last speaker was M. Ducoux, Ancien Préfet de Police, who, in proposing the health of the Chairman, entered at some length into the subject under discussion, observing that "the old standing prejudice of man's stomach against this unexceptionable flesh might be compared to the

tenacious and inequitable exactness of Indian caste. Man had been taunted with the reproach of eating up his 'faithful servant!' but in what respect were the bullock and the cow wanting as equally 'faithful servants,'—the companions, as they might be termed, of our agricultural brethren, and their indispensable allies and auxiliaries? What! was it a more glorious termination to the horse's career to send him into the knacker's yard to be made into dog's meat, than to the butcher?

"Let science and humanity go hand in hand, and permit this other 'faithful servant' to share the privileges of the ox and cow in *death*,—and to benefit by careful and kind treatment to the last days of his *life!* For my own part, I am persuaded that his flesh will not only meet all the pressing requisitions of scarcity in the meat market, and the universal needs of our work-people, but furnish many a *recherché* dish to those who live to eat, rather than eat that they may live. Hedgehogs, squirrels, and frogs have been cooked and approved. Let us adopt the nobler horse, and take wider steps in the progress of humanity."

The assembly shortly afterwards broke up, but not without a general understanding that such celebrations of success in the good cause should be periodical, till the Government should make it their own.

These were auspicious beginnings, and led to several entertainments in the provinces on the same scale; the good reports of which tended speedily to dissipate the doubts and distrust of many objectors to the new and yet strange meat. Men began to make experiments *en petit*, in their own houses; and were more and more encouraged by success. The country towns took up the project in all earnestness, especially in districts where public works, such as excavations or embankments, brought together hundreds of labourers; and such of the French as had thus fairly tested the merits of the *Viande de Cheval* revoked the opinions they had held and promulgated to the disparagement of the Germans and other Northerns, from Brunswick to Scandinavia, who, in the year 1855, established by legal enactment the free sale of this meat, to the great contentment of the people. These convictions were strenuously encouraged by Decroix, the eminent veterinary surgeon, who had from the first upheld with all his influence, among the owners of studs and the many proprietors of valuable horses who consulted him, the opinions of St. Hilaire; and, after establishing the general adoption of Hippophagy in Algeria, had familiarized the labouring classes in Paris with this hitherto untasted and repudiated meat by large and frequent distributions of it, in various parts of the capital, at his own individual expense.

After ten years' perseverance in exterminating the prejudices which had in the earliest instances thwarted his endeavours, the public mind has, at length, recognized his valuable services; and the Acclimatization Society not long since presented him with five hundred francs in recognition thereof: his acquaintances hailing him at the same time as 'L'apôtre de l' Hippophagie.'

The first butcher's shop opened in Paris after the Imperial Ordonnance for the sale of horse-flesh, was at No. 3 Boulevard d' Italie. This was as recently as last summer; and was brought about thus: Monsieur Pietri, Prefect, had, on one or two occasions, been consulted by eminent men amongst the Faculty in Paris, as to the propriety of obtaining the countenance of the Government to a measure which contemplated the benefit, in even a sanitary point of view, of many millions of the population of France; for the furtherance of which many of the nobility and distinguished professors in Science and Art had enrolled their names on the council and committee of the Society with whom the said measure originated; —the Marquis de Montalembert, for instance, the Marquis de Bethisy, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, MM. Quatrefages and Thevenot, Members of the Institute, and a long list of physicians of high celebrity. M. Pietri perceiving how largely the number of adherents had increased, in a class of the community entitled to high consideration and

respect, no longer hesitated to submit to the Emperor an ordonnance which he had framed for the special purpose of licensing the immediate introduction of horse-flesh into the Abattoirs, as animal food declared by the Faculty of Medicine to be in every respect suitable for popular use. Publicity—[in point of fact, popularity]—had already made the meat familiarly known; but 'Les Autorités' are all in all, in France; and this was a 'specialitè,' or special grant. 'Sign that ordonnance, by all means,' said Napoleon:—'it is a step in the right direction towards practical economy in housekeeping!' The 'fiat' went forth, signed June 9th 1866. That day month (the 9th of July) was appointed for a Grand Banquet for l' Hippophagie en pratique, at which the attendance of all the rank and talent which had shed lustre on a project now promulgated as a Government measure should give assurance to France that common sense had at length triumphed, and that St. Hilaire's long cherished design for the good of the people was become a *fait accompli.*

This, it was urged, was a success which would secure, *en permanence*, not only an innocuous but a positively nutritious aliment, that might take rank with any category of animal food already in use. It would also secure to the most useful animal in creation that humane treatment which it was the duty and interest of civilized man to enforce.

I cannot, however, reconcile this anxiety and active surveillance on behalf of horses with the facts that have transpired of vivisection in Paris, where the students in the Veterinary College are not only permitted, but encouraged, to operate on the living animal with experiments subjecting them to the most horrible torture that muscle or nerve can undergo. It is a foul blot on medical science, that such cruelty should be sanctioned even in *thought;* and now that the Emperor is projecting reforms, he would do well to denounce it, and enact severe punishment in every case of its recurrence.

The friends of humanity thought this was an appeal to their principle, and rallied round the standard of the horse in great numbers; and, to their no light satisfaction, not long afterwards, the President of the Parisian Society for the Protection of Animals, Guérin Meneville, received a letter from London, signed by the President of the Royal Society of Agriculture, congratulating him on the successes of the committee organized for the introduction of this new aliment.

This, the most recent and most imposing festivity of July 9th, 1866, was a triumphant inauguration, which confirmed the general opinion and belief of the Parisians that horse-flesh would henceforth be recognised, *de raison*, as a standing dish, when procurable, at most

tables. Lemardelay's largest saloon in the Rue Richelieu was engaged for the occasion: the Maison Lemardelay being somewhat in the style of our London Tavern, or of Freemason's Hall in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields,—and resorted to for large public dinners, wedding breakfasts, &c. It is a noble establishment, and more nearly resembling the class of English houses just mentioned than any other, perhaps, in Paris. Monsieur Quatrefages (regarded, probably, as the standing president of the Society) was elected chairman; and, but for the long vacation having commenced, many more members of the Institute of Paris (a body to whom considerable deference is paid in France) would have been numbered among the guests, with M. Drouyn de Luys and M. Bertrand, and others of a like celebrity, not omitting Monsieur Wolowski, an eminent writer and a member of the Institute, who, being in London, could not honour the banquet with his presence; as I can, myself, testify, having met him on that very day at dinner at Earl Stanhope's. The meeting, however, even though Paris was beginning to be comparatively deserted, comprised a goodly number of men of note and influence:—mayors and chief secretaries, prefects and councillors, bankers, directors, and presidents and vice-presidents of societies, and halls of science, and scores of professors and men of letters, doctors of civil law, proctors, bar-

risters, and medical practitioners, including all the more eminent physicians of the capital. The representatives of the whole body of the Parisian press, were to be counted among the hundred and eighty who mustered, *chez Lemardelay*, on this occasion. Among the Editors were Messieurs of the 'Siècle,' 'Deux Mondes,' 'Opinion,' 'National,' 'Presse,' 'France,' 'Soleil,' 'Etendard,' &c. Geoffroy St. Hilaire (son of the deceased Isidore), Director of the Acclimatization Society's gardens, and Leon Soubeiron, its chief secretary, were on the committee; and many a staff general, colonel, and captain, with commandants and adjutants of palaces, and here and there an ecclesiastic, such as M. L'Abbé Dufour, of St. Paul—Saint Louis, and Foblant of St. Médard, was to be seen eagerly discussing the great topic of the hour. I shall here give the *menu*, but, as the speeches delivered after dinner were hardly more than the echo of those reported from the banquet of 1865, I shall only add my translation of one of the *songs* improvised by M. Labédollière, the editor of the 'Siècle,' who enjoys the kind of repute in Paris which distinguished our Theodore Hook, upon similar occasions of pleasantry and humour.

MENU.

Potage au Consommé de Cheval.
Croute au Pot, Vermicelle.

HORS D'OEUVRE.

Saucisson de Cheval: Patés de Moelle de Cheval.
Saumon, Turbot: Sauce Hollandaise.
Aloyau (loin) de Cheval, garni de croquettes de pommes de terre.
Canetons aux olives (ducks).
Cheval à la mode (like stewed beef).
Civet de Cheval: (ragout).

Sorbets au Rhum. } 2ND SERVICE. { Sorbets au Rhum.

Filet de Cheval, rôti.
Chapons aux cressons.
Homard, Sauce Mayonnaise.
Salade de Romaine à l'huile de Cheval.
Petits pois à la financière.
Haricots verts au beurre.
Bavarois aux fraises.
Polonais à la vanille.
Parfait au Cafè. Glace framboises.

DESSERT.

VINS.

Madère. | St. Julien.
Mâçon vieux. | Champagne.

Café; Eau de vie. Rhum-Kirsch.

SONG.

"Voila mainte noble monture."

Oh! what a noble mess of meat
Hath just been serv'd us from the manger!
How will our wond'ring stomachs greet
Th' arrival of this utter stranger?
Nay: doubt it not, but gladly feed—
For he who to the HORSE decreed
A grand apotheosis,

BUFFON himself, with classic taste,
Had he been here would in all haste
Have made his diagnosis;
And, three times help'd, declared how good
A horse's flesh must be for food.

The Romans and the Greeks, 'tis true,
Did idols of their horses make:
We feed them well,—as is their due—
And then—we cut from them a steak!
Did Alexander, when sublime
In triumph he in Tyre stood,
Conceive that men in after time
Would turn their chargers into food?

Well might he reckon that the race
Of his Bucephalus would live,
Some future *course*, indeed, to grace—
But not in Sauté, sauce olive!
O sons of Fashion! men of taste!
Let not the steed that lightly ambles
Over the grassy turf be traced
From Longchamps to the butchers' shambles!

Ungrateful as ye prove, your care
For bets alone the horse would spare:
Let GLADIATOR trip and fall—
With failing, shatter'd leg, dead beaten:
'Tis a dead horse the more; that's all!
And Gladiator will be eaten.
Filet rôti, Vin Madère!
Saucisson! Delicious fare!

HIPPOPHAGY! I will attest
That horse-flesh hath a dainty flavour:
'Tis a prime meat,—by all confess'd—
Yet, let me ask this as a favour—

One steed there is which I make bold
To say must ne'er be reft of life:
He is by centuries too old—
Plunge not in PEGASUS the knife!
A *veto* 'gainst his being sold
The Muses will with me uphold.

Dr. Blatin, president of the committee under whose management these convivial meetings were held, and whose repute among the practising physicians of Paris has been enhanced by the valuable contributions to science emanating from his authorship as a periodical writer, wrote to me some weeks since, informing me, *inter alia*, of the fact that, in the week ending September 10th, forty horses had been sold in joints, and that another boucherie had been opened at No. 12 Rue de Flandres; to be succeeded within a week by a third, in the Quartier Pépincourt; besides two firms that sell indiscriminately Italian, German, and horse-sausages, savelons, &c. I will here insert, however, a translation of the letter received on the 20th of December, addressed to me from the committee room of the Société Protectrice, in the Rue de Lille No. 34, Paris:—

"SIR,—The president of the committee for the general use of horse-flesh, Dr. Blatin, requests me to inform you that Lloyd's Weekly London News of the 9th of the present month has published an article on horse-flesh. It announces, moreover,

the intention of Julien Suzanne, of No. 34 Upper Belgrave Place, Pimlico, to have a dinner, at which several guests will attend, exclusively furnished from the said meat; and to open a shop for the sale thereof, and a restaurant where dishes composed of it will be sold on or from the premises.

"Our success in Paris has exceeded the most sanguine expectations. There are now fifteen butchers' shops specially opened for the sale of horseflesh; and four restaurants where made dishes are served, of this meat only. There are six houses for the sale of horse-meat sausages. The provinces are emulating the capital in this matter. Nancy, Mulhouse, Cambray, Valenciennes, Caudebec (Normandy), &c., have their horse-flesh firms; selling an average of 1600 pounds daily. It really would be desirable that some of the influential London newspapers should publish a few occasional articles preparing the public mind, and inducing the Londoners to taste and then adopt this new aliment.

"Herewith I send you St. Hilaire's little volume in which he has refuted all the objections urged against this article of food.

"Deign, sir, to receive our acknowledgments of the interest you have manifested, while among us, in befriending a cause that involves to such immense extent the welfare of the common people in towns and villages,—rural labourers

especially, and armies in active campaign in various parts of the world.

"From the Secretary,

"G. DECROIX.

"Rue de Sully, 4: Paris."

This M. Suzanne called upon me and left in my hands several extracts from London papers, which may probably be referred to in the Appendix to these volumes. He had held an appointment as cook in the service of the Earl of Cardigan. He stated, however, that he had not (in November) succeeded in finding guests for his horse-flesh banquet.

Now as no such protest or respite as M. Labedolliére's interposed in the case of the fourteen years old quadruped who, after many thousand journeys to and from Auteuil in the omnibus plying to that quarter of Paris, was marked by Lemardelay's inspector on Saturday, July 21st, as an unexceptionable sample,—the animal elect assumed the shape of prime meat at eight o'clock on the evening of that day, and was on view at No. 3 Boulevard d' Italie when I passed the barrier on my way to Bicêtre on Monday the 23rd. An admirably executed model of a horse's head, *à la* Phidias, painted white, projected from between the various joints suspended in the front of the shop, indicating that Sieur Antoine, who kills four horses daily, courted all publicity. His

near neighbour, who sold wine by the mug, had just started a small restaurant or eating room upon his premises, to meet a run of increased custom arising from the enormous placard of canvas stretched across his house-front, on which was inscribed PRIME HORSE STEAKS, toujours prêts! HORSE SOUP: 10 centimes le plat! I alighted from my carriage, and entered Antoine's depôt, where he was selling the new meat at prices varying, according to the coarsest or primest joints and portions, between twopence halfpenny and ninepence halfpenny the pound. I should say the horse-flesh was just so much darker in tint than ox-flesh, as a steak cut from the latter becomes after lying for twelve hours uncooked. Not the slightest aroma was perceptible; which is more than can be said always of *our* butchers' shops in July: and the meat, tastefully arranged on breadths of whitest calico along the dressers, was to all appearance as seemly as any of the carcasses exhibited in Bond Street at Christmas:—certainly not more questionable in aspect than Groves's joints of buck venison that have hung for a month:—and what can surpass them? Upon my asking to see the viscera,—['the innards,' as our countryfolk term them!] Antoine brought forward a huge tray on which lay extended the whole of the liver, as sound as a slab of porphyry or Rosso Antico: without a speck or 'pin-hole.'

It would all be bought up at twopence a pound before dusk. The renal organs were equally healthy;—less in dimension than a bullock's. It had proved, in fact, one of the best horses that had been brought to the knife for a week past; not but that sound animals alone are selected for the market. "This meat," said Antoine, gaily, "is in capital order for immediate consumption!"

"Bien!" said I—"nous verrons."

"We have set apart one of our small private apartments, *au premier*," said Lemardelay's groom of the chambers in the Rue Richelieu: "and here is the 'menu' we propose to ourselves the honour of placing before you to-morrow, at such hour as in your *complaisance* you will be pleased to name: and if you wish to introduce any *plats extranés* you can either decide upon them now, or to-morrow in the forenoon."

Now, as, like Juliet in her little 'affaire' anent the sleeping potion, I needs must act my part alone;—for I knew not a countryman or Parisian in Paris who would back my horse, and pluck up courage to make a fair trial and experiment,—I thought the offered bill of fare was plentiful enough; though if I could but have found a *vis-à-vis*, there should have been marrow pâtés to follow the soup,—but other *hors d'œuvres*, or *horse d'œuvres* (?) none. Here is 'DINER POUR UN':—

Gravy Soup: Bouilli; aux carottes.
Saucisson,—(Bologna shape).
Steak, with fried potatoes.
Alamode, *i.e.* stewed like beefsteak with onions, turnips, &c.
Filet rôti, larded. Salad, made with horse oil.
[The whole, Viande de Cheval.]

Firstly, the gravy soup was incomparably the best I ever tasted in my life. (Well might LARREY appreciate it as he did, among the invalids and the wounded.) There was a pint and a quarter of it, and I left not a spoonful. Not a particle of grease floated on the surface: transparent, deep amber coloured, and of good consistency or body,—it was declared to be the pure genuine essence of meat. I am not friendly to clear soup, in general, but this was a 'Potage Prince.'

The Bouilli was identical with that which I have seen at English tables—not the wretched Caput Mortuum resembling pounds of *stewed door mat* which is carried round in France, and apologized for with a slice of melon, whereby fibres that would otherwise cling to the fauces of the eater are made to detach themselves and go down a little lower.

The sausage was in appearance very like those most common in Spain; two inches and a quarter in diameter; and cold. Those which I tasted at Bologna when in Italy led me to think the much vaunted condiment was vastly inferior to a good saveloy made in London; and I approached

this forced-meat with some degree of caution. Good eating? 'Est, Est, Est'! as the Avant Courrier wrote up with respect to the Monte Fiascone wine. Out of the seven inches from which I had been cutting eleven slices, two and a half only were left on the dish; and I should have been glad enough, but 'for manners' (as they say) to have walked off with these for next day's luncheon. Here is the analysis of the 'gusto':—Hamburgh hung beef; Foie gras; potted hare, and cold grouse. The steak reminded me of a slice cut transversely from the upper side of a sirloin of beef, and broiled. The Cheval à la mode is a thick steak cut from the ribs; stewed, as our rump-steaks are, with vegetables, and served with a glaze produced from its own juices, *i.e.* sauté dans son jus. It was very savoury,—and had I not most strictly interdicted the introduction of any ingredients that would interfere with the natural flavour, I should have surmised it had been stewing a long time with chevreuil or chamois. The filet was the very ditto of the under-cut of the sirloin; the larding making the resemblance most forcible. The huile de cheval with which the salad was dressed very far surpassed the poppy oil which alone is used in France, Northward of the districts producing the olive. It was soft and delicate in flavour, and beautifully bright: in colour exactly resembling the ordinary salad oil.

A bottle of superior Médoc Claret blended its bouquet genially enough with these novel solids: Coffee and a 'chasse' came, de suite, upon this; and the 'Note,' or carte payante, followed. I paid one pound for my lone banquet, which lasted an hour; and, as I paced homeward, felt all that deep satisfaction which any right minded man experiences when, after dispassionate scrutiny and a solemn determination to deliver an unbiassed and righteous judgment upon all the evidence adduced, he has elicited the whole truth, and reached a conviction which no arguments can shake. In fact ST. HILAIRE and the Savants, the philosophers and epicures of the banquets, already described, were all in the right. I knew, nevertheless, what I might expect men to say, on my return to England:—

> 'It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh
> Which some did die to look upon:—'

but I can say in rejoinder, that my appetite was all that died away on this occasion; and having now qualified myself to say 'Probatum est: Experto crede;' and to supply Lady Harriet St. Clair with a few more "Dainty Dishes" for her Second Edition on the Culinary Art, published under that title, I take my leave of the subject with a quiet surmise that like smoking, long beards, chignons and crinolines, bared throats and 'wideawakes,' which our fathers and mothers in the eighteenth century would have deemed it

impossible their successors would or could ever adopt, the Viande de Cheval will, at no distant date, be familiarly known by labels in the show window of Fortnum and Mason, Morel, Ball, Vallé, and Giustiniani, as PRIME HORSE—Islington Show, 1872. A. 1.

I wrote this chapter in September and revised it in January. I have just fallen in with the December number of "Temple Bar," which refers to much of the subject matter here brought forward *in extenso:* but there seems to be no need of elision or interpolation; and being the record of facts, comprising, *inter alia*, my own personal experience, the whole account may stand as originally framed. I will only add that the "Bar's" story is confirmed in every particular; which was just what might be expected by those who habitually read it.

CHAPTER V.

BICÊTRE.

AS I had on several previous occasions visited Paris and never yet found my way to either the SALPETRIÈRE or BICÊTRE, I made a point, last July, of inspecting both. It is hardly necessary to mention that the former is a vast establishment [extending over 65 acres, at no great distance from the Pont d'Austerlitz, on the Boulevard d' Italie] for the reception of female paupers, aged and middle-aged, and girls of all ages—nearly two thousand of whom are either wholly insane, or idiots, or epileptic half-witted: the sane inmates amounting to about two thousand six hundred. I shall give the latest statistical report a few pages further on. The BICÊTRE is also an asylum on an immense scale, not far from the SALPETRIÈRE, and situate on a gentle rise of the land lying to the right of the same road. Its celebrity is world-wide. Like the other, it is the domicile of aged and infirm indigent persons—in number nearly sixteen hun-

dred; but there are nearly eight hundred inmates, from two years old to eighty, who are either insane, or idiotic, or imbecile, and of weak intellect. This home, however, is for Males only.

Some idea may be formed of the dimensions of the buildings, and of the extent of the sites, from the fact of the Salpetrière comprising within its walls five thousand six hundred and one individuals, and four thousand three hundred and seventytwo beds! and the Bicêtre two thousand seven hundred and eightyfive. The one owes its name to the site having been formerly appropriated to extensive saltpetre works; upon which this hospital was built upwards of two centuries since. The other to its having been the residence of a Bishop of Winchester, corrupted firstly into Binchester, and then to Bicêtre.

As a matter of course, the public are not admitted to these institutions except to obtain a glimpse of the main court at the portals. Permission to hold any communication with an inmate, or to inspect the premises and the whole system of management, must be obtained from the Government offices in which the administration of this class of hospitals and refuges is vested. I became acquainted with this restriction when, after five miles drive on the 23rd of July, I was informed by the principal officers in attendance that my credentials must, *de rigueur*, be signed by the "Chef de l'Administration Géné-

rale de l'Assistance, à Paris." Accordingly, on the following day, after an interview with one of the Under Secretaries of State, who conversed with me on Bethlehem Hospital, Caen and Genoa asylums, &c., I was politely assured that within a few hours the needful papers would be forwarded to my hotel. Such was the case:—a messenger left at the hotel the following 'Autorisation':—

ADMINISTRATION GÉNÉRALE DE L'ASSISTANCE PUBLIQUE A PARIS.

MESSIEURS les Directeurs des Etablissements ci-après, Hopiteaux et Hospices, Midi, Lourcine, Maison d'Accouchement et Services d'Aliénés, sont autorisés à accueillir M. Geo. Musgrave, qui desire visiter les Services que ces Etablissements renferment, et à lui fournir toutes les indications qui pourraient lui être utiles pour remplir sa mission.

Paris, le 24 Juillet, 1866.

Le Directeur de l'Administration,

M. CUVISY.

Now, as my curiosity was limited to a brief insight into the system in force at the two establishments especially mentioned in this Chapter,—in those departments where the idiots, semi-idiots, imbeciles and semi-imbeciles, [I employ the French classification,] are under treatment, I availed myself but partially of the Minister's 'Liceat,' and began at the most distant asylum of the two.

The BICÊTRE bears the designation of HOSPICE

DE LA VIEILLESSE-HOMMES : VIELLARDS ET INFIRMES : Service des Aliénés de la Seine. This, I conceive, is common to all other like houses of refuge for pauperized old age in France; and the course of the Seine being of considerable length, there must be many 'Aliénés' to be cared for beyond the arrondissement of Paris. However, the BICÊTRE Asylum comprehended in September, 1866, the following inmates:

(ADULTS.)	
Indigent persons, old and infirm men .	1,558
Insane	598
Epileptic-Insane	84
Epileptic, not insane	59
(YOUNG PERSONS BELOW 18 YEARS OF AGE.)	
Idiotic children, or 'fous' . . .	75
Epileptic idiotic children . . .	40
Epileptic children, not idiotic . .	12
Officers, attendants, and servants of all grades, from the highest in rank to the very lowest.	359 [above 1-7th of the whole]
	2,785

From this statistical memoir, forwarded to me at last Michaelmas by that most intelligent personage, Monsieur Deleporte, chief instructor in the class-rooms, who has devoted twentyfive years of his life, already, to the tuition of the 'Aliénés,' it appears that there are, within a fraction, eight hundred individuals of all ages in the Bicêtre ranging between total absence of intellect,

undeveloped and feeble intellect, and hopeful advance towards active intelligence: these being the categories under which I perceived it was but reasonable to class them. There are two other asylums in Paris, known as the Hospitals for Incurables; one for men and the other for women: but these admit not the insane.

The BICÊTRE does not admit the Cretin, or Goitre idiot. The range of my inspection, therefore, would introduce me to some hundreds who had entered the establishment under the class of Congenital Idiots;—individuals who from birth had laboured under the miserable defect of an undeveloped understanding, but of whom many were emerging from what in common parlance is termed 'silliness' into sensible observation. In their earliest stages of treatment they had testified an utter incapacity of discernment, as rational beings using the power of perception; in their progress towards sound health and active energies, they were acquiring readiness of comprehension. To gaze upon madness is awful: to behold such enlightenment where all had been darkness, as I was assured I should bear witness to in the course of this day's visit, is joy indeed.

One of the 'Internes' or Employés de l' Interieur,—an instructor—was appointed to conduct me through all the courts and wards where the adults might be found; and my request, at start-

ing, was that he would point out to me, in the course of the three hours I intended to devote to the inquiry, all those cases, under whatever class of mental alienation they might fall, which he considered to be most interesting: not that the adults, to any extent worthy of special mention, exhibit material advancement towards right reason. The great success lies with the young; and these (it sounds remarkable) acquit themselves better in the *school*-rooms than in a *work*-room; their comprehension being awakened more effectually by the tuition essential towards opening their minds for intellectual attainments, than by the most assiduous efforts to initiate them in useful manual labour. Here the French have, in comparison with our system at Earlswood and elsewhere, decidedly failed. There was a small farm (St. Anne's) attached some twenty years since to the Bicêtre, with a view to training certain detachments of the aliénés in agricultural occupations; but, after patient trials, the experiment virtually failed; and as the cost of it was regarded as an unnecessary burden on the funds of the institution, the directors ceased to send any patients on to the land, which since 1863 has been cultivated by the sane, and, of course, is become a source of income. Neither are there now any of the work-rooms for teaching the trade of shoemakers, carpenters, and tailors. Such youths as may be relied on are, to a limited

extent, placed *out:* some at blacksmiths' forges; some at bootmakers' shops, and at locksmiths' manufactories; others at wine coopers' yards: and here and there some have been fortunate enough to find admission into houses as domestic servants; but the Organization de Travail exists no longer: greater reliance being placed on the quickening influences of the school, to awaken that comprehension which is calculated to befriend the semi-imbecile when returning to his family, than on less intellectual rearing among ploughmen and cow-herds, or master carpenters and tailors.

My conductor, however, said there might be about seven or eight lads who were at this time receiving instruction in menuiserie (carpenters' and joiners' work), and in some instances a very dull one would plane off and shape a piece of the hardest wood with a dexterity which was wonderful to witness; but as he did not appear to concur very heartily with my suggestion that we should go over to the further side of the building in quest of these learners, I did not urge it. For the present, therefore, we were to go the round of the first court or exercise ground where there were at least two hundred men standing or walking, sitting or lying down,—and forming about a third of the adults registered as Aliénés. I should here encounter every phase of insanity: and afterwards visit the department where all

the younger inmates between the age of eight and eighteen were under treatment for restoration to society.

The first subject to which my attention was directed proved to be a poor Hungarian, forty years old, who three months previously had been brought to the asylum in a state of raging madness. The strait waistcoat, without which he would have been altogether unmanageable, was still on him, but was to be removed within a day or two,—the fierceness of mania having altogether subsided. At his first entry he was enormously fat and unwieldy. He was now remarkably thin and gaunt in appearance. My guide and one or two other persons addressed him, but he maintained silence. I could not gather any particulars as to his 'antecedents.' We then fell in with a native of Marseilles, about fortyeight years of age, who had been a plasterer and whitewasher. This man had been in the asylum about eight weeks, and crept about, moody and silent; but had covered his white pockethandkerchief with marks, made by a lead pencil, resembling small crosses and notes of interrogation, which he called his journal. A brother idiot or imbecile, aware of this, suggested to my conductor that he should request a sight of it. Perceiving that I viewed it with surprise and a smile, the man threw open his coat, which till then he had kept close buttoned up to his

throat, and displayed what seemed a white calico waistcoat, covered with similar marks, which, he intimated to us, was a continuation of the diary, kept between the middle of November and the 25th of July. His name was Coulon. The next man that caught our eye in the great exercise ward, where many scores were standing or wandering to and fro, was one Ribaut, sixty-eight years of age, who, on my addressing him, informed me [truly enough, my guide observed] that he had been a gardener in the employ of Louis XVIII., and had had the charge of a large number of those celebrated orange trees which, doubtless, I had seen in the Jardin des Tuileries; and now he was gardener by appointment at the Bicêtre: a place he had filled since 1846. His sister is a nun, at Amiens. We then came in contact with a patient who had been here four years, a blacksmith. He was sitting in the full glare of the sun, whose rays were on this particular day diffusing intense heat. This, I learned, was his invariable custom. He gave rational replies to two or three questions, but seemed desirous of being left to himself and the baking! Then passed by a man who had bound round his hat a broad paper label, inscribed with LE LA LA LA. He gave me to understand he had composed this as a song. Leaving him to further composition, we walked up to another, fifty years old, who was feeding with bread crumbs three spar-

rows, for whom he had also framed from bits of stick like firewood an appropriate cage. He wished me to examine "un livre très ancien":— "The Office of the Virgin Mary," A.D. 1710. He read aloud to me, at my suggestion, two or three sentences, very correctly. The next we confronted was a stone-mason, aged fiftysix. He had been here nine months, and seemed very melancholy. He produced a letter which he said had been lately written to him by his daughter in Paris; and a very sensible and affectionate one it was, though not making any reference to his confinement. It addressed him as if living under ordinary circumstances of domicile. In fact, the utmost solicitude is manifested by the attendants and instructors in these asylums to avoid the slightest allusion to the actual state of the individual under their charge; and their relatives and friends are counselled to observe the same reticence. Overt mention of their calamitous condition often produces a paroxysm which disturbs them for a whole day. I saw several couples, on benches, playing at dominoes.

The last case that arrested particularly my attention among the two hundred in this department was, indeed, a very singular one. I can hardly regard it as a legitimate use of the asylum. A man of about forty years of age, below the middle stature, drew nigh [they all believed me to be one of the visiting physicians from Paris!]

and fixed his glance on me from features which reminded me of the Old Italian School portraitures of John the Baptist in the wilderness. His countenance was of white marble paleness; his hair hung in raven black locks, and that of his moustaches and very long beard was equally dark. He wore a Holland blouse, secured by a black leather band around the waist, and shuffled along in slippers. My conductor asked him to show me some of his drawings;—"For," said he, "you will perceive he has great talent." "Oh —yes!"—he would bring out two or three. He hurried off so rapidly that I could hardly see the direction he took,—but there were buildings close at hand, resembling those in our Inns of Court, and from a door at the distance of twenty paces he presently returned, holding a roll of the largest sized drawing paper. I expected to see some fantastical scrawl, such as a madman might be supposed likely to trace when handling a lead pencil, and such as, in fact, I had often seen produced by sketchers whose intellect was disordered; but infinite was my amazement when I beheld some fifty or sixty figures delineated with pen and Indian ink, the handling of which was so exquisite, so purely artistic, so elegant in design and execution, as to appear to be the counterpart of Retsch's illustrations of Schiller's 'Romance of the Bell' and of Shakspere's Tragedies, and similar works of a high order of merit.

I held the paper close up to my eyes, to convince myself that it was the work of a pen, and not of an engraving tool, or lithographer's quill. Each figure was five inches in height: and the subjects were mythological, comprising gods and goddesses, muses, nymphs, sages of Greece, heroic personages, &c., grouped not without method,—and, indeed, with an eye to beauty of arrangement and with evident elegance in taste. "Why," said I to my conductor, "you have an artist here who ought to be making his fortune on the other side of your walls." "C'est un prêtre, lui," was his reply. "Oui!" exclaimed the man—who had overheard the word "prêtre;"—"Oui! je suis prêtre, moi, et artiste aussi. Vous connaissez Monsieur Gambart à Paris?" I replied that I knew Gambart in London. "Well," said he, "he knows me very well: he knows what I can do." And hereupon he rushed indoors again, and presently brought out another immense drawing, quite as beautiful as the preceding: and he then informed me that he was on the point of giving the final touch to one which would be given to the world. Would I like to see it? I begged he would at once bring it to me; and away he hurried, and soon returned with a sheet of drawing paper, four feet long and three feet wide, crowded with allegorical groups resembling those we see in painted ceilings, domes, &c. This last performance exhibited

the representatives of many nations assembling before a throne on which was a female entitled GALLIA IMPERATRIX.

The labour of this design must have been immense. It displayed, without erasure, blot, or blur of any kind, a hundred figures which Flaxman would not have disavowed as able imitations of his best works in outline: and, but for a long journey before me and the chances of spoiling the work, I should have endeavoured to obtain one of these wonderful specimens of composition. "And so you have been an Ecclesiastic!" said I. "Oui! Prêtre; Curé, Confesseur, Prédicateur; Diocèse d'Avignon. Je dois bientôt partir d'ici. J'ai des affaires qui me démandent. Je m'amuse en même tems."

When we had left him, my guide fell in with a superior officer to whom I addressed a few words with reference to this extraordinary man. His remark was, "C'est vrai: Il était prêtre. Probablement il a fait des farces; et le voici!" His name is Coton. I gathered from this that the Ecclesiastic had involved himself in the condemnation following upon some direful criminal offence, and that by very merciful connivance he had been sent to this asylum under the denomination of a lunatic; being, in point of fact, perfectly sane. I recalled to mind having seen a group of nine women in one of our own places of reception for criminal lunatics, each of whom

had murdered her child, and of whom the warder said "Every one of them ought to have been hanged; for they are as sane as I am, and always were!"

We now left the adult department and entered that of males below the age of eighteen years. On our way to the class rooms we entered a yard called the Gymnasium. Here I saw the wooden "horse" padded with leather and wool, for "leap-frog;" and a climbing pole, mast, &c., but none of the youths were here. In a little grassy enclosure, however, fenced off by high palisades, were some seven or eight boys:—sad cases of the epileptic Aliénés, whose meaningless stare and open mouths, in combination with chorea (or St. Vitus' Dance) bespoke a plight, not indeed unimprovable, but without promise of advancement towards active comprehension. I removed the cap from the head of one; expecting to see a receding forehead and contracted brain-case: his forehead, however, was as perpendicular as a newly built wall, and unusually high. Indeed, among all I saw,—and they were multitudinous,—I discovered neither the rapidly retrocedent forehead nor the prognathous jaw.

A little fellow, about eight years of age, lay on the grass, moaning incessantly, and rolling his head from side to side: suffering, no doubt, acutely from pressure on the brain. There were three others exhibiting that sad phenomenon of

idiotcy,—saliva constantly flowing from the mouth. This symptom, however, which I conceived to be indicative of an incurable condition of imbecility, was, as I learned from my guide, in no respect to be regarded as beyond treatment. "Il doit bientôt apprendre fixer ses regards."

"He will be taught to take notice of certain objects, and to handle them with some degree of curiosity and interest: and the longer he looks at such things the less will he slobber in that way." When I inquired how this influence would work towards any further improvement, the answer was,—he would gradually begin to exercise *Will*:—and in proportion as his bodily condition, which was now bad and semi-epileptic, improved, his will would become auxiliary to his comfort; and then would be the time for commencing the treatment which would convey impressions, and render him step by step amenable to discipline. This sounded wonderful,—but I understood it well before I left the asylum.

The fact is that when the attention can be fixed, and aroused into activity, the depressing influence of defective organization is marvellously relieved; intelligence supersedes vacuity of mind, and mental power is generated at a rate of advancement which in many an instance astonishes the teachers. The power, nevertheless, to stimulate energy in an idiot,—(I use the term in its modified sense)—evinces no small amount of in-

dustry and perseverance on the part of these trainers, and an ambition to conquer seemingly invincible difficulties. This, in itself, is an ingredient of that success which may well be termed glorious.

The Instituteur en Chef, M. Deleporte, was now introduced to me, with a request that he would afford me a thorough insight into that which had held out the chief inducement to visit so melancholy an abode :—the Educational department. I was thus placed in communication with just the kind of informant I had been seeking :—a man of long experience and very superior intelligence; and at once, when we entered the class rooms, I perceived that these alone would have been an ample subject for study and reflection in continuous visits through many days. The appearance of things here was in no single respect different from what might be seen in our best regulated national schools. "How do you begin," I asked, "when you take in hand three dozen lads, and how do you enforce obedience or check insubordination,—without the power of laying hands on any one of them? The *sane* are troublesome enough, but what an arduous task you must have *here*!" M. Deleporte replied that all imbeciles were more or less imitative; and that the earliest rudimental training was very much akin to the children's game of "Follow my leader!" It was not so difficult as most persons

would suppose, to instil into even a very vacant mind a sense of order:—Upon such sense discipline would follow very closely, and with rapid success: and discipline's primary work was to arrest the attention. This done, the feeblest minded begin to learn. Reverting to a sense of order, he said it was soonest acquired by a gently won compliance with suggestions on the part of the instructor to do as he himself was doing, whether in action or in sound. In an incredibly short space of time, sixty idiots might be taught to do or to say the same thing, as by common consent; and one of the teachers would at once show me a sample of this pantomimic initiatory training. Hereupon a young man placed himself in the centre of the square area, on three sides of which stood fifty or sixty learners. Precisely as is seen in our infant schools, where mere babes, as it were, rise from the bench and sit down again, turn their heads to right or left, uplift or lower their hands, and so forth,—he put these youths through the movements,—himself being the 'fugleman,'—and worked them up speedily into a longing to do something yet more. I marked with what earnest gaze they fixed their eyes upon him,—not regarding *me* in the least. They would have winked the eye, or closed it,—would have stood on one leg, or have jumped or knelt, at his instance. All that he could devise with rapid action of foot, arm, and hands, they

imitated with an exactness which was marvellous to behold. When these youths have contracted a liking for, and begun to feel an interest in, such an instructor, he avails himself of this very attentiveness to introduce some visible object upon which he may found the lesson in useful knowledge most likely to fix its subject matter on their memory, and stimulate their sense of perception. In this way the application of a wheel, wedge, lever, foot-rule, line and plummet, pulley, compasses, &c., is learned: for to sight succeeds touch in this training; and when manipulation has served to confirm what the dawning intellect has begun to apprehend through the eye, a considerable advance is made, and the happiest illustration afforded of Horace's remark—

> "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus"—

which, with just so much amplification as will render the poet's meaning evident to all, we may render thus:—The communication of knowledge which is made through hearing takes effect much more languidly than that which is conveyed to the mind through the medium of the eyes, which see and believe, and help to make lasting impressions on the memory.

Perceiving that these sixty learners had been brought forward into the primary school-room, and had already begun to do so well,—out of a collective number (of the same age,) of eighty

youths,—I asked this question:—"What steps do you take, what scrutiny is resorted to, when a so called 'idiot' is for the first time brought before you?" The answer was to this effect:—"If the germ of intelligence does but exist we hope to be enabled to instil knowledge: we search diligently for faculties: we throw ourselves continually in the way of our inmates, and live among them, watching for the symptoms of even *one* faculty: just as among those individuals who enjoy right reason and, may be, who are highly intelligent, may be discovered the germ of musical taste and ability, though not a glimpse may be discernible of capacity for handling mathematical truth; or the slightest indication of taste for design or of relish for the beautiful." Just as the instituteur had thus satisfactorily replied to my query, a number of boys came thronging into the spacious apartment where we were conversing, and I expressed my wish to make a little circuit among them previously to our marshalling them into companies or classes,—with a view to careful observation of the shapes of their heads and the expressions of their features. The first I stood before was a little fellow about eight years old, a native of Paris,—who, I was given to understand, was now under the first processes of instruction: a sadly afflicted creature! On either hand two fingers grew in one. His eyes projected with a wild stare. The occiput (the back of his

skull) resembled the top of a post: there being hardly any projection whatever beyond the line of the nape of the neck. The trainer, at my side, called to him: "Eyes—mouth—ears—nose—hands—knees—feet,"—in succession, and at the utterance of each word the boy pointed to the part named. "How many eyes?" He held up two fingers. "How many ears?" He repeated the action. This was the elementary training. By this time, probably, the poor boy has mastered the alphabet, and is reading lessons in monosyllabic words.

I then fell in with two boys whose heads altogether deceived me. One had a perfectly-shaped normal head and a very pleasing countenance. The teacher shook his head when I looked round to him with a hopeful expression in my features. "I fear all is a mere blank here," said he. Much had been attempted, but as yet in vain. The other, who was standing close to him, had a head shaped, as I just now described another, like the top of a square post slightly rounded off by the carpenter. He, it appeared, had evinced comparatively wonderful intelligence!

Another was led up to me that I might handle the skull, and search for the projection which, according to craniologists, marks special capacity for calculation. [Not that I hold to the theory.] In lieu of prominence there was a positive

cavity. Now, this boy could not be taught to form a correct notion on Addition, in arithmetic. Whenever he met a figure indicating quantity or succession he would add *one* to it. He read very well; but, encountering the words 'CHARLES VII.,' he read them as 'CHARLES VIII.' For 'LOUIS XI.,' as successor of 'CHARLES VII.,' he read 'XII.' As yet, he could not handle a pen with steadiness sufficient to show his writing in a copy-book. He was thirteen years of age when admitted into the asylum in April, 1863. This case awakened my curiosity to learn more; and when, subsequently to my visit to the Bicêtre, I conversed with Dr. Delasiauve, he referred to the entries made three years since, and gave me this further information,—that the boy's mother brought him to the committee, petitioning for his admission on the ground of his frequent outbreaks of wild and causeless anger; to which would succeed fits of sullenness and hallucinations of the most insane fancy. She attributed this to his having been attacked by small-pox when only a month old, which induced deafness that continued for two years. She could never succeed in teaching him to tie his shoestrings or his neckerchief: she had taught him to read tolerably well and to form letters. Nevertheless, the boy has made astonishing advances. All his paroxysms of anger and wild fancy and sullenness have long since ceased. He is mild, inoffensive, and

intelligent; and Dr. D. said it was astonishing to hear his observations on many subjects. He has acquired much information on Natural History, and takes interest in the lessons given on the map, respecting France, England, &c., yet is slow to imbibe knowledge from what he *reads*. Word of mouth teaching stimulates his attention, and secures an interest in the subject matter. His countenance is pleasing, and the shape of his head decidedly superior to the average skulls of the sane. He used to shamble about and totter in his gait, but the gymnastic exercises have completely cured this, and he walks erect. "His intellectual horizon," said Dr. D., "is capable of far wider extension: he is quite sensible of the moral duties; but hundreds of attempts on my part to get his head right on the subject of enumeration have not proved effectual. He adheres to that peculiarity of adding *one*"!

This very singular case induced me to ask M. Deleporte whether the semi-idiots and imbeciles in general are baffled in their attempts to follow the instructions of the patient teachers in arithmetic. He said there was always considerable difficulty in this branch of their education: yet some did in the issue master it. Sight and touch are employed simultaneously in the lesson; but, after a time, when perception acts vividly, touch becomes no longer requisite; for the eye

being educated up to the power of taking cognizance, by one or more glances, of the number of items constituting a whole, all that then remains to be done is the enunciation of that number. Thus, two cubes being represented on a demonstration [black painted] board with the figure 2 over them, the learner fixing his eyes on the board would be instructed to place his fingers on two solid cubes laid before him on the table, and he would be directed to say 'TWO:' and in this manner the process of counting begins. When the boy has learned to count TEN, he enters upon Addition by combining 2 with 2; so as to make the discovery that such a combination has produced FOUR: and thus onward into Division, &c. They also use the wire and ball frame, such as is seen in all our schools.

Another boy, eleven years of age, named Selmet, was now singled out for notice, who, when he entered six years since, was to a great degree paralysed. At that time he was in such a low condition of idiotcy as to wander about in search of filth, and would conceal excrements about his person till he could find opportunity for devouring them. When this was discovered, a watch was placed over him, day and night. He became the object of special care among three or four guardians, till these habits were entirely extirpated. He learned to read and write well. I saw his copy-book, and was asto-

nished. Placing him by me I said—'Dites donc.—Qui est-ce qui vous a créé?' *Ans.* 'Le bon Dieu.' *Q.* 'Qui est le Sauveur du Genre Humain?' *A.* 'Jesus Christ.' *Q.* 'Où est le Seigneur Jesus Christ?' *A.* 'Jesus Christ est au ciel.' I inquired whether his paralytic affection still remained. The instructor said there were but faint traces of it; but his tongue moved frequently from right to left; and this symptom is perceptible in *all* cases of idiotcy accompanied by *paralysis.* The formation of the mouth is frequently found to be defective; and its muscles acting partially are the cause of this physical derangement.

At length I sat down at a long desk, where some twelve or thirteen were ranged in order for the afternoon's lessons. It was to be in Geography and History. On the wall facing them hung a large map of Europe. The master having asked a few questions on the North, South, East, and West points, and the cold and hot countries of the world, and the position of Asia and Africa on the globe, I requested one of the lads to tell me where England was, and how it lay with relation to his own native land. He replied that it was in Europe; in the North: across the channel—the Pas de Calais, opposite to France. He said, in answer to my questions, that the largest city in England was London; it was the capital. I requested the boy who sat

on his left to take the long wand which was close to the map, and point out to me the Straits of Calais: and the position of London in the land of England. He did this very accurately. I then directed the boy on his right,—about twelve years of age—to show me where Sweden was. He took the wand and struck Norway and Denmark, and pursued the line to Sweden. 'What is the chief city?' *Ans.* 'Stockholm.' Then I asked the next in order, what great river flowed through London. *A.* 'La Tamise.'

From geography to history. Missing others, I asked the lad nearest to me who was Clovis? *A.* 'The first king of France, in the 5th century.' *Q.* 'Who was Dagobert?' *A.* 'He lived in the 7th century. He was also king.' *Q.* 'When did Louis the Fourteenth live?' *A.* 'Deux cents ans passés.' *Q.* 'How did Louis the Sixteenth die?' *A.* 'On lui a découpé la tête.' As I was shortly to visit Poitou, I asked another where Poictiers was: and, at my suggestion, he turned towards the map, and pointed with the wand to Tours, Angers, and their vicinity. *Q.* 'Normandy? Where?' *A.* 'A l'Ouest:' and he placed the wand on the city of Rouen marked on the large map. 'Surely,' said I to the teacher, 'this boy might go home and do well: He, might be trusted like others in his family.' The reply to this was that if he left the Bicêtre at his present age there was danger of relapse at fifteen

years of age. He entered the asylum five years ago, having been insane from his birth. If he were to go home when sixteen years old, there was every probability of his retaining intelligence: his bodily health and vigour would by that time stand him in good stead: the habit of intuitiveness would be confirmed; and the cultivation of intellectual power would have counteracted all the wretched disadvantages under which he began life. On my return to England I saw a very satisfactory case of this character. I twice fell in with the carrier who goes into Reigate and Redhill from Earlswood Asylum, where he is domiciliated as an 'employé.' He was entering the streets with horse and cart, on his second journey—(for he often goes three times in the day)—and I understood that he not only fetched and delivered goods, but paid bills and delivered correct accounts; and was accounted a right minded, moral and religious man, in whom the directors of the asylum placed entire confidence. When he first entered it he was an object of ridicule and pity, as one accounted quite 'daft,' and led a sad life among the boys who, semi-idiots as they were, were, nevertheless, mockers of his imbecility.

A still more remarkable incident to show the working of chronic insanity, and the recurrence of lucid intervals, is of quite recent date, and was reported from Colney Hatch at the beginning of

the present year. One of the male patients was, many years ago, one of the most active of the Bow Street officers. He took a leading part in the arrest of the Cato Street conspirators, and was engaged in unravelling the mysteries of the Edgware Road murder, for which Greenacre was subsequently executed. This man is perfectly rational on most points, though subject to some delusions. He cannot be allowed to touch fermented liquor. But for this, he might be permitted to go at large. One day he begged hard for permission to visit the city, and an attendant was told off to accompany him. The pair went into public houses and were soon intoxicated; but the ex-Bow Street runner, being the steadier of the two, took his keeper into custody, conducted him to Worship Street police station, and there had him locked up on a charge of being drunk and incapable! He represented to the police that he was one of the warders of the asylum; that the prisoner was a patient who had been sent out in his charge; and that, notwithstanding the utmost vigilance on his part, the young man had succeeded in getting drunk. Having imprisoned his custodian he forthwith returned to Colney Hatch, where he reported that, to protect him from harm, he had been obliged to lock him up!

To revert, however, to Bicêtre.—On the opposite side of the apartment where this questioning on my part had engrossed the fixed attention of

all the boys—(such a novelty being of rarest occurrence)—I saw a youth of about seventeen years of age, gazing abstractedly on our proceedings. The teacher said he was a very difficult subject to manage. 'And yet,' said I, 'he is of lively aspect, and there is a vivid expression in his eyes.' But it transpired that where there is a fixed penetrating stare there is but little hope of eliciting power of comprehension or faculty to learn. There may be amenity of disposition and compliance with all the requisitions of good order and civilization; but where that keen eager searching gaze is seen, there is but little reliance on even many promising symptoms.

'Well,' said I, 'as for that, it strikes me you have no positive security in any one case, even in the happiest, of docility, intelligence, and propriety, that there shall be no relapse.' 'Monsieur,' was the reply, 'the fact stands simply thus: If the foundations of a building have been violently shaken by an earthquake, or by any shock that has loosened the substructure, the foundations of that edifice cannot be considered as secure as they would have been had such a shaking never occurred. Wind and storms may make that house rock again, and the danger, in that case, would be more imminent than at first; for the structure which then trembled while earth itself was trembling might betray the weakness entailed by that disturbing cause, and be

levelled with the ground by a gale which, but for previous injury, it would have withstood. Any terrible accident, any very violent excitement, may overthrow the once impaired intellect.'

I regarded this as a sufficient answer:—We speak of shaken minds and shattered wits; and of reason reeling on her throne. But it is asking too much of Nature, to expect, in even the most successful and astonishing cases of treatment, a lifelong immunity from the effects of congenital imbecility. "L'imbecile, malgré tous nos soins, reste à une énorme distance de la ligne commune par l'absence d'initiative et d'aplomb." So spoke Delasiauve. The transformation produced by treatment is marvellous, and it cannot be too highly appreciated; but its average success is to be enabled to restore to society a member of the community with whom fellow men may live and feel no repulsion; or to supply, in humbler walks, a useful and faithful servant.

Soon after this examination of the wrongly "calculating boy," I was led up to another, aged nineteen years, whose remarkable countenance I committed to my sketch book. He smiled on my conductor as we drew nigh, but indicated only too unmistakably all the characteristics of fatuity: notwithstanding which there was a drollery in his features that counteracted in great degree the pain of fixedly beholding them. His ears were like the handles of the ancient Roman *diota*

or earthenware wine runlet, which derived its name from the two 'lugs' near its orifice. This flaccid condition of the lobule is a very common feature among idiots; originating, as some physiologists have supposed, from defective circulation of the blood. He never has been heard to speak, but he is not deaf; and I dare say this is a case parallel to two mentioned by the able author of an article in the "Edinburgh Review" on the subject of our idiot asylums,—where the absence of speech was found to be only apparent; after having been regarded as real and permanent from birth. At the suggestion of my guide he pointed to the top of his head when asked where his hair was: so, also, to his knees and waistcoat buttons, and to a stove which was near him. He brought me a chair, on being requested to do so: and a book from a table in the adjoining apartment. Seeing it was a very little one, my guide said, "Mais c'est un petit! Apportez un beaucoup plus gros":—upon which, shrewdly enough, he handed me a heavy dictionary!

He was then asked "Have you not a brother?" Hereupon he bent downward, measuring, as it were, with his right hand the height of a yard from the floor, to indicate that he had, indeed, a brother,—a little one.

M. Deleporte resumed his place at my side, and in reply to my questions on this melancholy case said it was hopeless. He conceived that the

lad had not a single idea: and in the total absence of idea, he thought there could be no impulse to speak. Mr. D. had heard the subject discussed by surgeons and professors of physiology, and by these the statement was made that under such deficiency no vocabulary was at command: the power of utterance would therefore render him little or no service. I demur to this, and incline to believe that if this poor fellow could be taken in hand at Earlswood [I saw a French youth there] he would soon be led on to speech; for (as Hamlet says of his father's ghost's word) "I'll take" Dr. Down's acumen, in these matters, "for a thousand pounds."

Having seen some hundreds of these Aliénés marshalled in a most orderly manner to their refectories, and noticed, what any observer must mark with equal pleasure and surprise, the quiet and rational demeanour of even the most hopeless patients over their noon day meal,—where nothing was seen, nothing heard, to offend—I complied with the suggestion of my guide that we should take a glance at the Infirmary, in an upper floor of the vast palatial building. It was not well ventilated; and I remarked that the effluvium was very disagreeable. The difficulties, however, attending this particular section are many and arduous, as may well be conceived.

Here I saw sitting in a high chair, such as is used in our nurseries, what seemed to me a child

of about four years of age,—pale as a corpse; and the countenance strongly resembling that of a dropsical patient in the last stage of illness. It was a *man*, aged twentyseven years! There had been no development of either body or mind since he was three years and a half old. The nurse said to him "Parlez un peu à monsieur!" but he merely looked up at me, making a very slight gesture; just as very little children do, when told to say "Tah!" He was described as having been born in a village called Moreaux, near Paris. His parents were natives of Picardy, and his mother was represented as being a very handsome woman. I inquired whether they had intimated the existence of any probable cause of such an awful state of being; but was told they could give no explanation whatever. I should say they might. It is very difficult to reconcile such a physical condition in the offspring with sound health and even, as it transpired, personal advantages in the mother,—the mould itself. Some mental disturbance on her part, or a very vitiated constitution and diathesis on the husband's, seem to point out a predisposing cause. *Vis generatrix simplex* rarely, if ever, produces such beings as these.

I inquired whether any of the Aliénés were taken into the Chapel during mass and sermon. Those who are amenable to instruction on religious subjects are attendants on both.

Before I left the premises I saw the Octagon Prison for criminal lunatics. Some had committed murder, and were here for life: others had in various ways incurred the severer sentences of the law, and rendered themselves liable to terms of long imprisonment. There were four or five who would at no distant period be discharged. I saw some busily occupied in making artificial laurel-wreaths among gallons of copperas green wash and sheets of tinsel! These were decorations, to crown whom I could not learn, forthcoming on the fifteenth of August, which would be the Fête of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, and of the Emperor. While a slight shower was falling as I went on my way to the entry gates, it occurred to me to ask whether such changes in the weather, as had now become subject of frequent mention, exercised any particular influence on the idiotic and imbecile. The answer was to this effect:—"Dreadfully so: on dull overcast days many of them will utter wild or wailing cries for many hours: some sit in secluded spots;—their faces bedewed with tears: some mope in melancholy, and present the impersonation of abject misery. When the chilly and drizzling rainy days are succeeded by bright sunshine and blue overarching sky, they will look upwards and smile, and, perhaps, laugh hysterically. Poor creatures! There are others, outside Bicêtre, only too morbidly sensi-

CHAPTER VI.

SALPETRIÈRE.

FROM Bicêtre I proceeded to La Salpetrière, the establishment of which mention has been made in the first page of the last chapter,—as being not only a vast hospice, somewhat resembling our union houses, for aged and infirm female paupers, but also a lunatic asylum. The indigent, however, are only admitted on recommendation; with conditions, also, as to their age, their ailments, and their length of residence in Paris. The Aliénés (the general term in French for the insane) are of all ages, from six years to eighty. I here subjoin the exact number of inmates of all classes from a statistical report forwarded to me last autumn:

Adults.	
Aged and infirm indigent women	2,592
Insane or idiotic or imbecile in mind	1,534
Epileptic idiots	275
Epileptic, not insane or idiotic	110

tive and subject to all these skiey influences; but it was saddening to reflect on what might be the working of a 'mind o'erthrown' in moments of such depression in

> '——— that lazar-house of human woe,
> Where laughter was not mirth, nor thought the mind;
> Nor words a language, nor e'en man mankind!'

Most lunatics affect solitude: a kind vigilance, however, is maintained to prevent even well advanced subjects from being much alone. Their relative cure is best effected among numbers; and to train and qualify for social life, not for seclusion, is, in their case, *une condition éducatrice.* May not as much be said in respect of our own? Men live best 'non sibi, sed aliis'—*socially.*

CHILDREN, BELOW 18 YEARS OF AGE.	
Idiotic or mentally imbecile . .	93
Epileptic idiots	79
Epileptic, not insane or idiotic . .	196
Officers, matrons, nurses, teachers, and attendants of every grade .	722
	5,601

Of this number it is here shown that nineteen hundred and eighty-one are either downright mad, or silly and idiotic, semi-idiotic and semi-imbecile: but all these are included under one general denomination as ALIÉNÉS [Deranged]: and their number, with the three thousand, six hundred and twenty who are not in that sad category of human woe, constitute a total rarely to be found within four walls and, as we say, under one roof. The roofing, in fact, comprehends as many square superficial yards as would cover more than thirteen acres and a half. The Government require all the able-bodied to contribute, by work and service, to their maintenance. Each department of the Seine makes payments for the maintenance of such insane patients as come up from the provinces; and the Capital, as a matter of course, defrays a large proportion of the general expenses. Some of the women are continually occupied in bagging, and sew up half the sacks that circulate in Paris; but the more expert needlewomen make up and mend all the sheets, towels, cloths, and linen articles in gene-

ral that are used at the Hôtel Dieu, Charité, and other large hospitals: and the stronger inmates are retained for the Washing department, which not only does the needful for the SALPETRIÈRE, but for all the other like establishments:—an admirably-arranged economy, which lessens in no light degree the enormous cost of lodging and maintaining so many thousands.

My letter of authorization having been duly inspected and honoured at the gates, a bell was rung, which brought to my side a very intelligent man from the main building, habited in a semi-military costume; and to him I made known my wish to go through the whole of the establishment in exactly the same order which had been followed at the neighbouring asylum of Bicêtre. The premises are enormous; and one feels fatigue in treading the very approaches. I think the main court leading to the buildings and grounds, where the patients are distributed, might have been as long as the East side of Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is paved with large stones like quartern loaves.

When we entered the first room where there were any women, we were joined by a middle-aged *surveillante*, who made me a profound obeisance [for I think she took me for a Parisian physician on his round of inspection], and proved very intelligent and ready in giving all the information within her knowledge. After

hearing that three-fourths of the eighty or ninety women seated at long tables in the room where we were standing, had been sent in from Paris, I inquired whether she could from authentic sources inform me as to the commonest cause of insanity in that vast city. Her reply was to this effect: that mania among young women from twentyone to thirty years of age,—in Paris—results in hundreds of cases from excessive exhaustion of the physical powers by needle-work,—especially where such work has been carried on far into the night. The Couturière class [and, considering the passion for expensive dress in Paris, we may easily imagine how large that class is] furnish the majority of cases in which decay of the mental faculties has ensued from softening of the brain. Very little can be done in the way of restoration where this occurs. In fact, the body soon begins to exhibit sympathetic suffering, and the term of life is but brief. Many of the women coming in from the rural districts have succumbed to the wasting fatigue of field labour; of long exposure to the heat of the sun; and of exertions to which their sex should never be subjected.

In reply to the observation that many needle-women make a point of refusing work that robs them of their sleep, the attendant said that this was the fact: but they are one and all very inadequately paid, and are unable to procure the

nutritious diet which would repair the ravages of that peculiar stress and pressure on the nervous system to which their uninteresting and tedious labour subjected them; and the mind gives way before the bodily health declines. Many, too, resort to strong stimulants, which excite for the moment, and "screw up" the resolution to "stitch, stitch, stitch," and gain an extra franc or two: but it tells sooner or later upon their constitution, and they become imbecile.

Now it is recorded on the books at Colney Hatch that, of all feminine occupations, that of *domestic servant* furnishes the greatest number of patients. Dr. Marshall, one of the medical officers, attributes the derangement of reason in these cases to that feeling of desperation which ensues upon the 'notice to quit.' The woman braves it out; and after an exhibition of insolence and effrontery (in the spirit of which many, if not the large majority, will fling themselves out of the most respectable, comfortable, and envied situations, for the merest trifle that offends their vanity or checks their self-will)—rushes upon some new venture, and through recurrence of the same irritability and impatience of control, falls into moping melancholy, or, it may be, according to her constitution, mania. It has been observed that this should be a caution to mistresses! This is to put the saddle on altogether the wrong horse: it ought to deter ser-

vants from giving way to the impulses of ill-humour and conceit.

A very large class of Salpetrière semi-idiots is composed of women who, in a short career of debauchery, drink ardent spirits to excess; and before the age of forty years contract *delirium tremens*. The number of these has increased fearfully since the introduction of Absinthe into the cordials sold to the lower classes: and hundreds of women under the age of fortyfive are sent into the Salpetrière labouring under the worst forms of hysterical disorder verging upon mania; the result of grossly vicious habits that are rendered all the surer causes of early death by hard drinking and continual dissipation. It was painful to learn how many wretched wives are consigned to this asylum, maddened by the ill-treatment of their profligate and infamous husbands. Indeed, it was but too suggestive of Milton's "Lazar House of Woe."

After some conversation on these points, my guide proposed to show a few of the most remarkable instances of derangement of intellect: an inspection which I felt would prove the more interesting after so recent an insight into that forlorn condition among the males at Bicêtre. The most remarkable of these was a fat old woman, who had been in the asylum eighteen years. She had acquired the sobriquet of 'Dame Science;' for she was continually babbling

about philosophy and politics and national greatness. She fixed her eyes on me, as she said:—'How can a realm attain to greatness without Monarchy? Can the common multitude hold sovereign rule? Can mobs make laws, or administer laws? [I wished she could have delivered a lecture at Rochdale, and given Mr. Bright "a bit of her mind!"] Genius must mount. Genius must at last be in the ascendant. You shall have a Republic; but, what then? There *must* be some one exercising the chief rule. Why not let *one*, the best one, wear the crown? Mind will dominate (doit dominer). Errors in political economy are fatal to the growth of power in a State. True philosophy ought to have sway. Philosophy is a necessity for men of reason. Philosophy and Republics! Ah! Dieu! Que feront pour nous autres les cochons?' All this was addressed to me, in whom she found, as a special God-send, a willing and, I may certainly add, an astonished hearer. Her peroration about the 'pigs,' as she took leave of Republicanism and the tendencies of that arch-evil Democracy, was charming. Oh! for one hour with Beales, M.A.! I concluded she had lost her reason [though reason in this case might more correctly be said to have been *clouded*,—not lost] in the exciting troubles and tumults of 1848. Her detention here was dated from that period.

Another woman, about fifty-six years of age,

of no common aspect, sad, moody and morose, believed herself to be the only lady entitled to bear the title of Empress of the French: and she invariably occupied the first seat in the row where I found her sitting. Her name was Marceau. While I was standing with my eyes intently fixed upon her, she jumped up a foot, at least, from the chair, as if a marron firework had exploded under it. This occurred twice. (There is a woman now at Colney Hatch who speaks of herself as being a queen.) As I left this room for the next, another woman, about fifty years old, came up to me saying, 'Je vive encore; et je vivrai;—mais Le Supreme m'a brulé. Je le regards, moi, en ennemi.' This was her constant exclamation: she believed herself to have been scorched by lightning, and that it had been the design of Heaven to destroy her thus; but here she was, nevertheless: and she looked on the Supreme Being as her declared enemy!

My guide then showed me a woman whom no persuasion could induce to sit; and another who was equally pertinacious in refusing to stand up! I had seen two cases of this in our Bethlehem Hospital. A third resolutely refused to eat; and the house-surgeons were daily constrained to introduce tubes through her nostrils and inject strong gravy soup into her stomach by this passage to the throat. Then came one who,

when spoken to, returned no answer, ask what one might,—but simply echoed the words addressed to her.

My guide now led me up to a vast woman, so like a man in shape and features that had I been informed of a veteran of sixty years, one of my own sex, having in his madness attired himself in female habiliments, I should at once have pointed to this extraordinary personage. She was clad in a light grey cloth gown; and her long silvery grey hair hung in thick clusters down her back. I made a drawing of her superb head, which was of almost 'heroic' proportions. She informed me that she was married when fourteen years of age. It was too early to marry: but her husband was a kind good creature: 'un bon enfant.' Would I like to see him? 'Oh! certainly: by all means.' I saw no more of her for twenty minutes, and pursued my inspection. At the expiration of that interval, she brought to me almost the very counterpart (except as to largeness of head) of herself, and introduced 'Monsieur mon Mari,' with a very good grace. 'Je vous en felicite,' I said—and she looked at the old 'ditto' at her side, with gracious complacency!

Then passed by me a woman of forty years of age, wearing a broad hat, very Swiss-like; all around which she had arranged heath-flowers. She was pitiably thin. Throughout the day she

paced the ward and the exercise ground, babbling about roses, lilies, violets, &c., and had won the distinctive appellation of 'La Botaniste.' I could not learn on the spot the origin of this mental alienation, and regret I did not subsequently, in my long conversation with Dr. Delasiauve, inquire into it.

At a few paces' distance another poor creature was pacing to and fro, singing in very loud tones, and so wildly! It was a voice of extraordinary compass and of most touching sweetness. It recalled to me poor Giuglini's case. I had been interrupted three times, while looking at these varieties of mind overthrown, by a woman forty-seven years of age, who conceived me to be a personage invested with authority and influence sufficient to secure for her a speedy and satisfactory judgment of Court in Paris, in the matter of a dispute with her landlord, who, in concert with a 'mauvais sujet,' a locksmith, had ejected her from the house she had long occupied in Batignolles, on pretence of some missing keys.

She said her name was Emilie Noel; that she was the widow of one Blondel, and that the house where she ought to be still resident, instead of being locked up in this 'enceinte detestable,' was situate at No. 19 Rue Cadinet in Paris. She urged that the landlord must have been well aware that the locksmith was, as every one knew, 'un infame:' that she had been an

excellent tenant: that there had never been a dispute or difference between them: what was it to her if certain bars and bolts had been displaced? She had purloined nothing; taken down nothing. That locksmith, 'le scelerat!' would never come to a good ending. But I,—if I would but take up the case—I might set all the matter right at once: and she might then return to Paris. 'Je vous en prie, Docteur! Faites ma cause votre affaire! It is a good house, and suits me well. Never mind those trumpery locks! Yet what a rascal "ce vieux Leonard" was! Did I know him, by chance? Well! n'importe! Only settle this little difference with my landlord: he is a "bon homme." *You* can turn him round: and then I shall get away from this abominable dull place.' I have heard wonderful performances with female tongues, and testified that scolds and scamps of the tender (!) sex can 'speak with most miraculous organ'; but I never heard such volubility as this woman's. I suppose mania lent a non-natural impulse to enunciation. As for *my* getting a word in—[and I know something, too, about the use of the wedge in colloquy]—it was as though I were attempting to quiet a South-Wester off Dover: so I nodded and nodded and smiled very acquiescingly, and was glad enough to follow my guide to a few more cases. Half an hour afterwards up came Emilie—thrice armed, as she sup-

posed, who had her quarrel just—and fortified, this time, with half a sheet of somewhat crumpled note paper,—not a very unfit representative of her own mind—on which she had, with pencil, traced in very tolerable handwriting the following words:

"25 Juillet.

"MONSIEUR,

"Je vous suplits de me reclamé le plutot posible dieu vous benira.

"EMILIE NOEL,
"VEUVE BLONDEL.

"Je vous salus.

"Rue Cadinet 79, Batigno."

She had been a very good-looking woman in early life, and though in denouncing others her utterance was vehement 'à outrance,' her manner to me was deferential and calm. Even after placing the note in my hands (which I still possess), she kept her glaring eyes fixed on me from a considerable distance; then made a slow circuit and hovered about, as though intent on another look or another word; and she succeeded. Her last utterance was emphatic:—'N'oubliez pas!'

My conductor said, 'Oh! she is a very troublesome subject: and if the weather should become wet again, and chilly, nothing will quiet her tongue. We shall have that landlord and locksmith all the month of August.' There is just such another female patient at Colney Hatch.

I went into the buildings and walked through the dormitories. They are well ventilated, and displayed considerable tidiness and propriety. The principal sleeping apartment is ninety-five feet long, twentyfive wide and fourteen high. I counted twentyfive beds in it, made up with straw and wool mattresses. (They are inferior to those at Earlswood, which are of horsehair.) These bedsteads stand upon oak-battened flooring: but the central passage of the room is laid in octagonal tiles. There are upper and lower windows in it; fourteen on either side. While going through the bedrooms,—such, at least, as there was time to see,—[for those appropriated to the Aliénés exceed seventy, even in the adult department]—I asked how they managed to keep the noisy patients in any degree of order during the night, so as to secure sleep and rest for the quiet inmates. My conductor said that before I quitted the premises I should see the 'Chalets.' This was a provision to meet the very case which had appeared to me worthy of inquiry. At length, having walked through a quarter of a mile of distributed dormitories, I descended, and after a glance at the vast kitchens and sculleries, all which, it may be inferred, must be on a colossal scale—(for, as I said before, there are nearly fourteen acres of roofage)—I was conducted into a large yard, walled round, and comprising about two acres and a half, laid in tolerably good

gravel. Dispersed about this enclosure were twelve small brick-built lodges, about the size of one of our largest village 'lock-ups.'—Each was fitted up with an oak-battened floor, well polished, and with a bed. A window admitted light and air: and there was also a small grating for the admission of warm air from a stove erected outside. The floor, by measurement, appeared to be about nine feet square. The lodge, interior, nine feet high. Into these lodges the nurses lead, at nightfall, those patients who habitually shout, laugh, shriek, or sing during the night. They are locked in: and let their irritability and clamorous paroxysms be ever so violent, no disturbance arises therefrom. A watchman patrols the enclosure; and on the return of daylight the doors of the lodges are opened.

It seemed to me a very considerate and humane arrangement; but I understood Dr. Down to express a different opinion when I saw him at Earlswood, and mentioned it as having been in force for nearly thirty years. No such separation from the dormitories has yet been attempted at Bicêtre. One circumstance occurred to me as involving some difficulty. The arrangement provided for twelve patients only out of nearly two thousand. Probably less troublesome subjects are disposed of in certain apartments shut off from the general range.

Before I quitted the adult department, I was

taken to a section of it in which were exhibited the remains of the OLD SYSTEM of treatment. There were mouldy walls, barred windows, stone floors;—cells only ten feet wide and eight feet six inches high: without any stove. There were cribs or berths on either side, resembling those in the fourth rate merchant vessels;—enclosed by strong wooden bars and padlocks,—so as to present the appearance of the cages in which panthers and small leopards are confined in Zoological Gardens. The contrast was, indeed, most forcible; and we could not but feel the greatness of that Mercy which had moved men's hearts to deal more humanely than of old with the most hapless and wretched of all their fellow-creatures. As intelligence and vital religion, however, gained ground, these enormities and grossest of all errors in judgment have been rectified everywhere; our own asylums and prisons exhibiting no light proofs of the 'more excellent way' in which national charity has cared for the wretched. The existence of the insane in the ordinary 'madhouses' of the last century must have been a living death; and this under every variety of torment and suffering of body and mind. In the lunatic asylums of the present day there appears to be, so to speak, an *entente cordiale* between the patients and their guardians and protectors; and in very numerous instances so great an attachment has been thus

formed to the home where care and kindness have done their best, that many a *detenue* leaving it for the domestic hearth, or for less endearing domiciles, has, like 'the prisoner of Chillon,' regained that freedom with a sigh.

I was now about to leave the grounds where the adults were enjoying air and exercise,—in order to visit the section of the young below the age of eighteen years. My guide went forward, keys in hand, to a great gate through which we were to pass into the first exercise-yard for the children. As I followed her, I perceived a very large crowd of crazy women gathering around me, and evincing a very earnest desire to change the scene by accompanying me into the adjoining premises. There must have been fifty or sixty, at least; of every grade and phase of insanity. Many raised their voices, as boys do who clamour outside a door where they desire, and, in fact, intend, to be admitted. Some threw up their arms, shouting and demanding to be noticed. Others laughed, and seemed to think there must be some jollity they might share! I saw some standing at gaze; some pressing the napes of their necks with clasped hands; or pressing their hands against their foreheads. Here and there I heard wails of distress, and caught the glances of several who exhibited the most affecting impersonation of wild and miserable despair. Among them I recognised the voice of poor

Noel! 'N'oubliez pas!' It was a very affecting spectacle. I thought of Dante's 'Lasciate ogni speranza'! and of Homer's description, through the narrative of Ulysses, in the Odyssey, of the shades of the dead thronging around the hero in the realms of Pluto! I knew myself indeed to be in the land of the living: but these hapless ones seemed in that moment to be in a separate state of existence: every countenance bespoke a sense of dark, blank, and joyless desolation; and there was written therein lamentation and mourning and woe.

The first glance I caught of the IDIOT CHILDREN was in one of the class rooms appropriated for the instruction of these unfortunates in reading and writing. The matronly personage who now became my conductress designated them as semi-idiots:—*i.e.*, they were in that state of mental alienation which under judicious treatment begins gradually to subside, and is superseded by power of thought and of imbibing ideas: consequently, by a capacity to learn the rudiments, and to retain a considerable amount, of useful knowledge. The oldest girl was about sixteen years of age: the youngest, seven. They read fluently. An assistant teacher gave me to understand that they had just finished a lesson in parsing. The word, considering where we were, sounded almost ludicrous. Some of our 'fast' and 'loud' young ladies, who are supposed to be of sound intellect, would,

I suspect, come off very badly in such a scrutiny. These *half-silly* acquitted themselves wonderfully. They discriminated the definite and indefinite articles, and the *relative* pronoun. When one little creature began to read a sentence of which the fifth, sixth and seventh words were 'une bonne chose,' I asked her what part of speech *une* was. *A.* The article for the feminine gender. And *bonne?* *A.* An adjective of quality. And *chose?* *A.* A noun substantive. Among several at the further end of the class, whose features indicated greater intelligence than beamed in those on my right hand and left, I noticed a girl intently eyeing the pages open before her, and seeming to be much interested in a stranger taking in hand the afternoon lessons. The matron, at my suggestion, brought her within two yards of the place I was occupying, and informed me of her name being Tyrrell: probably of English extraction. As every encouragement was given to religious examination, I asked this girl who was the Creator of the world. *A.* God. *Q.* God, the all-seeing? *A.* Yes: He from whom nothing is hid. He sees me always. *Q.* Who is Jesus Christ? *A.* Jesus Christ is the Son of God. *Q.* He lived and died: How did He die? and where liveth He still? *A.* He died upon a cross: He is living in Heaven above. (She uplifted her eyes).

I now whispered to the matron—'Do you

affirm this girl to be IDIOTE?' The reply was: 'Non pas idiote; elle est imbecile.' This imbecility might, of course, be observable out of school,—*(hors de discipline)*—and I ventured not to ask for the indications: but, one would suppose the perceptive faculties in this case were in healthy action, and the mind so amenable to every enlightening process of treatment and beneficial influence as to warrant liberation from any sort of asylum. But these very individuals often deceive the casual beholder; and when placed upon the footing of free agents commit themselves, and prove the sad necessity of surveillance.

Another girl of thirteen was reading admirably words of three syllables. I asked her of what gender was the word 'Robe.' *A.* Feminine. *Q.* And 'Jambe.' *A.* Feminine. The matron told me, in a whisper, this child had entered the Salpetrière quite an idiot: and, indeed, was now among the imbeciles. I asked whether she had any knowledge of religion. 'Demandez,' was the reply. I accordingly asked, 'Who was the Mother of Christ?' *A.* Mary the Virgin. *Q.* Whose Son is Christ? *A.* The Son of God.

WE may hope that God will ordain strength for these apt learners as they advance under their present training. Their physical constitution may render them always weakly subjects, and

liable to occasional clouding of the intellect; but light is breaking in upon them, and their own efforts will, as life advances, co-operate with the labour of those who have already done so much, and are intent on effecting very much more. 'Now,' said I, 'I should be glad to see the Writing.' Hereupon a tall girl of highly-intelligent countenance and really handsome features, about sixteen years of age, and upwards of five feet five inches in height, stepped across the room, and returned with a heap of copy-books. While she was absent, at the instance of the teacher, whose signal she instantly understood,—the matron quietly observed to me,—'These cahiers (copy-books) will afford you an excellent opportunity of perceiving how the intellect begins to develop itself. Some of them are mere exercises in the use of the pen: some are written from dictation; but you must particularly examine those which the girl has been invited and encouraged to write without prompting or guidance of any kind.' (I have several of these in my possession.)

The first I took into my hands was endorsed thus:

1re classe. Marguerite Hofemester.

No. 3, 2nde division. Mois de Juillet, Année 1866.

L'Eté

Cahier de Dictées et Copie.

Before I turned a leaf, the matron, taking out her pencil, wrote, unperceived of the girl, these words on the endorsement: 'Idiote: semi-imbecile.'! On the page overleaf was written, 'Style pour raconter la douleur que nous a fait éprouver la maladie d'un pasteur.' I now learned that the teacher had dictated the letter here subjoined, three weeks previously;—and Marguerite had written sentence by sentence from her words. It was addressed to her mother.

"Bonne Mère—

"Je t'écris ces deux mots pour te dire que mon Confesseur est bien malade, et cela me fait bien de la peine. Je prie Dieu chaque jour pour lui, je fais mes prières chaque jour, soir et matin. On l'a administré et on lui a donné le Saint Sacrement; tantot il va mieux, tantot il n'est pas bien. Il nous à fait dire à Mademoiselle que l'on prie bien pour lui, et qu'il nous donnait sa benediction. Si tu savais comme on est triste de ne pas le voir. Adieu, bonne mère."

Now, though this is but an exercise, it is no mean performance in the day of small things that is bringing forward the semi-imbecile thus early in the dawn of reason, and giving promise of a capacity to pass the residue of life among the sane.

The next, however,—of which I retain the

original—was written, without any dictation or guidance or correction—by one whose name, Mlle. Léonie Pestyn, is registered among the semi-imbeciles. It is addressed to her mother, who read it afterwards in the asylum. She is of a higher grade in society.

The entries made on the first page comprise the month, the year, and the season, the Zodiacal sign (!) and the century:—by favour, we may suppose, of some almanac. I leave the punctuation just as it stands in the original manuscript:—

[TRANSLATION.]

"GOOD MOTHER—

"I haste to write to tell you that in the night of Saturday and part of Sunday there broke out at midnight a terrible fire quite close to our house, a large barn filled with forage for horses, a granary, and four houses were destroyed. Two men lost their lives, and one of the firemen had his eyes scorched. Several of the animals broke loose. O good mother, what distress there was. The poor people were obliged to throw their clothes out of window hoping to save just so much as would be most needful for them. Think good mother of the fright and terror we felt when we learned what misfortune had befallen them. We could not sleep for fear lest the fire should reach our dwellings, it was so very near. The firemen

staid all night, and all next day, putting out the fire, for good mother they had terrible work to do in trying to put out the flames, and then they were obliged to remain all the next day and try to find the unhappy beings who were lost in the fire. O good mother what a dreadful calamity is such a fire. I trust God will preserve us from it, for there is nothing more shocking than to see all that one has, all one's movable property consumed by fire, and these poor people never thought that such a misfortune would befal them. Many particles of the burning hay and sparks from the houses fell into our courtyards. O good mother our hearts were trembling with terror and with dread of ourselves too being destroyed in the flame. Adieu my good mother. I kiss you heartily, my heart is full of affection. Thy daughter who loves thee and who will never forget thee, "LÉONIE PESTYN EUGÉNIE."

I am sure I need offer no excuse for the insertion of this letter. If imbecility can produce such missives, what ought not to be expected from those who have grown up in the bosom of domestic life, sitting and clothed and in a right mind?

I have another lying by me,—the copybook of Isabelle Dujardin:—May 1866, entered as 'Quite imbecile.' The teacher, nevertheless, has succeeded in enabling her to write a very fair

hand, as the MS. in my possession testifies. She, too, wrote from dictation a few lines relative to the dying chaplain:

'Chère maman je te dirai que mon conffeseur [sic] est bien malade;'—and goes on to mention her teacher as 'mademoisselle.' But the error in the word 'confesseur' and the last named were the only two in several lines. She, too, had endorsed her copy-book with the zodiacal sign for the month, and with a memorandum that the days had increased in length an hour and sixteen minutes!

Another copy-book, the first pages of which only had been used, exhibited this somewhat melancholy sentence, in a tremulous text hand: 'O Dieu! ma bouche balbute!'

The girls of this class were then ranged, in a semi-circle, for singing. They sang in correct time, and strange to say (considering that they were French), in *tune*, also. The associations, however, were very painful. Tones of melody coming upon the ear from the insane, or from imbeciles bordering on insanity, sound strange and inappropriate. Sterne's 'Maria' is connected in our memory with 'the sweetest notes' he 'ever heard'—but the most charming song warbled by an idiot can but awaken tearful pity: a discordant strain excites horror.

On this occasion, albeit they were said to be singing a hymn, I should have requested a post-

ponement, but for a slight circumstance which so completely drew off my attention and changed the tendency of my thoughts, as to render the chant easily bearable. This lay in the tune itself. The words were indeed those of invocation: they comprehended a prayer to Christ: but, before the girls had proceeded through eight bars, I felt sure I had heard that tune long, long before; but what was it? It was French. To what words had I heard it sung? And with what utterly dissimilar application and reference? They had finished the hymn, in two stanzas, before memory came to my aid, and then what should the air prove to be but

'Un troubadour en partant pour la guerre.'

Many of my readers will recall this popular 'romance,' which ran its course from the Vaudeville Theatre to our drawing-rooms, and thence to the pavement and 'grinders' some forty two years since; and may imagine the *frémissements* with which I heard substituted for 'ce valiant troubadour' in the refrain, the words 'ce grand, ce bon et seul Sauveur!'

I ventured to observe that I had heard this tune before, but not in connection with a religious subject. The matron said she supposed the teacher had discovered that some of the girls were singing the air, and had taught them to adapt it to the language of adoration rather than

that of romantic minstrelsy. I let it pass: but I think it was an error in judgment on the part of the teachers, who might have chosen out of hundreds of chorales and canticles, beautifully harmonized by composers of sacred music in Paris.

The girl Tyrrell was called up to repeat all the words without music. She went through the verses with wonderful fluency, and convinced me that she was making sure progress in intellect and right comprehension. We then moved off in a body to the large exercise yard called the Gymnasium.

My conductress said she had witnessed greater advances from idiotcy to intelligence since this diversion had been introduced than in the whole period antecedent. It had proved the means of quickening the capacity of even the dullest, to receive instruction. These out-door exercises in fine weather brought their bodily frames into a sounder condition of health; and with that great and all-important gain they made wonderful advances in mental improvement. The children acquired rapidly just that sense of discipline which was vital in the first beginning of tuition; and this, too, insensibly and delectably. Those who at first seemed passive and hardly capable of imitating the gestures and movements of a more energetic companion, became, by degrees, active; and the vigour or impulsiveness which enabled them to enjoy to the utmost all the sport

of the Gymnasium soon manifested itself in the class-room where their *minds* were brought into exercise; and their nervous system, strengthened by the muscular development ensuing from the daily outdoor amusement, gained power of memory and thought;—the main ingredients of study. 'Now,' continued she, 'you will see how a "petite, petite" will set the whole line of them in motion.' I must here, however, *par parenthèse* mention that, at the moment of our entering the Gymnasium, the whole number of them ran off together to a long low lodge, somewhat resembling those on our coast guard stations, which they entered, and where they remained for about five minutes, at the expiration of which they came forth bearing the semblance of boys rather than of girls;—for they had exchanged their skirts for white calico trousers, and had arrayed themselves in holland tunics with black leather bands or girdles,—with only nets on their heads to keep their hair secure;—and some of them were marvellously improved by the transformation. The tall girl of sixteen, especially—[she who had brought me the copy-book]—wore the aspect of a very handsome youth.

Thus habited, and with stout leather boots on their feet instead of indoor shoes, they formed in line, fronting the tall mast which is seen in all gymnasiums. The 'petite' who was to lead the sports took up her station, like the drill sergeant,

in front; and proved to be Tyrrell; the girl whose mental imbecility I had doubted in the class-room. She was now to vivify the less lively, and infuse activity into all. She began by extending her right arm, and calling out 'UN'! All arms were stretched forth, but twelve only of the eighteen repeated the word. Then she extended her left arm, calling out 'DEUX': and the action was imitated, and the word repeated. Then she held out both arms at once, and exclaimed UN, DEUX, with like result. The next movement was to hold both arms close to her sides, while she extended her right foot: and in a sort of chant she gave out UN, DEUX, TROIS;—followed very exactly by the others. Then, withdrawing the right foot, and extending the left, she sang out UN, DEUX, TROIS, QUATRE. She then held up both arms *above* her head, singing UN, DEUX, TROIS, QUATRE ET CINQ—*behind* her head, with UN up to SIX; changing thus these semaphore-like actions, and intoning, with many more notes, her chant till she had reached DIX. Hereupon, as she turned herself half round, the others imitated her, and then resumed their position. She now ran to the mast, and called out SIX: upon which the six 'off' girls made for the mast, from which, as usual, depended six ropes. Each of the six who had left the line, seized a rope and began to run round in the circle: the wheel revolving at top soon favoured the gyra-

ration, and in less than two minutes three of them were whirling round;—their feet scarcely touching the ground;—to their intense delight. As one by one relinquished a rope, her place was taken by another, till the whole of the eighteen, the dullest in common with the liveliest,—(Here lay the excellence of the sport, for ulterior good influence)—had run round and round till the perspiration on their foreheads gave the surest signal for bringing the fun to its close. I felt a glow, myself—of happiness, to see the poor creatures enjoy anything so heartily. 'N'ai-je pas bien dit?' said the matron, who had not quitted my side: 'Voilà les actions reglées qui amènent l'intelligence.' The exercise of their *forces physiques*, she said, leads them on to the exercise of their *facultés spirituelles*. One of the party then ran off to the long lodge and brought out some dumb-bells; and another came out with a slender wooden rod resembling a short spit, up and down the length of which travelled a lignum-vitæ ball, accordingly as the rod was held upward or downward. Those who were using the dumb-bells sang a sort of sing-song resembling the UN, DEUX, of the movements. All appeared very active and lively, and, beyond any doubt, very happy. Sixty years ago these poor creatures would have been moping in dark corners and muttering nonsense,—

—"Unlesson'd girls, unschool'd, unpractis'd."

Nowadays, in the very disport of their morn, noon, and evening exercise, their guardian trainers create fresh capacity for improvement.

Perceiving their readiness to take up musical cadence, I inquired whether any endeavours had been made to teach Music. Some young women, it seems, and a few girls, had evinced aptitude which encouraged the Director to introduce pianofortes; and this interlude in the day's occupations had proved most welcome, so as to make them exceedingly docile and ready under instruction. Those who, having been originally sane, were endued with taste for music, and especially such as had cultivated it to great extent, have always been found to recur to it with rapture, as Reason began to resume her sway: not but that Lunatics and Idiots are observed, for the most part, to assume an attentively listening attitude at the first sounds of loud and pleasing music. I thought of our venerated George III. The English Asylums report the inability of any inmates to learn music.

I inquired whether they had Fête days and anniversaries, as at Colney Hatch, Hanwell, and Earlswood, where such jubilee days and nights are delightful to hear of. The great Fête at the Salpetrière is held in September. In the Carnival time there is a Fancy Ball (!), and many scores of the inmates appear in costumes *à faire rire*. The officials, however, alone are present;

and *no strangers* are on any pretext admitted; not even the nearest relatives.

The inmates rarely quit the premises to visit their homes: and those who, from time to time, are fetched away to pass a brief interval in the home where they had lived in worse plight, physical and mental, are always delighted to re-enter the Asylum. I inquired, also, whether the Parisian ladies, many of whom are most benevolent in aiding the sick and needy, made periodical visits to the Insane. The answer was 'Never.' On my expressing considerable surprise, the Matron said it was no want of sympathy, nor of the sense of Christian duty: they were *afraid* to encounter the many forms of insanity in their own sex: but many Austrian, German, Swedish, and American ladies came in, at various periods, and always seemed to inspect the inmates and the premises with earnest curiosity.

We had now gone the rounds, and as I walked with the Lady Governess in chief who had for so long a time been at my side, towards the vast Court of Entry, which I had crossed when beginning the inspection, I asked her many questions bearing upon her experience of the usefulness of the systems in force; her own notions of management, and her difficulties and trials among so many *enfans terribles* in the multitudinous family under her superintendence. It is not for me to publish such confidential communications: but I

perceive there are many *theories*, and these would lead to very different *practice* as to the wisest and best treatment of Insanity in all its phases. Dr. Delasiauve, the Physician in Chief for the young 'Aliénés,' held me in long discourse upon this theme, and I shall close this Chapter with the observations based on his wide experience. Madame, however, whom I was now about to leave, interested me not a little by one of her answers to my questions on the subject of moral control. She said that the most efficacious check the teachers and attendants were accustomed to use in repressing wilful or vicious tendencies was to imbue the offender with the belief that haply she might find herself transformed in a moment into one of the lower animals!

On the other side of the picture,—no human tenderness can exceed the affection with which, as reason begins to dawn, and sharpened intelligence takes note of passing scenes and events and appreciable actions, the reclaimed idiot and quickened imbecile acknowledge care and kindness. The convalescents, as they may be termed, emerging from fatuity, abstraction, silence, and little better than mere physical existence, recognize with happy consciousness, most deeply felt (though *never* by words expressed), the efforts made to ameliorate their condition and place them on a level with those of their race and sex who are manifestly under no restraint, and de-

barred by no inborn disadvantages. 'They cling to us,' said my conductress, 'with a tenderness which more than requites our most arduous labours and anxieties; and their sorrow, when they perceive they have given offence, is touching and painful in the extreme. Without such delightful manifestations of positive and ever increasing good, our routine of care and multiplied responsibilities would be saddening indeed." Thus terminated my visit to La Salpetrière. It was one of the most interesting episodes in a stay in Paris that a man on his travels could wish for.

After this, I held a long and interesting conversation with Delasiauve, who is even at the present date in correspondence with me, and has laid before me many of the deliberate opinions and convictions he has reached in his daily insight into the varying conditions of upwards of six hundred afflicted, of either sex. He ranges alienation of intellect under many categories, which, though one borders very closely on another, require to be considered singly, and will not admit of one and the same mode of treatment. In reply to my questions on SEMI-IDIOTIC and SEMI-IMBECILE subjects, he bade me keep in mind these definitions:—1. Weakness of intellect in combination with debility of mental perception. 2. That amount of incoherence in reasoning which leads to conceptions inconsistent with moral self-government.

Here we have error in perception: incapacity in understanding: defect in intuitiveness: instinct or impulse in the place of reflection. Whereas, the range of sound intellect and *morale* brings into action the power of fixing the attention,—the use of a retentive memory, of correct judgment and thoughtful consideration.

Imbecility, then, must ever mark the individual whose condition, originally characterized by the above-mentioned defects, has nevertheless been ameliorated. Throughout existence he will always be in need of that voice which should direct his course—[How exactly this is expressed by Isaiah, chap. xxx, v. 21. 'Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, this is the way, walk ye in it,' &c., &c.]—and here lies his imbecility: he is below the level of the man whose mind has never been otherwise than healthy and right. In dealing with this deficient individual, we are to bring into use all that he, nevertheless, has in him. The germ of a tolerably correct discernment may not be wanting. Amiability of disposition and aptitude to imbibe knowledge may only be latent: for, although there may have been something wrong in the bodily condition, even from birth, that faulty condition is in no respect fatal to the development of much that may be not only highly energetic but excellent, also, in mind; and this is to be utilized.

If, on the other hand, no effort be made to

elicit these powers, there is great peril of age inducing a state of being closely approximating to idiotcy: whereas science and charity might do so much for such an individual as to limit his disadvantage to only so much as is implied in SEMI-IMBECILITY.

Adopting this view, I cannot but think the use of the term 'IDIOT' should be much more restricted. The crude meaning of it in our language is certainly referable only to individuals actuated by instinct rather than by reason—incapable of any intelligent communication with the sane; unconscious of the moral obligations of civilized beings; irresponsible to law,—unaccountable for their actions.

But this is not the status of even one tenth of the collective number of the inmates of Bicêtre, Salpetrière, Earlswood, or Colney Hatch. I would render the Greek *Idiotes* as "an individual in a peculiar condition of being, which, while it remains unimproved, places him apart,—in privacy as it were,—and disqualifies him to hold a place in the community at large."

Such a person, nevertheless, is not *vi termini* either senseless or witless. The IDIOT of whom I have adduced samples may have in himself (or herself) all the best feelings of humanity. By nature he may be kind, pure, docile, patient, generous, affectionate; though all these qualities may have been depressed, repressed, smothered,

and kept in utter obscurity by the influences of corporeal derangement: just as certain diseases destroy sight, hearing, smell, taste, and sense of touch. These good qualities may be said to have suffered shipwreck with the bodily structure; but we are not to infer that they never existed, still less despair of bringing them into activity by judicious treatment, in which the body—'fons et origo mali'—should be primarily considered and administered to.

> **Man well may pray for these two gifts combined—**
> **Sound health of body, with as sound a mind.**

Much as I saw to admire in the French Asylums, I would not select the maxim of Juvenal to sum up all that has been here said upon this interesting subject without these few words from the representatives of the Medical Board both at the Bicêtre and Salpetrière,—"The establishment at Earlswood is far ahead of us: the management incomparable: the success wonderful."

CHAPTER VII.

VERSAILLES AND PORT ROYAL.

IN the day of our military occupation of Paris, a French postilion assured me he considered himself to have *très bien conduit*,—driven me very well—in conveying me with two horses attached to a light cabriolet from the Rue Vivienne to the Palace of Versailles within two hours and a quarter: the distance being twelve miles. The journey, as is well known, is now accomplished by railway in twenty minutes; whether along the left or the right bank of the Seine: and a very delectable ride it is.

I wish our railway directors, or the contractors in their employ, in all parts of England, had from the first displayed the taste that characterizes the iron ways in France, in the matter of plantations. It is not an exaggeration to affirm that the young acacia trees are distributed in millions along the banks, from the precincts of the terminus to the extremity of the line, be it twenty or two hundred

miles in length,—interspersed with shumac, lilac, and spruce fir-trees.

Our shrubberies and parks attest how freely the acacia will grow, even in dry chalky soil, with or without rain: and no one can have travelled from the coast to the capital, land where he might, without noticing the charming effect of the foliage of this beautiful tree; not only where it decorates and enlivens the stations, but also in many a long mile, in deep cuttings, even, on the right and left of the road.

Delectably enough does this living green border exhibit its liveliness as we take the route for Asnières and Puteaux. Let the traveller who starts in a brilliant sunshine in spring or summer, on the line skirting the right bank of the Seine, take special care to place himself next to the door of his carriage, with his back to the engine, and keep a sharp look out for the Courbevoie station, and then gaze on the picture open to his view all the way to the next station, Puteaux.

It is one of the most beautiful prospects of distant Paris that the eye can rest on: for, not only is the horizon studded with the prominent features of the capital, but the intermediate country exhibits a coloured map of not only all that is rich and attractive in the ever varying face of God's earth, but of all that is interesting and agreeable to contemplate in man's husbandry and domiciles.

This living picture continues up to Suresnes; and even there the traveller must not withdraw his gaze till he has taken due notice of the red brick built château and grounds not long since completed for one of the Parisian millionaires, the internal comforts of which may easily be believed to rival those of its near neighbour the old palace of St. Cloud. It is of very recent construction, on the most approved plans of English domestic architecture, which go far towards making the owner and occupant of such a mansion feel that he is "lodged like a king."

There is one new feature meriting all commendation, in the village of St. Cloud, beside the railway:—the new spire which surmounts the church-tower. It is of surpassing beauty, and reproduces the charming conceptions and consummate skill in masonry of the mediæval times. The elevation of the railway affords an ample insight, right and left, into the royal park; the village of Sèvres, down below, suggesting breakfast, dinner, and dessert services, flower vases, and boudoir ornaments, which may occupy the (lady!) mind, fancy free, through Viroflay and Montreuil right into Versailles.

And what amplification have we here, too! Versailles is grown into a city, with a population of forty thousand souls—where, just two centuries ago, stood a little village and a hunting-lodge! and he who now drives from the palace to the

railway station has to traverse a mile of ground covered with good streets laid out at right angles to one another. The Rue de la Pompe leading with three others into the Place Ronde, resembling the Circus at Bath, is as wide as Great Stanhope Street, Mayfair. Pumps, wells, conduits, reservoirs, and fountains are ever popular at Versailles, where water was once so scarce that Louis the Fourteenth went twenty miles in search of it; and Pump Street seems slily suggestive of that well-known fact! The Rue de l'Orangerie, too, leading out of the Avenue de Sceaux—that dire remembrancer of 1789 and the outburst of indignant feeling which led in the Great Revolution,— and the Rue de Satory, opposite to the Reservoir, are decidedly handsome streets: but everything in Versailles seems still to reflect the grandiose; and there is a stylishness in the town, turn where we may, suggestive of Le Grand Monarque and his inconceivable, never-revealed outlay upon the arid sandy plain now covered with palatial edifices and shining pavements: houses and dwelling-places which he thought should continue for ever,—and riches and honour which he hoped might endure from one generation to another,—unconscious as he was that even before he drew his last breath, enough had been done in waste of substance and riotous living, profligacy and extravagance, selfishness and despotism, to undermine all greatness in Royalty, and to render

detestable the very name of Aristocracy,—its grand and natural support,—even had Louis XV. been decent and discreet, and Louis XVI. as brave and resolute as he was chaste and good.

To make the circuit of that Museum of History,—the palace as it now is,—wherein the progress of time serves but to show, so far as the paintings attest it, that war seems to have been essential rather than incidental to the existence of France as a nation,—imposes severe fatigue through, at least, four hours: yet, the temptation to encounter such a penalty is irresistible, even though the visitor be an *habitué*. The fact is, inspection of the Palace of Versailles is no longer what it used to be fifty years since—a gazing survey of gilded chairs and sofas, painted ceilings, glittering girandoles, and multiplied mirrors. It comprises the illustration, in works of high art, of the most stirring incidents and gallantly earned triumphs of French campaigning; not only in the present century and towards the close of the last, but also from very early periods in European history: and, perhaps there is not in the world so extensive a series of really fine pictures, or of marbles dignifying the sister art of Sculpture, as here revive the recollections of nearly fourteen hundred years:—the statues leading up the educated mind from Clovis to Clotaire and Chilperic, and from Dagobert to Pepin and Charlemagne,

and so onwards from Louis le Debonnaire to Louis of the Restoration;—and thence to the reigning Emperor:—every notable character that rose to eminence in that strange eventful history of dark and enlightened times, of good and of evil, being here reproduced in chiselled biography, in the upper and lower galleries, which insists, as it were, on being heeded, marked, and learned, with an impressiveness more forcible than that of the most excellent writing. Casual and unread visitors evince more eagerness, nevertheless, to see the Galerie des Glaces, 240 feet in length, with its seventeen tall mirrors, and gilded trophies, than to linger among the statues below, where the most faithful accuracy in chronological arrangement has made these priceless galleries a positive luxury and joy to all who can appreciate such magnificent illustration. I was glad to behold, probably for the last time, the exquisite statue of Blanche of Castile: and, upstairs, a speaking bust of Marie Antoinette by Le Compte; and one of yet more thrilling interest of Madame Elizabeth, A.D. 1794. Le Brun's portrait of the unhappy Queen, which appeals to every heart that sympathises with her wrongs and unparalleled sufferings, is invaluable as having been painted in the summer of 1793, not long before she was arrested and consigned to the prison of the Conciergerie. This was in August. She was murdered in the October following.

The stranger, however, who enters for the first time these gorgeous saloons and galleries which Louis Philippe, considering them incompatible with the privacy that should be enjoyed in a royal residence, dedicated 'à toutes les gloires de la France,' at a cost of £600,000 sterling, is not called upon to dwell upon these saddening reminiscences. They belong to the last generation and to those men of the present who ever meditate mournfully on the closing decade of the eighteenth century: and I must forbear to digress. There are really delightful pictures to occupy thought for many long days consecutively, even on the ground-floor of this gorgeous palace. Among the foremost I marked the 'Coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims': poor Jeanne d' Arc standing close to him. There is a capital picture also of Jeanne raising the siege of Orleans; and the original one of François, Duc de Guise, accomplishing the same for Calais. I adverted to this in Chapter I. The French artists represent steel armour on their canvas with wonderful effect. The Crimean campaign is admirably illustrated; and the scale upon which these grand works of art have been executed, without stint as to dimensions or to the locality to be allotted to them (as in England but too often mars and renders valueless some of the most meritorious productions of true genius), is not only most conducive to freedom in style, but

to copiousness and exact fidelity in details: while many of our artists' most spirited drawings, grounded on those supplied by engineers and staff officers who were engaged on the scene of action, are eventually diluted into mere miniature painting, wherein the necessity of curtailment and compression forbids all that true to the life delineation which characterizes the French battle-piece,—simply for want of room to hang the picture in when completed. The Galerie des Batailles is nearly four hundred feet long; and Gerard's celebrated 'Battle of Austerlitz,' vast as it is, appears in this noble apartment, moderate in dimensions. There is a capital representation of the Battle of Alma, September 20th, 1854, and an equally impressive night scene in Rome, during the siege of 1849, from bastion No. 8: a pendant to which is a bird's eye view of that city, showing the modern fortifications and the course of the Tiber. The siege of Antwerp and that of Constantina are likewise eminent as representations of military action and peculiar scenery. The forcible seizure of the camp and harem of Abdel Kader in May 1843 is the subject of the largest picture I have ever seen. It is about seventy feet long and eighteen in height, and may be regarded, perhaps, as Horace Vernet's masterpiece. The well known Battle of Solferino, in which the Emperor on horseback, in advance of his staff, occupies a conspicuous

position, must be at least thirty feet long and twenty in height; and all Geron's talent pervades it. Here, as in the Malakoff piece, by Ivon, and many others depictive of the Russian and Italian campaigns, by Brager,—magnificent records of the prowess of the French arms under the reigning dynasty,—the artists have been allowed space enough to embody every incident and particular feature which eye-witnesses brought before them in their studio; and the impersonation of brave men, and the minutest details of the scenes they fought upon, have not been omitted as second rate considerations because such truthfulness and fidelity to fact would require two more square yards of canvas!

Appended to some of these immense paintings are etchings mounted on card, serving as a 'key,' in which are pointed out some sixty or seventy leading personages, whose features and names are thus handed down to admiring posterity: an excellent expedient for cherishing the love of country and devotedness to military service among tens of thousands of private soldiers who having entered the ranks as sullen and sorrowful conscripts, contract, with hardly conceivable acquiescence and contentedness, that *esprit de corps* which is all in all among fighting men; and assent with marvellous complacency to the specious 'Be of good cheer!' memento whispered to every man that forms a unit in the fighting

division, that he may have a Field Marshal's bâton in his knapsack: no rank, no honour being deemed too high for successful merit! Such spectators are here to be seen gazing with evident delight on these spirit-stirring delineations of successful strategy and indomitable valour; and pondering, perhaps, on the chances of *their* outlines being at some future day lithographed on the 'key' to this or that colossal illustration of 'dash' and desperate courage. Vernet and his compeers must have worked *con amore* on these gigantic labours, and it would be only ordinary discretion in respect of taste, and common charity towards the ungifted defunct, to remove from the walls those wretched daubs which disgrace the apartments closely adjoining the grand galleries, as 'Illustrations of the Victories of General Bonaparte's Army in 1800–11,' together with rubbish recording certain incidents in the reigns of Charles X. and Louis Philippe. As the doorkeeper said, when he saw how disgusted I was to find these miserable productions still on view —"Ah! voici les croutes!"—the mere dry crusts! which, after such a banquet as is laid out in the immediate vicinity, we cannot but turn away from with contempt. It is, indeed, a matter of astonishment that the commissioner charged with the arrangement and oversight of so many glorious works of Fine Art as are here treasured up for the admiration of Europe, should have

permitted such mere dross and pernicious alloy to occupy useful space; unless, indeed, to mark the wonderful progress of historical painting within the last half century.

The Palace of Versailles is now become a study; and the tourist intent upon a thorough enjoyment of all that modern art has achieved to render the twenty galleries of the right royal mansion the most interesting exhibition of its kind in Europe should devote a fortnight to the inspection;—four hours daily: and, as regards the statues, he should carry about with him a 'Chronology of France' from the fifth century upwards. It was no ordinary mind that classified and disposed these sculptured forms, and rendered them illustrative of the annals of fourteen centuries. I trust, however, that such an intellect and taste had nothing whatever to do in the disfiguration of the grand staircase where the niche containing an heroic statue of Louis XIV. faces another in which 'the Citizen-King' (as he was imbecile enough to style himself when truckling to Democracy) is to be seen habited in a rather ill made pair of, what would be called by the advertizer, 'Sydenham' trousers! The effigy of Napoleon, duly robed, occupying a recess between the two, and seeming to sneer scornfully at the bad taste of Orleans!

As I wended my way homewards, I glanced for the hundredth time, probably, at the memor-

able balcony overlooking the 'Cour de Marbre,' or great court-yard, where, on the 6th of October 1789, the king, queen, and royal children came forward at the command of the *canaille* of Paris, who insisted on their accompanying the rascally cavalcade of the 'Sovereign People' (!) to the capital. Versailles is but too painfully associated with memories which make every loyal and right minded man shudder at the mere mention of that class of the community who, in the abuse of wholly unmerited privileges, would now, as in 1790, as wantonly subvert God's own ordinance of distinctive ranks and conditions of men, as they would overthrow the Crown Land fences; and trample on their superiors in intelligence and station as they would tread down parterres, flower-beds, and shrubberies laid out for the peaceable enjoyments of the Public. If the evil-minded mob-leaders of our day are to share the destinies of the French demagogues who, one and all, fell beneath the hands of those they had roused up (with the cry of 'Reform!') into *Revolution*, they will do well to look out ahead; for to them there can be no 'good day coming.' History abounds with reaction.

WHOEVER has devoted more than ordinary attention and study to the history of France in the seventeenth century must be reminded, while sojourning at Versailles and calling up to imagination the magnificence, profusion, and luxury

that characterized the Court of Louis XIV., of that extraordinary outbreak of sentiment and temper in religion which, exactly two hundred years ago, attached a world-wide notoriety, if not, indeed, celebrity, to the seclusion of PORT ROYAL; a movement among the titled and wealthy of either sex that had shared the dissipation of Parisian high life, and revelled in all the extravagance and *abandon* of Versailles,—impelling a by no means insignificant number of their class to quit the scenes of such perilous enjoyments and betake themselves to a wooded valley lying at the distance of about eight miles South Westward of Versailles, where, four hundred and sixty years previously, the Lady Matilda of Montmorenci, wife of the Lord of Marli, had founded a nunnery and built a church, the architect of which (Robert de Luzarches) also designed Amiens Cathedral. Receiving zealous support in this design from Eudes de Sully, Archbishop of Paris, she established in A.D. 1206 a sisterhood that should observe the rigorous discipline of St. Benedict, and live and die unspotted by the world. This religious house, however, in the lapse of time, degenerated into a community of women as lax in habits of self-government as the generality of such proved at the close of the sixteenth century; and order and piety were only re-integrated when Marie Angelica Arnould, sister to the eminent scholar of whom mention

will be made a few pages further, reformed the establishment altogether; soon after which [A.D. 1684] she died in the odour of sanctity, upholding at the period of her decease the tenets and pretensions of Jansenism.

Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, whose doctrines Pope Innocent the Tenth had declared to be heretical (as well he might!), but which found numerous disciples in France, had at this period of time begun his celebrated Exposition of the doctrines of St. Augustine,—a work which occupied twenty years, and was not published till after his decease: and to the influences of this schismatical prelate's impeachment of the whole fraternity of Jesuits may be traced the eventual disappearance of Port Royal as a seat of Piety and learning from the face of the earth, after having attained a height of wealth, prosperity, and reputation to which Ecclesiastical history hardly affords a parallel. This dispersion both of the Convent and of the learned brotherhood who settled in close vicinity to it, was hastened by the accession of Jansen's bosom friend Duverger de Hauranne (otherwise known as the Abbé St. Cyran) to the headship of the learned body: for, in proportion as his fame as the expositor of Jansen's opinions attracted to the Valley of Chevreuse an annually increasing number of erudite and able scholars, whose published works in many an instance denounced the errors

and the corruptions of the Roman Catholic Church,—the Jesuits more especially,—so also did a fatal animosity gather more and more force in three minds intent on the annihilation of so hostile an authorship, and of all its *locus standi;* which accordingly came to pass when Cardinal de Noailles, on one hand, and Madame de Maintenon on the other, induced Le Grand Monarque to issue the *fiat* for its extinction which, in the year 1710, left hardly one stone upon another that might indicate the spot upon which once stood Port Royal.

The annals of this remarkable HOUSE are lengthy, but not uninteresting. Nevertheless, to the ecclesiastical writings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, not to these pages, shall I refer such of my readers as are disposed to handle what many might consider a dry subject. It will be my endeavour to narrate only so much of the history of this obscure and utterly forsaken *locale* as, from its singularity and attractiveness, induced me to make a pilgrimage to the Val Chevreuse, and involved me in adventure more than sufficient to complete this Chapter. Probably, the present century will close before another Englishman, if he have read my tale, will adopt the like resolution!

Between the year 1668 when the prosperity of PORT ROYAL was at its height, as a retreat of learning and piety, and 1709 when the Cardi-

nal, and Madame de Maintenon, and Louis XIV. dispersed by most summary ejection the whole of the inmates of the Convent, and broke up the brotherhood at La Grange, (which I will shortly describe,) is a period of upwards of forty years. It was in that comparatively brief interval that so many remarkable characters appeared upon the scene, and such demonstrations were made of the love of Retirement, in contrast with that of the World; and of devotedness to literary labour (in some instances even to Agricultural pursuits!), while the gay licentious crowd in the haunts of Fashion were wasting time, health, and wealth in folly and sin,—that, even at this distance of time, it may be worth while to devote a few paragraphs to the memoirs of this unique association for nothing but simple Good, in a wilderness so closely bordering on the headquarters of all and everything that was Evil.

While the Abbey still stood which, in primitive times, had only lodged idle drones in the persons of Cistertian nuns, but was now the unimpeached home of two hundred Religieuses whose life was without reproach, it entered into the minds of many of the most illustrious of the Aristocracy of France to enrich it with vast contributions, and to convert the premises into a Maison de Retraite for Lady recluses of large fortune who, taking upon them neither monastic vows nor habits, withdrew to this silent seclusion

from the outer world, to re-visit it only at long intervals, and to associate, meanwhile, sans peur et sans reproche, with a fraternity of high-born or highly-gifted intellectual men who here sought refuge from the turmoil and intrigues of Rank and Fashion in sedulous and really creditable study,—the productions of which acquired at an early date no light reputation in European literature. The Abbé St. Cyran had given the first impress of talent and scholastic authority to these works. Long before publicity was given to the Printing Press of Port Royal, he and his collaborateur Jansen had, as above stated, been earnestly engaged in collating the writings of St. Augustine with the whole volume of Scripture,—a work of deep research and conspicuous ability; —though we can hardly attach any value to the *scholia* or analytical essays of a student of Holy Writ so violent in his hatred of Protestantism as to make the sign of the Cross on every occasion of reference to an author favourable to the Reformed Religion! and, yet, his undisguised hostility to the disciples of Loyola had marked him as the *bête noire* of this brotherhood of PORT ROYAL, and in 1638 (the very same year in which Jansen died) Cardinal Richelieu threw him into prison at Vincennes, where he languished during five years, and survived his release by a few months only. The impelling motive for this act of severity lay in the dread of the hierarchy

that the Jansenists, who have been termed the Methodists of the Church of Rome, had, at least, contemplated the overthrow of the Church. This, however, was not at all their thought. St. Cyran, and Jansen also, and their adherents, were moderate Papists: they were more than this—they were moral men, who beheld with indignation the vice and corruption of the *Clergy*, —that seed plot of the disaffection which sprang up in full vigour at the Great Revolution.

Here, however, we lose sight of St. Cyran. He was succeeded by Arnauld, another eminent scholar, who, regardless of the intrigues and malice of the Jesuits, when they were urging Royalty itself to dispossess him of his well merited ascendancy, was the leading genius of Port Royal for thirty years; during which period he translated 'The Confessions of St. Augustine,' 'The Lives of the Saints,' and 'Josephus'; and wrote the memoirs of his own times, with several other minor publications, the fruit of delightful retirement and leisure.

This was shared by that most remarkable of all the philosophers of France, Blaise Pascal,—who, before his fine intellectual powers gave way under self mortification and superstitious abstinence, sent forth from the silent glades of Port Royal those celebrated 'Provincial Letters' which, under the signature of 'Louis Montalto,' denounced to the world at large the glozing lies

and casuistries of Jesuitism;—to the unprecedented injury and indignation of that wily society. This was he of whom Bayle spoke as being one of the sublimest geniuses the world ever produced: and of whom many of my readers may have seen the statue in the vaulted space at the base of the noble tower of St. Jacques in the Rue de Rivoli;—for it was in this very tower that Pascal in the year 1657, being then only twentyfour years of age, conducted his experiments on atmospheric pressure; confirming Torricelli's theory—which originated the barometer,—and extending the repute of his own youthful sagacity throughout enlightened Europe. His sister and niece were professed nuns in the convent of Port Royal: and, perhaps, of all the highly gifted scholars that were at one time numbered in the crowd of recluses here domiciled in the close neighbourhood of the nuns, Pascal was the most illustrious. Sickly and ascetic as he was, he fled from the world not only to share solitude and leisure with such men as Arnauld d'Andilly, and many others of transcendent abilities and undoubted piety,—sworn foes to Papal deceit and despotism—but, also, that he might obtain ease and quiet for a frame fast sinking into premature decay. In the gardens and orchards of La Grange he conversed with Racine, whose grandfather had placed him at Port Royal till he should be qualified for college; and with Fon-

taine, also, who was there about the year 1650, when the celebrated Nicole was a teacher in Classics, in the lecture hall of Port Royal. There was then a numerous brotherhood in Val Chevreuse; living in all good fellowship with many gentlemen of rank and fortune who occupied with them a large farm house, still extant, on a spot in the close vicinity of the Abbey. This house was called at that time, as now, La Grange, and constitutes the 'local habitation' of these men of 'name' whose works are with us to this day. [I much regret having lost a bulky "Greek Grammar edited by Messieurs du Port Royal."] Such dissociation from the site of the ancient religious house was, of course, imperative; the abbey being tenanted exclusively by the nuns: but the gentlemen were well lodged, considering the scale of the buildings and the simplicity of their adopted life. The wealthy adherents and patrons of the society, resident in Paris and elsewhere, bestowed munificent donations in favour of the adaptation of La Grange to the romantic notions of its occupants,—and the walls, as may still be observed, were added to, and chambers constructed somewhat in the style of monastic buildings, which members of even the *haute noblesse* were not reluctant to occupy. To such extent, in fact, did the passion of singularity and fashionable enthusiasm carry the minds of many of the wealthiest

and most distinguished families of Paris that villas began, at length, to rise in the valley, by the occupancy of which these aristocratic converts to rural simplicity, temperance, and self-denial might avail themselves of the companionship of any of the most religiously minded or erudite brothers forming the association of Les Messieurs du Port Royal. The poet, *par excellence*, of good sense,—Boileau,—was a frequent visitor;—and many of the Academicians of the seventeenth century delighted in pilgrimages to La Grange. Madame de Sevigné—herself a great tuft-hunter—used to speak of the sequestered haunts of "ce vallon affreux" as the fittest retreat for making one's peace with God. Many storm-tossed souls that had come to wreck in the gay and delusive world, very probably did.

As for the Abbey itself, it rose to the climax of its independence and influence during the Popedom of Clement IX., when the Duchesse de Longueville became one of its most devoted benefactors, and added numerous chambers to the old building. The ancestor of the present wealthy Duc de Luynes also expended vast sums upon it, and built a dormitory comprising upwards of seventy rooms. The Duc de Liancourt in like manner appropriated a considerable portion of his revenues to similar purposes, whereby accommodation was afforded for ladies of rank to occupy apartments in the Abbey itself, as lay-

boarders. This class of inmates lived not in any conformity with the discipline of the House, nor did they in any particular affect to imitate the austerities of the Sisterhood, but they renounced the purple and fine linen of Paris,—'the flaunting town,'—and fared no longer sumptuously every day. The learned brothers, meanwhile, sent forth varieties of religious publications, neither polemical nor political, which, as they began to circulate among free thinkers and profligates that handled them at first in the spirit of 'what would this babbler say?' insensibly directed thousands to serious views. The working influence of these volumes is said to have astonished the whole mind of sceptical France, and, in very many instances where conversion to Godliness had been deemed impossible, the change from darkness to light, and from licentiousness to sincerest piety, marked a moral revolution in society which promised general happiness.

Louis Saci had joined himself to the brotherhood and become director. This name—by which alone he is remembered—was but an absurd anagrammatic conceit in the transformation of his real one, Isaac. He proved an able coadjutor in the favourite study of the Scriptures, on which the learned brothers were continually engaged: a complete translation of the Hebrew and Greek Bible being at that time in progress. In 1675, however, he became a prisoner in the

Bastile with Du Fosse,—and within three years completed that translation of the Scriptures which many a commentator, since his day, (Matthew Henry among the number,) has regarded as a text-book. La Fontaine, who deeply regarded him, copied out large masses of MSS. for this hapless professor, who died in 1684. Poor Pascal had departed on his "restless bed" long before;—dying in Paris, A.D. 1662, at the early age of thirtynine. A quarter of a century had hardly elapsed after the decease of Saci, when PORT ROYAL ceased to exist. The plain speaking and widely extending influence of the literature which had here set up a throne, as it were, whence genius strengthened by piety assumed the moral right to expose, rebuke, and denounce all public vice,—and especially spiritual wickedness in high places—had exasperated the Jesuit fraternity to madness; and PORT ROYAL was the 'Carthago delenda,' on which, instigated by Madame de Maintenon, the reigning eldest son of the Church began to pour out the whole fury of his wrath. The expulsion of the nuns in the autumn of 1709 was effected with every aggravating circumstance of cruelty which malice could couple with that act of despotism levelled at helpless, unresisting women. They were driven across country in mere tumbrils over causeways rendered almost impassable by the flooding rains, to Rouen, Mantes, Char-

tres, Blois, and other towns of France; and many hardly survived their deportation. From the circumstance of no successor having been nominated after the demise of Madame Boulard de Ninvilliers in the year 1706, it would seem that there had been misgivings as to the permanency of the fortunes of the doomed House. In 1710 the Abbey was delivered to an army of 'destruction,' who with pickaxe and mattock levelled it with the earth it stood on; and the very materials of the prostrate edifice were carted away, as if to secure the appearance of a perfect void. In the year following, excavations were commenced in the cemetery, with the design of removing in like manner all remains, recent or ancient, of the buried dead. Three thousand bodies, in every condition of decay, from mere skeletons to festering corpses, such deposits, in fact, of five centuries as had not mingled dust with dust, were thrown up to the surface of the soil;—some few in coffins;—among which were found the bodies of Saci and of Racine (!), whose surviving relatives, hearing of the ghastly disclosure, fetched them away and re-interred them in Paris. All the heap of the unknown was carted off to the neighbouring village of St. Lambert, and there cast into a pit.

The decree for extinction was not carried out against the farm house; it being regarded as a merely temporary domicile which might at once

revert to its original uses;—all its enthusiastic tenants, with pens of only too ready writers ever to please the Royal will, having decamped without the slightest notion of return. The ancient dovecote, also, of the Abbey, for similar reasons was left intact. All else disappeared under the despoiling hands of a tyranny which regarded neither the exalted rank, nor the talents, nor the charities and many humane and useful works, of the most distinguished and withal unoffending community that ever won fame and veneration in France. Not a cloister nor column survived the work of demolition:—

'Temple and tower went to the ground'

and PORT ROYAL became on a sudden only a name!

More than a hundred and fifty years have elapsed since this memorable, most unwise, outrage on the best feeling at that time active in France for any purposes of good. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a quarter of a century previous, had already given to the world assurance of the inhuman capriciousness which trampled with equal ferocity on Catholic and Protestant subjects;—and nothing went well with Louis after 1685; everything that could tarnish and destroy his kingdom's repute, or depress his soul by domestic calamity, followed upon the extirpation of PORT ROYAL. The

Dauphin, his eldest son, the Duke of Burgundy, his grandson, with his duchess and one of their children, all died within a short period. Loss of battles, of fortresses, of kindred, of all honour, love and affection, and devoted friends—of all that should accompany old age—followed in judicial retribution,—and, within five years, his own unlamented decease completed the destiny of him whose greatest misfortune it had been to be styled 'Great'; while it would have been better for France, if, instead of reigning seventy-two years, he had lived and died in a lowly station,—or had never been born.

At the present moment the least frequented, least remembered pathways in the Val de Chevreuse are those by which the traveller must seek for Port Royal and La Grange! I felt, however, an irresistible inclination to reach this Zoar to which so many of the noblest and wealthiest had fled from the great luxurious city where elevated distinctions denied them peace, and riches secured no happiness. It was a strange and unprecedented Conversion. The great company of this most remarkable Exodus went not forth to seek out for themselves untried experiments of loose, licentious living, or to revel in new phases of indolence and indulgence. Their declared object was to turn into better ways; to relinquish the frivolities, follies, and evil courses of a hitherto mis-spent life, for rational and in-

nocent intercourse with intellectual, grave, and right-minded members of the community, who, like themselves, had determined to come out and be separate from the dissolute scenes of the capital where Piety found no resting place, and Religion no countenance or support. Louis had gone the length of banishing Fénelon from Paris to his diocese of Cambrai, under the influence of a surmise that the maxims of Government inculcated in the 'Telemachus' were a satire on his own rule!

Considering the temperament and tendencies of the French, this secession and self-exile may be regarded as an incident of no light interest in the social history of Mankind at that period; and forms a passage in the annals of Parisian Life that has found no parallel among all the impulses and elevated fancies of our own days.

It will always, as it did at the time, bear different constructions. It has been urged, and reasonably, too,—against the Gentlemen Recluses ('Les Messieurs,' as they were distinctively termed) of PORT ROYAL, that their self-imposed and moping exile was, after all, but a cowardly evasion of the duty of resisting evil example and fighting the good fight, each man at his post of duty and danger, in that state and predicament of life unto which Divine Providence had called him. Possibly, the corrupted atmosphere of Society at that epoch operated as a moral choke

damp on probity and all sound healthy feeling: but, that so large a body of the *habitués* and *blasés* of the most brilliant and fascinating Court in Europe should detach themselves from its banquets and fêtes where Luxury was exhausting inventiveness and treasure in the creation of varied enjoyment,—and withdrawal implied contempt,—to seek new homes in silent glens and sequestered vale-side cots and cabins, with the avowedly sole object of self-reformation and newness of life, was one of those particular facts transcending tales of fiction and fancy, at which, with all our advanced knowledge of human nature and disposition, we may still wonder,—undecided whether to applaud or to contemn.

CHAPTER VIII.

VERSAILLES.

IT was a right royal road upon which I set out in my calèche, intent on discovering the Val Chevreuse, La Grange, and PORT ROYAL,—with all which localities the driver, engaged from the Reservoir Hôtel, declared himself to be well acquainted. Within half an hour, I felt convinced that he had never taken the road to them in all his stable-yard lifetime! I observed the Railway line to Chartres cutting through the beautiful Park of Versailles, and thought, had Walter Savage Landor been writing at the present date, of what an 'Imaginary Conversation' he might have given us, as held between 'Le Grand Monarque,' and any Minister of State who would have ventured to suggest such a traverse on the Royal plaisance and domain! But, as old Napoleon observed about the scenery of 'La Nouvelle Heloïse,'—'Une bonne route vaut tous les souvenirs'; and the post road was a 'bonne route' for nearly five miles, retaining its regal

pavement with inexorable conformity to the primitive construction of blocks of stone ten inches square. We passed by the two immense grassy plains reserved for military exercises, at two miles' distance from Versailles: one on the left-hand side being appropriated to Cavalry: the other, opposite, to Infantry and Artillery. All is on a noble scale, with a long range of buildings for keeping under cover the field ordnance;—and I noticed a high embankment, in front of which targets were erected for ball practice. Some little way further on was the great dépôt (formerly the site of a spinning factory) for the blood of animals slaughtered in Paris, and here dried and converted into manure; but so hilly was the road, that our progress exceeded not the rate of three miles an hour. At Voisin les Bretonneaux I stepped into one of the fields where I saw some sheep folded, in order to notice the hurdles which without exception are so superior to ours in every part of France. They were constructed with split oak. Each was three yards long, and a yard and half high. It consisted of three horizontal splints of wood and twenty perpendicular, secured by galvanised iron wire. The interstices were less than six inches in width, and nothing larger than a rabbit could force a passage through them; yet these hurdles were not so heavy to lift as our own. They are serviceable on the farms for seven years.

At this point the country became undulating and woody: dale and coppice alternating: and from hence to a rude hut on the right called La Bergerie, or Shepherd's Châlet, the causeway became at every yard so rough and unfit for any carriage but a heavy wagon that I had no alternative but to walk; the calèche following me down a rapid descent which had evidently been a very well-preserved thoroughfare one hundred and fifty years ago;—the centre of it still exhibiting several blocks of stone, of the size of quartern loaves; but all displaced and scattered in wild disorder among ruts two feet deep, which continued in curvilinear course to the bottom of a dreadful lane, the whole length of which presented just such a surface as might have been produced by the driving of heavy artillery for twelve hours in a military trench after a week's flooding rain.

I warned my driver every other moment, of the imminent peril he was encountering of dashing the carriage to pieces by his obstinate determination to pull it to the end of the descent. Here, however, after plunges and shocks that must have loosened many a screw, he eventually came to a halt, and here I bade him remain; for, to take the turning to the right and follow me over hummocks of hard earth varying between two and three feet in height, amid which all tracks of wheels had been long extinct, was altogether

impossible. I found myself face to face with a long high wall, and two roads to choose;—and in no light doubt whether there was a reasonable probability of this rotten and terrible roadway having at any era in past ages constituted an approach to the Retreat of men wise and intelligent in their generation.

At a venture, however, I took the road on my right, and after a few stumbles and stoppages *en suite*, in the hottest day of July, I reached two piers in which hung a couple of wide close-boarded doors about ten feet high. They were locked or barred fast. Receiving no acknowledgement of half a dozen vigorous kicks, which my weary and disgusted horse in the distance could not have given in better style, I went onward; and after about two hundred yards came up to a similar portal, and repeated the performance, but still without creating any the least sensation or eliciting the slightest notice: a peep, however, through a hole in one of the boards, enabled me to perceive that this long wall enclosed a farm-yard and outlying grounds. I set off again, still clinging to the curve taken by the wall, and, as, at length, this rugged and hummocky road began to rise higher and higher, I caught a glance of an immense dovecote! This was the first indication, according to my preconceived notion of the place, of my being probably very close to what was PORT ROYAL: for, in the meagre sketch I had fallen in with

DOVECOTE, PORT ROYAL.

about two months previously, of this remarkable spot, distinct mention was made of the 'Colombier' having survived the otherwise general wreck and overthrow.

The wall lost itself at last, for a brief space, in some brick buildings which blocked out all further progress in that direction; but these were backed by a high grassy bank that appeared to wind round the whole *enceinte* of the enclosed premises which I now perceived, as I gained elevation, to be of very considerable extent, and comprised a farmhouse and offices, sheds, &c., with much garden ground, begirt on the side where I stood by a very ancient stone wall.

As I passed the colossal pigeon tower, I caught sight of a rustic, flail in hand, who had evidently been threshing; and I at once took for granted that his noisy labours had altogether prevented his hearing my reiterated salutes.

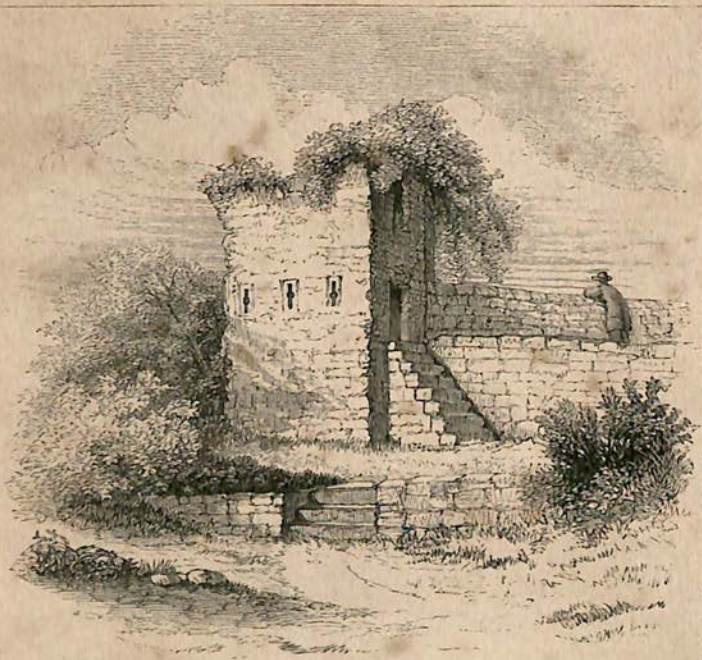
I asked him whether this was Port Royal, and received an answer in the affirmative: and then I begged he would run across the yard and open the gate I had just quitted, and let me in, for that I wished to make a sketch of the great Colombier. This, he said, he would at once do, if I wished it; but it would not be of much service to me, for the Colombier did not stand in the yard where he was at work, but in the one adjoining which was parted off by a high wall: the farm having been let to two distinct tenants. The way to get into

the further farm would be to ascend the high bank, and make the entire circuit of the wall which was built in the side of it, till I could reach the gate where the bell handle was. The man spoke a *patois* dialect which, as we were much within twenty miles of Paris, was startling: but he came from far South.

I acted, nevertheless, on his pilotage, and in about ten minutes' time found myself in the briary skirts of a small coppice, which presented in its whole aspect NO THOROUGHFARE or 'WAIT A BIT!'

The thresher had stated, nevertheless, that there was a little path leading down into the valley, and so through the marshland into St. Lambert: but I was to hug the wall, in which would be found successively three doors,—the last of which exhibited the handle of a bell. After 'hugging,' as directed, for about four hundred yards, on the edge of a very wide extent of meadow land, I found this door and its appendage; and here I stood for a full quarter of an hour, ringing, and shouting, and thumping and kicking —to no purpose. All was barred up, and no one was on the premises. At length, just as I was on the point of relinquishing all hopes of entry, I espied, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, a man slowly making his way towards me, across the long meadows.

When at length he reached the spot where I



ORATOIRE.

CLOCK WELL.

FONT.

G.M.

was standing he very quietly remarked that I could not have succeeded to-day, had he not been coming home as he was; for on all those wide premises no one resided but himself; not a man, boy, woman or child. He was the bailiff, and looked after everything, and had been making some market purchases at St. Lambert. The man seemed astonished at my having felt the slightest desire to penetrate into such a forlorn, dull, and forsaken place. He had never seen an Englishman there in fifty years: and, in fact, there was nothing to be seen. There was an old "oratoire" on the dwarf stone wall along the bank, but that was *pas grande chose.* The ruins or fragments of what was the Abbey lay to the left of yonder meadow. This house in which he was living was of comparatively modern date. This was all he could communicate upon the subject. I walked up to the ancient erection on the wall, which might have been resorted to for a quiet half hour of contemplation and prayer; but it bore the aspect rather of a diminutive watch-tower, having eight loop holes in its five sides, breast high, and formed exactly like those we see in mediæval barbicans and bastions. Its history had been well-nigh lost amid the vicissitudes and overthrows of a hundred and fiftysix years, but I learned at Versailles that it was constructed with several others in the seventeenth century, when the Recluses, for the sake of the Duchesse

de Longueville (resident in Port Royal) and the Prince de Condé, her brother, determined on resisting the predatory troopers of Anne of Austria who with Marshal Turenne, the Duc de Beaufort, the Duc de Rochefoucault, the Cardinal de Retz, and the Prince de Conti were in arms, waging civil war, and embroiling all France in their quarrels. Three hundred of the inmates of Port Royal held themselves prepared to resist attack; but nothing came of it, especially as the Queen's party gained the ascendant. Many of these walled enclosures were standing in the Northern provinces of France rather more than two hundred and thirty years previous, when Henry the Fifth had conquered at Agincourt and become the ally of the Burgundian party; but the walls and the little relic I saw on this occasion were decidedly of far more recent date, and might be about two hundred and sixteen years old.

With regard to the farmhouse now occupied by the solitary bailiff, I take for granted there were buildings of some kind to lodge the farming folk who must have been continually employed in rearing stock and cultivating grain and vegetables, and conducting dairy operations for the inmates of the Abbey, whose daily requirements must have been on a very large scale. The man who was now my only guide steadily denied that any learned men or Parisian visitors had at any time been lodged in these premises. Indeed the house he

now occupied could not have accommodated above six or seven sleepers; and his stolid averments in reply to my repeated questions always referred me to 'La Grange;'—a very large mansion corresponding in all respects with that which I had read of as having been enlarged far beyond its original dimensions for new comers.

With respect to the site of the Abbey there could be no mistake; for at the distance of about two hundred and forty yards from the garden wall, I found myself approaching an enclosed parallelogram which at once indicated the locality of the Abbey chapel. Vestiges remain of all the columns that stood on this consecrated spot: about four feet height of plinth in one place; three in another; and stonework marking out the area comprised by the walls: as may be seen on a much larger scale and with far larger masses of architectural *débris*, in the ruins at St. Mary's Abbey, in York. The only remnant of any considerable size is a plinth exhibiting the lower portion of two columns attached to a pier less than five feet in height, alongside of which stands a structure of circular wrought stonework such as ordinarily surmounts walls or sunken shafts. This is pointed out as the remains of a 'dead well' of some twenty feet depth, which used to receive the descending weights of a great clock which was fixed in the Abbey chapel. At a distance of about ten yards

from this is an octagonal pedestal nearly five feet high, surmounted by a cavity which leaves but little doubt that it was a baptismal font: some feeling of reverence for which may have induced the despoiling workmen of 1710 to spare it. A few yards further on stands a modern pavilion or lodge called a chapel, which is hung round with wretched daubs of portraits labelled as the likenesses of St. Cyran, Arnauld, Nicole, Pascal, and Pascal's saintly sister, who seems to have been the subject of many a tradition and legend; among others, that the spring I had just seen bubbling up out of the meadow, close to the ruins, had been revealed in a time of severe drought, in answer to Angélique's earnest prayer to the Virgin Mary, who, all on a sudden, caused the water to start from a cleft in the ground, a few feet distant from her bended knees! I noticed also several small glazed frames suspended on the wall of this small building, which enclosed autograph letters addressed to the Lady Abbess of the day and to some of the sisters, by persons chiefly ecclesiastic: several of these were penned in the seventeenth century. Here also was a map or ground plan showing very distinctly the positions of the various primitive edifices which up to the year 1710 stood within the circuit of the walls I had already seen: some of which had been quite levelled, some left to stand about five feet out of the earth. On this

plan I discerned the Dovecote, and from twelve to fourteen little lodges carried along from it, and occupying ground immediately alongside of the bank already spoken of; but no farmhouse.

When I had ended my inspection of this plan, I took another glance at the mean pictures on the walls of the lodge or chapel, and saw one representing the disinterment of the buried dead, mentioned in the foregoing chapter;—and another, the Royal Commissioners summoning to their presence the few nuns left in the nunnery in 1710, and commanding them to depart at once:—the two incidents which may be supposed to have been impressed, above all others, on the minds of the ecclesiastics, whoever they were, at whose instance this little tabernacle of memorial was raised and thus furnished and (in their opinion) enriched!

On my return to the Bell-gate I noticed a magnificent walnut-tree which would have made nearly two hundred gunstocks. The man said it was upwards of two hundred years old, and was the very tree planted by Pascal.

I now requested him to conduct me to "the large pool, reflecting the solitary Gothic arch, and the water mill." 'The Hand-Book for France' (edition of 1864), quoting a long passage in the impassioned language of romance taken from some publication of Mr. Stephen, dwells with great emphasis on these objects; and I had

reserved the contemplation and drawing of them until now when I believed my visit of inspection was nearly terminated. The bailiff, thinking I was indulging in some pleasantry, merely smiled, and said I had seen all that remained of Gothic, 'up there'—pointing to the slope where stood the relics of the Abbey Chapel. 'But,' said I, 'a large pool is unmistakeable: *That* was not among the things destroyed.' He had not a conception of such a 'grand étang' being in existence: certainly there was no arch; no, nor any mill. 'Then,' said I, 'can these be at Les Granges?' 'Maybe,' he said—but he had never seen them.

Determining not to be baffled, I adopted the alternative of retracing my way over the detestably bad road, to find my Calèche; and after a repetition of the same stumbles, and perils of heavy falls, I gained sight of it, and took the road to the left, to find La Grange or Les Granges, as it is indifferently called. This road would take me through the Val Dampierre and the Val Chevreuse, which I much wished to see; and so far, I was only about to accomplish a part of my plan de route for the day. After rocking about in a thousand ruts and holes which were ill-calculated to leave pleasant memories of this pilgrimage, we regained the main causeway from which we had originally diverged, and left on the right (situate on a gentle incline which lifted

it up very pleasingly to view) the village of St. Lambert, in the cemetery of which the exhumed remains, from Port Royal, had been without rite or ceremonial interred in 1711. Leaving this, we began to toil up a very long hill, bordered by apple trees, at the summit of which we looked down on Dampierre. This was, indeed, a beautiful scene, reminding me of some of those charming Poussin-like landscapes enjoyable between Senegaglia and Ancona, on the coast of the Adriatic.

This Val Dampierre is backed by a noble extent of forest; and as we approached the immediate vicinity of the château of the same name,—the princely residence of the Duc de Luynes—every object, far and near, reminded me of the general features of a well-preserved estate in England. Lime-trees, to a vast extent of growth, are seen rising behind the park wall next to the high road, which is continued to the Lodge and great entry-gates. These, according to French fashion, are painted snow white: and this overlaying of paint disfigures not a little the admirable ironwork of the 'Grille,' which ought to have been coloured to imitate bronze. The copious gilding compensates not for the bizarre effect of the white.

A long range of bright red brick buildings flank on either side a vast courtyard of about four acres, traversed by a stone balustrade.

These buildings are constructed with arches (piazza fashion), seven on either side; and the area is laid out with four grass-plots. The worst style, however, of French horticulture is here beheld in flagrant offence: the lime-tree foliage being cut to the shape of a platform in the air: twentyfour stems on each side uplifting the mass of green. A second stone balustrade with a terrace surrounds the mansion which is built with that most ungainly melange, red and yellow bricks, interspersed with white stone coigns, copings, &c. The frontage comprises forty eight windows, fitted up, as usual on the Continent, with jalousie shutters, of brightest white. Beyond the rear of the mansion are seen brilliantly tinted gravel-walks leading uphill into the dense woods; and opposite to its grand front is a long grassy ascent (quite a 'tapis vert') rising, in eight gradations, like a park chase on an incline,—towards dense woodland;—thick plantations of timber skirting it on either side. The high road, unluckily for the owner, was between the entry-gates and this decorative slope, at the foot of which, touching the road, is a gushing spring, partly inclosed by a handsome sculptured stone parapet of horse shoe shape, where the artist's fancy may depict a scene from Both or Berghem, with cows or mules drinking. Three or four centuries will bring a grave tone of colour on to the whole of this palace and its outbuildings; but, at present,

it is so red and new that one would, at first sight, suppose it to be the spick and span country seat of some *parvenu* and *nouveau riche*, instead of its being that of one of the most honourable and intellectual descendants of the *ancienne noblesse* of France. The nucleus, in fact, of the present edifice was constructed upon the designs of François Mansard, in the middle of the seventeenth century—the same whose plan for the grand façade of the Louvre was so joyfully accepted by that eminent minister of Louis XIV., 'the great Colbert.'

From hence, I hastened onward to the Val Chevreuse; leaving on my right the noble gardens attached to the residence, and gaining glimpses of ornamental water pieces and bright gravelled walks, kept in such order as is not equalled in the Imperial Gardens. There were fish-ponds, also, on either side of the road, and some trunks of felled oak, which bespoke the antiquity of the timber growth in this exceedingly beautiful valley. There is a general and most genial aspect of tasteful expenditure of wealth in the whole of the district, the woodland of which comprises upwards of two thousand acres. To my great contentment, also, there were excellent roads leading towards Chevreuse, in our way to which we passed the large but unpretending château of the Duc de Grammont: another honoured aristocratic noble, the very sound of

whose title is an antidote to the disgust awakened by every recollection of the names of the Revolutionary canaille.

The village itself of Chevreuse I found to be but a sorry collection of houses, among which dulness seemed to have chosen a long resting-place: the grass growing in the street, and moss upon the walls, as used to be seen in old Sandwich and many other forsaken thoroughfares before the creation of railways brought life and hope to the inhabitants. Here and there was a specially good-looking residence, on which paint and varnish produced a striking contrast with the clay-built cottages alongside. The ruins of the small mediæval castle on a jutting prominence that overlooks the street and surrounding country seemed worthy of a sketch. 'Few pencils, it may be easily conceived, find their way to this secluded spot, where one might easily imagine oneself to be many hundreds of leagues distant from the Capital. Many glimpses reminded me of some of the most charming views of the hill country in the best cultivated land of Kent. At length, we reached the gates of the walled enclosure called 'Les Granges.' They were thrown open at our first knocking, by a young woman who seemed surprised at our coming. She said there was nothing to be seen within. At the extremity of a very long kitchen garden I espied a barrack-like farmhouse, with a flaring red

tile roof and numerous white-sashed windows. The old apartments were now turned into bedrooms and store closets—by the lady who occupied the house, and who was so ill that the servant hesitated to let us drive up to the front of it, lest we should disturb the invalid. I then asked whether I could obtain access to a large pool and see a Gothic arch reflected in it; and make a sketch of the water wheel. The maiden's stare of amazement showed that this was the speaking of parables to her. She positively affirmed that they had no water except that of the well: arch there was none: mill none: nor anything at all approaching the semblance of either on all the premises. 'Then,' thought I, 'if this is the case, all those must be in the quarter I have just left: they must be, as I at first believed, in Port Royal.' It was now four o'clock; and off we went to the Bergerie hut, whence I had started, when arriving at that 'descensus Averni,' which nearly demolished the wheels of the calèche and the horse's shoes, and took no little out of my own 'personnel'; but determining not to be baffled, after having once entered upon what now seemed a far too troublesome voyage of inquiry, I repeated the whole of the proceedings of the forenoon, and actually rang for the second time (minus the thumping and kicking,) at the little bell-gate. Fortunately the old bailiff was within hearing, and when I informed

him that all I wanted must to a certainty be on these premises, he smiled and stared, and stared and smiled again, and at length exclaimed—"Mais, monsieur, on vous a égaré!" "Egaré?" said I—"well, then, listen to this: for here are my renseignments!"—Upon which I drew out my "Murray" (page 112), and translated for him the following passage: "The brook which winds through the verdant meadows beneath the traveller whose journey lies from Versailles to Chevreuse, stagnates into A LARGE POOL reflecting the solitary GOTHIC ARCH, the WATER MILL and the dovecote which rise from its banks, with the farmhouse, the decayed towers, the forest trees, the innumerable shrubs and creepers which clothe the slopes of the valley. France has many a lovelier prospect, though this is not without its beauty!"

"Now then!" I exclaimed: "how much of all this have you shown me? And yet you said I had seen every vestige of the ancient Society of PORT ROYAL?"

"Tenez!" said the old fellow:—"I think I can help you in this affair,—but you are 'mala-visé.' It is true that where you see that cracked plastering on the dwarf wall which connects the high bank with our house here, there used to be a wheel which was set in motion by a stream turned into the yard by a conduit which also helped to bring water to the place where now

you see that well: mais, mon Dieu! on a fait demolir tout cela en mille huit cent trente!" So that the watermill has been extinct thirtyseven years! "But, the pool?" "Well, *that* was all drained off about the same date: you must have seen the osier plantation from the top of the bank." I now remembered having looked over some twenty acres of osier ground: the site, no doubt, of the LARGE POOL:—the prospect suggesting nothing more romantic than material for some myriads of wicker baskets, serviceable enough in the time of the Vintage, but no compensation for the absence of a sequestered lake, in which I had expected to find the reflex of Newstead!

'Eh bien!' This was an 'air-drawn' piece of water! Perhaps I had to learn with respect to the Gothic Arch (the form of which seen in still water at its base would have been fascinating enough to make amends for the loss of the watermill and the 'petit lac,'—for the destruction of which the old bailiff seemed now to feel some concern): but, upon this point of the Gothic Arch he felt more and more confident that I had been hoaxed. He had seen many years ago the stone entrance into a drain or conduit which in early times communicated, through the high bank, with the Courtyard; but he had never heard of any Gothic arch. Surely I must mean the little doorway of the 'souterrain'. On my

expressing a very earnest wish to discover *this*, at any rate, he said that if I were not afraid of injuring myself among the briers and bushes, he thought he could force a way down the shelving bank which entered the osier beds; but it was 'un peu dangereux'—the chief difficulty lying in the slipperiness of the soil, and the tangled brake which surrounded the 'hole!' Fancy my Gothic Arch being reduced to "ce trou là"! I bade him be my pioneer; I was no stranger to underwood growth or ugly hedges; but I had an artist's drawing-block to take care of, and was more concerned for that and the sketches I had gleaned since the day began, than for any scratches or scrapes bequeathed to me from this track which he good-naturedly enough began to force, holding his head low down and warding off the stems and boughs and branches with the dexterity of an old buffalo in a jungle. I may frankly record that it was not without much stumbling and grumbling that I accomplished the first five minutes' length of this wild inroad upon the dense thicket of thorns and prickly climbers intervening between me and the 'petit trou:' now and then slapped across the nose by an irritated blackberry bough, and then assaulted by a dragon-fly taking a mean advantage, on my chin, of my occupied hands—while the old régisseur was exclaiming "Prenez garde aux racines!—Gare aux orties! Allez tout doucement, tout douce-

ment!" At length, after detaching at one slide nearly two hundredweight of earth and losing my position by about three yards, so as to come headlong down on my pilot, I heard him exclaim, "Ah! le voilà"—and we stood opposite to what I should describe as the entry into a subterranean passage, I will not say *drain*—long since disused, and closed from without by a small door of four boards, which we drew back to be able to look into it. Whether the passage was still continuous, which appeared very doubtful, or ended within some twenty yards' distance, I cared not to ascertain. My guide said that he supposed neither Mons. Eureau of Paris, nor M. Martin of St. Lambert, the proprietors of the two farms, had ever been near it: it was looked upon as an old 'couloir': in fact it was the arched passage through which the pool sent all the water which supplied the court, and, doubtless, was dammed at the time above mentioned (1829—30) just where the present low wall at right angles to the bank was erected on the site of the water-mill. So much for the Gothic Arch!

"Il n'est point Gothique ce tonnel là"—said my conductor, as we scrambled up by an easy outlet afforded by breaks in the brier-growth a little further on; and I read in his countenance that, as young England would term it, I had been somehow 'sold'!

However, I made it a profitable afternoon's work for him, and he bowed me into his lonely barrack with every appearance of high contentment. There lives he, day and night, without the companionship of even a dog,—looking after things—"*soignant à tout*," as he said. "Well, then," said I,—"as you are always looking after things, why do you not clear this large garden, (such a fine soil, too,) of those weeds which are above a metre in height: your 'herbes sauvages' far outgrow the 'herbes de cuisine!' It was a tangled mass of verdant rubbish. "Oh! there was no time for weeding!—Every hour in the day compelled work elsewhere." "May be: but, towards evening; two hours would clear away a cart-full of those poppies, thistles, and *mouron* (chickweed)." No;—in the evening there was more than enough to do in seeing to the Ploughing. "Ploughing between six and seven in the evening!" "Mais oui:"—they did not *begin* to plough before half-past six, and kept on at it till past eight. It required all hands to pick over, and hoe up, and tie the *vines*." So that, as in Ireland with the potatoes, here are the cultivators of the soil relying on the Vine-crop. If that fail, as in the late chilly and rainy season must have been deplorably the case,—all the remainder of the year, and a period yet beyond Christmas, must be one of destitution and wretchedness. If this be the footing upon

which those demagogues who would give real estate to the Industrial Classes desire to place their dupes, on the cant theory of every rood of ground maintaining its man, the proposed agrarian revolution is a *bright* prospect, with, as they say, "a vengeance."

Thus ended my excursion to PORT ROYAL. I cannot imagine that any traveller, cognizant of all that has just been described, will follow my track. The incidents of various biographies, and the romance of history, will always more or less sway an educated man's *plan de route;* and he only who is imbued with both is a duly qualified tourist. It requires, however, no light interest in the annals of the Ancien Régime to make such investigations as these: and though the growth of French greatness cannot be dissociated from the prestige of the old noblesse, there are few of my countrymen now living who have ever formed acquaintance with their descendants, or felt any concern in their fallen fortunes and position. I knew many. I was received at the Tuileries by Louis XVIII. and by his murdered brother's daughter, the Duchesse d' Angoulême, and all the royal family resident in Paris in 1820–22; and cannot but remember such things were as the *vieux marquis* and *les dames d' honneur*, the impersonations of that politesse which has been so admirably defined as 'l'oubli constant de soi, pour ne s'occuper que

des autres,' and of the loyalty which, when throne and altar were in the dust, could feel no self-reproach and knew not how to change: and from such a class the valley of Chevreuse and the glades of PORT ROYAL were peopled, when it was difficult to say which was the most dissolute Court, —that of the Tuileries or of St. James.

Had the 'gallants' of Samuel Pepys's day forsaken the Mall and the voluptuous dissipation of Whitehall for the pure and tranquil home of Evelyn (the contemporary of Arnauld) at Sayes Court or Wotton Place, it might have conveyed to the English mind some faint idea of the repentance and retirement of those courtiers of either sex who, *proprio motu*, settled down in the valleys where I had spent the toilsome day just recorded. I believe, however, that our domestic history includes not an episode of the kind. Fashion and fancy have at times obtruded their fooleries into Religion, to the great and dangerous delight of young priests and their admirers;—but have rarely, if ever, induced their votaries to relinquish all self-indulgence, or to seek in quiet piety, without singularity, without parade, the soul's and body's rest.

The usefulness, nevertheless, of an Association of learned men devoting all their acquirements as scholars and the leisure of their chosen seclusion to literary work requiring far more research and expenditure of time and labour than could ever

be compatible with ordinary authorship, which ill endures non-remunerating study, has always been acknowledged.

The Benedictine monks of St. Maur, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, cultivated the knowledge of charters and records, and of the history opened up by such indagatory inquiries. It was their almost peculiar province to edit, on a large scale, works of historical research and antiquarian learning; as though to educate future generations in their knowledge; and they left dictionaries and grammars to aid and befriend this branch of their exegesis. When this learned body was, with other monastic orders, swept away in 1789, there was no little danger that French historical learning would perish with them; and upwards of fifteen years had actually passed away, neither individual nor associated body taking up the pursuit, when Bonaparte, revolving the history of Port Royal, and entertaining the belief that the work of the Benedictines might advantageously be revived by the reconstruction of some society closely resembling the brotherhood of the Val Chevreuse, struck out a project for establishing a home where young men of good education and talent might be trained to decipher ancient and abstruse archives,—and register, collate, and classify records. The result of this sensible idea was the present Ecole des Chartes, at No. 14 Rue de Chaume, in Paris,—which is indirectly connected

with that Palais des Archives mentioned in Chapter III. This institution is under the guidance of three professors of Palæography and four assistants, MM. Lacabane, Bourquelot, Guessard, and Quicherat, whose attention is exclusively directed to instruction in Archæology, and mediæval geography and art; and to the examination and verifying of old documents, whereby successful reference may be made to writings of the earliest date, and their authenticity and intrinsic character be fully ascertained, with a view to substantiating titles, grants, &c.

Thus, after all, the First Consul's handling of the memoirs of Les Messieurs de Port Royal has done, and is doing, the State some service.

It was half-past six o'clock when I re-entered the calèche at the top of that break-spring, break-neck lane, and I sat down to my dinner at eight, à l'hôtel du Réservoir, where there were two waiters to attend on sixteen tables. They made quite as much clatter, however, as twelve might have produced;—a demonstration of zeal and activity which the genus garçon is very cunning in; and that such serving man should come off with éclat in his discharge of the functions connected with his office, it would seem that *de raison* he should be always and everywhere *éclatant*. These twain skated up and down the slippery waxed parquet of the long saloon with keenest enjoyment of their noisiness: it was with

them, at least, but for none other, 'allegro con brio.'

I may add that the huge Reservoir is exclusively for the waterworks of the gardens; for Neptune, Venus, Diana, and the dolphins and dragons that make 'Water' figure as 'the best of elements' in creating Spectacle and diversion for the people. The old Marli wheel upon the Seine, with all its complicated mechanism, which is to this day an object of wonder (there is a beautiful model of it in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers), and which Louis XIV. erected at an expense that would never bear disclosure,—any more than the accounts of the outlay in the building of the palace itself and on its grounds,—had been superseded for a time by a powerful steam-engine: but, the cost of coals began to make itself felt very severely; the result of which was a determination on the part of the town authorities to employ an engineer of celebrity to introduce some improvements into the wheelwork. This having been recently completed, the original river-machinery now works again, whenever the fountains are brought into full play in the royal gardens; and the steam engine is retained for throwing water into two reservoirs, built in opposite quarters of the town, whence the inhabitants derive abundant supply. Time hath been when good wine was more easily obtained than good water, in Versailles: 'mais on a changé tout cela.' The town has been spoken of disparagingly, as a dull, hot, dusty place of

residence: but while those vast galleries are open to view it is difficult to conceive how a man of taste can find himself destitute of resources; and the neighbourhood is never without attractiveness. Till within a few years past many English families of good name lived there, found good French society, and liked it well. We are improving tenants everywhere,—locate where we may—and have probably contributed in very great measure to introduce unprecedented comforts, decencies, and refinements, and to render Versailles what it actually is,—a cleanly, well drained, well lighted, bright and thriving appanage to magnificent and Imperial Paris.

CHAPTER IX.

MAINTENON.

MAINTENON! Would it be fair to surmise that the only interest awakened in the minds of our travelling countrymen at mention of this familiar name is associated with the delicate mutton-chop broiled in buttered writing paper (en papillote), which constitutes the wholesomest dish sent up from a French kitchen? And yet, the 'cotelette,' again, is so significant a remembrance of the dainty dame for whose petit souper the chef of the royal palace undoubtedly devised it, that we are at once led back to 'Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV.';—a volume not at all unto edifying, and that hath little relish of salvation in it. I shall not extract a line from its pages; but as I am on the road to the tract of land from which Mlle. Fanny D'Aubigné eventually derived the name that has handed her down to posterity as one of the most remarkable personages of her day, my reader may as well dwell in thought

with me for a few minutes on her almost unique history.

In the course of a day's run to the central coast of the Bay of Biscay, in last summer, I passed by a station from the platform of which was plainly visible the ancient castle of Niort (the chief town of the Department des deux Sêvres), surmounted by two keep-towers, each flanked by eight turrets. In one of the dungeons of that mediæval stronghold, which is still used as a prison, lay Constant, son of Theodore Agrippa D' Aubigné, a soldier and an historical writer of considerable renown, who for a long time stood high in the estimation of Henry IV. of France, but died at Geneva; to which city he had withdrawn when his somewhat too candidly delivered opinions, while Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, had overstepped discretion, and forfeited the royal favour. Constant was no worthy successor of this man, but, on the contrary, involved himself at an early age in vice and disrepute, and, coming to grief amid evil communications and companionship, was thrown with his wife into the above-mentioned place of detention, where she gave birth to the daughter with whose name this Chapter commences. This was in the reign of Louis XIII., and about seven years before the death of Cardinal Richelieu. On his release he went with his wife, a woman of very superior attainments, to Martinique, and there young Frances received from

her mother a solid and excellent education. Her father, however, did not live to middle age, but died in Martinique while she was yet a girl. Hereupon the widow returned in extremely poor circumstances to France, where her daughter was at once cared for and affectionately cherished by her Protestant relation, Madame de Villette, who brought her up in the reformed religion; from which, however, through the interposition of her mother, a rigid Roman Catholic, she was afterwards reclaimed.

Subsequently, when friends were few and poverty imminent, she was induced, beautiful and witty as she was, to accept as her husband that notorious deformity, Paul Scarron, of whom I shall have to speak more particularly in another Chapter; especially with reference to the cause of that paralysis under the crippling influence of which he married and hobbled about to the day of his death. I found myself upon the scene of his fooleries and mishap. His own wit, somewhat akin to that of Rabelais, and her fascinating manners and conversation, drew around them all the best-educated and gayest society of Paris,—Ninon de l'Enclos inclusive! but in 1660, being then fifty years old, he died; leaving her without a settlement, and, in fact, destitute. In this forlorn condition she was commiserated and rescued by Madame de Montespan, the *entretenue* of Louis XIV., who

placed the two sons she had borne to the King (the Duke of Maine and the Count of Toulouse) under her care and tuition, and procured for her a pension. Louis, whose narrow soul revolted from women of high attainments and powerful mind, treated her at first with frigid indifference and neglect; but the progress made by the young duke under her tuition astonished him, and he was induced to increase her meagre salary, and at no distant date to present her with a donation in money, which enabled her to purchase an estate at Maintenon, whence, with the title of Marchioness,—she subsequently took her name. This was in 1674. Her quiet ways and calm demeanour began to gain upon the royal mind so strongly, to the prejudice of the hitherto pampered and imperious favourite Montespan, that the latter was eventually deposed: a reversal in fortunes which, in the opinion of many, seemed to impeach Mme. de Maintenon with ingratitude; but of this she was guiltless. Tenderness and scruples on the part of the King, and ambition and devotedness in the now exalted Frances de Maintenon, had, from the year 1681 to 1686, placed her in an equivocal, if not disreputable, position about the Court, when, as if to proclaim the innocence of their previous intimacy, Louis espoused her as his lawful wife;—the monarch's confessor, Père la Chaise, performing the marriage ceremony in the chapel of the royal castle

of Maintenon. The bridegroom was then forty-seven years of age: the bride three years older. Their union, however, was never publicly proclaimed. With all the regard and honour in which she was held by her consort, she nevertheless lived and died as 'Madame de Maintenon;' though virtually a queen. Her influence was, upon the whole, rather injurious than beneficial, so far as regarded State measures; especially in urging the persecution of the Protestants, and, as has been seen, in uprooting that harmless settlement, the learned and devout recluses of PORT ROYAL. Much of her income, nevertheless, was expended in works of benevolence; among which, pre-eminently, was the foundation of an establishment at St. Cyr, between Versailles and Rambouillet, for the gratuitous education of three hundred young ladies of good family and slender dowries; for the better ordering of which House she herself framed various rules, which indicated very sound judgment and discretion; and to this home she retired on the demise of Louis XIV., in the year 1715, and spent the evening of her life in undisturbed tranquillity; dying four years after her royal husband, at the advanced age of eighty-four. She was a bigot in religion, but was certainly a superior woman; and her printed letters in nine volumes attest her accomplishments and originally sound education.

My readers will pardon me for this digression on my way from Versailles to the railway station of MAINTENON; not, indeed, to visit the Duc de Noailles, the present occupant of the castle on the banks of the Eure, and to inspect his restorations and additions, around the towers which are as ancient as the times of Louis XI. and Charles VIII.—(for restorations have no charms for me);—but to behold what few Englishmen in the present century have cared to look upon or think upon,—the stupendous memorial of Louis XIV.'s selfishness and inhumanity, still surviving in the ruined arches of that never-completed Aqueduct which was to bring the water of the river Eure from Pont Gouin to Versailles through the thirty miles that lie midway between Châteauneuf and Chartres, Montfort and Rambouillet; leaving Chevreuse at a very short distance Southward: not, indeed, to supply the houses of the inhabitants of Versailles with the element at that period so scarce in their town, but to fill the cisterns which, by hydraulic pressure, might, at the touch of a spring, set into full play the fantastic spouts and artificial fountains rising among tritons, nymphs, dolphins, and, here and there, a god and goddess, all of stone, in the Palace Gardens. I have characterized this wanton extravagance as inhumanity; for this preposterous design was initiated while France was in the lowest state of poverty and

wretchedness, and the State debt exceeded a hundred and twentyfive millions sterling. As if to make a mockery of the military renown of the French, at that time deplorably on the wane, as defeat following upon defeat soon after testified, the Grand Monarque detached fortyfive regiments from the several fortresses of the kingdom to serve as excavators, engineers' labourers, and wheel-barrow men, in cutting a line for the Aqueduct and digging foundations for its piers; the toil of which, amid exposure, day and night, to malaria and in frequent dearth of provisions, caused the deaths of upwards of eight thousand men, whose dead bodies were stealthily removed and interred beyond the encampments formed along the course of the intended line; and no account reached the public ear of such mortality.

This was the state of things when the well known war for the succession of the Spanish dominions, in which the claim of Austria was supported by a grand alliance against France, compelled the immediate discontinuance of a work which affected to emulate the most massive monuments of the ancient Romans. To behold this colossal ruin, then, was the object of my halt (at the distance of two and thirty miles from Versailles) at the Maintenon Station, on my way to which I caught a glimpse of the military college of St. Cyr, in the village of that name, established by Bonaparte for the education of

cadets for the Army, who were here, to the number of three hundred, to supersede the original design of the Marchioness just now adverted to; her benevolent institution in aid of as many young ladies having shared the fate of all such establishments and preferences, in the fatal year of 1789.

The college is a handsome pile; exhibiting three sides of a square as its centre, and a complete quadrangle on either side. A well cultivated plain forms a pleasing landscape all about it, and the produce seemed so abundant that I took occasion to ask a Frenchman who sat opposite to me and seemed to know the country well, what the average rents might be in this district, in cases where the land was in the occupation of tenant-farmers. He said it was hired generally at the rate of ninety francs the hectare: about £1 17*s.* 0*d.* the acre. The tenant was liable for the parochial rates and also for the highway impost of Corvée: that is to say, he would either have to set his own labourers on the roads when repair was needful, or pay rates for the work done by others. These claims levied three per cent. on the rent he paid to the owner. There being no rent-charge in France, which, were the land held on the same footing with English farms liable to it, would impose about six shillings and sixpence on soil producing cereals and fruit (vineyards par excellence), and roots and grasses,—this rent is very

moderate. I should obtain fortyfive shillings an acre for such land,—even after the rent charge had been paid.

We dashed past Rambouillet without a glimpse of its dreary castle, which was embosomed in forest growth;—the trees and coverts where Charles X. used to spring pheasants and flush woodcocks to his heart's content, till he learned that the 'roughs' of the Faubourg St. Antoine were bent upon paying him a visit and disposing summarily of his 'Ordonnances' and their originator; and then *his* game was up, and the Château was again left tenantless. Louis Philippe preferred Neuilly, and the royal residence would have crumbled into decay had not the present Emperor caused it to be adapted for a *pensionnat* for the daughters of officers in the Army; which it still continues to be, and has subserved this useful purpose for upwards of fourteen years.

After passing through a considerable tract of forest and underwood, the ever growing and indispensable fuel of France, I alighted at the little Station of MAINTENON, and, walking off in a downward direction to the right of the platform, found myself almost immediately within view of the ruins. From the grassy bank, immediately opposite, I counted, as I sat, fourteen arches, resembling, in some respects, those of the Basilica of Constantine, commonly called 'The Temple of Peace,' in the Forum of Rome; but they are not

so lofty, being only seventyfour feet in height and fortytwo in width. The crown of the arch in each had been constructed with four marvellously compacted semicircles of wrought stone, twelve feet in breadth, each piece in which must weigh at least four hundredweight; several more than eight; and these have survived the devastation made by time and the elements, which only availed to loosen, detach, and throw down the interstitial masses of rough stone, gravel, lime, and sand—interspersed with stockbricks, which, when the work was but eighty years old, were probably held firmly *in situ* by these semicircular bracings or ribs, between which the less durable material was wedged in before the wooden centerings were struck:—but these mutilated arches,

"Proud in their fall,—triumphant in decay,"

are now a hundred and eighty years old, and had they but been surmounted by the paved causeway which was intended to be laid down for a water-course along the summit of the aqueduct, the magnificent structure would have stood to this hour in its primitive grandeur, which, however paltry and vicious in its object and designs, would have vied with the most stupendous erections of Titus or Caracalla.

I travelled a few miles with the Mayor of Chartres and one of his friends, a gentleman

AQUEDUCT ARCHES, MAINTENON.

evidently of some position, and was not a little astonished and *dégoûté* to hear them extolling this most reprehensible design of Louis XIV., which they said was but to render Paris more and more entitled to be considered the most majestic city of the universe. But it was ever thus in the day of this monarch's tyranny; and the chief circumstance by which his name will always be distinguished by other than French writers and judges, so far as ruler and subject are concerned, will be the extravagant notions of their own consequence and merits which he sedulously instilled into his people upon all occasions, even while involving them and their posterity in inexpressible disasters, not to France only but to all the European world.

Such of my countrymen as have seen the crumbling arches that serve to give artistic effect to the middle distance in the lone Campagna around Rome, would do well to expend five or six shillings on a railway ticket from Paris to Maintenon, which lies on the direct line to Chartres—and there see these fourteen out of fortyseven arches which were actually raised before the exhausting toil and trouble was summarily and so suddenly terminated. For my own part, I was surprised to see so much remaining of a structure whence (as in the case of the Coliseum, which was pillaged of hundreds of thousands of tons of wrought stone and cemented

bricks, to build the Barberini and other Roman palaces) such large quantities of material were extracted, rather more than a century since, to build a country-house for Madame de Pompadour, the vicious favourite of Louis XV.,—a ruler whose propensity to indolence and sensuality degraded him equally as a monarch and a man, and tended in no light degree to gather the storm which burst with overwhelming fury on the head of his doomed successor. So saddening are all the incidents of personal character in the sovereigns who immediately preceded the Great Revolution! The memorials of them meet the traveller in France, on all sides: the forsaken and decaying mansions, and the ample domains and seignorial manors held by the ancient nobles, tell the tale of that *déchéance* which even the best of their order incurred when, in the middle of the eighteenth century, evil example in the highest places, and fashionable frivolity and vice, had well nigh exhausted the fortunes of the aristocracy and the patience of the common people. To live in the Court circle was to be absorbed sooner or later in the vortex of insolvency and ruin: the estates went to the money lenders; their embarrassed owners became placemen and pensioners; and the families that should have been in union of strength to defend the Crown, the Government, and the indisputable rights and privileges of exalted rank, became powerless *pari passu* as

they became dependent, and left but little to their descendants besides titles and names. Louis the Fourteenth's waste and profligacy are not even at this day forgotten. The French gentry, if we may speak of such a class in France, are aware that the nation is in decadence rather than in a state of advancement, and are continually tracing back the causes of that decline. They indagate the history of a hundred and fifty years, and reach, as they believe, the prime origin of infinite evil. When I was about to start for MAINTENON, a Frenchman observed to me—"You will there see the monument and memorial of one of that class of atrocities which originated the Revolution." And another bitterly remarked—"He thrice involved his country in ruin, and they called him 'LE GRAND!' and that was all he accomplished;—the acquisition of a *great name;* and our forefathers, fools that they were, were content to have it so." Plain speech, but full of truth, and expressive of the self-destroying vanity which is inherent in all their national delusions.

I am of the number of those who doubt whether the letter alleged to have been addressed by Archbishop Fénelon to Louis and duly delivered, was ever brought under his notice. Indeed, we have but D'Alembert's assertion to assure us that it had even been written. Though dictated in the spirit of devoted loyalty, it was

the bitterest remonstrance that ever flung reproach on an enthroned king, and it is difficult to conceive how Louis could have brooked such incriminations. The peroration of that address is so appropriate a corollary to my own remarks on the character of this vicious autocrat, that I need hardly offer an excuse for giving it insertion here, while the reader sits, as it were, by my side gazing on the Aqueduct:—

'At length, France is become one great hospital, desolate and unprovided with the necessaries of life. It is yourself by whom these disasters have been created. In the ruin of France, everything has passed into your hands; and your subjects are reduced to live upon your bounty. You do not love God: you do not even fear Him except with a servile terror. It is not God you fear, but Hell. Your religion is made up of superstitions and of petty superficial observances. Scrupulous about trifles, you are untouched by the most terrible responsibilities: your own glory, your own advantage are the real and only objects of your love: You refer everything to yourself, as though you were the very God of the Earth, and as though everything in it had been called into existence only that it might serve as a sacrifice to you.'

To these dreadful upbraidings were appended many disparaging comments on the behaviour of Père la Chaise, the king's confessor, and on the

ascendant gained by Madame de Maintenon. Whether the letter,—a very long one,—was read or never even seen by the exalted personage thus arraigned, it depicts with an inspired prophet's freedom of speech the real character of the then ruler of France; and *valeat quantum.* D'Alembert was not born till after two years subsequent to the decease of Louis XIV., and his panegyrics of Massillon, Fleury, Fénelon, Bossuet, and Fléchier, were penned rather for the sake of writing powerfully on a good thesis, than for the love of pure religion and Christian verity; inasmuch as his opinions were always regarded in the last century as identical with the freethinking of Voltaire, Diderot, and others of that clique, who received not Revelation with reverence, nor Truth with the love of it. Thucydides himself is supposed to have invented most of the speeches of the statesmen and generals comprised in his admirable history, as orations which passing events would naturally prompt, and past incidents would substantiate; and most apposite they all are, and most like real expressions of sentiment, and we relish them without distrust or demur,—and D'Alembert may have composed "The Archiepiscopal Appeal" from beginning to end, as one that might most justifiably have been made; and this, perhaps, is the true reading. If, on the other hand, Fénelon did actually write and send the letter, and if Louis read it, the exprobration

of David on the throne of Israel from the lips of Nathan could hardly have cut deeper.

He, however, who gazes on the Aqueduct at MAINTENON with these passages in his memory, may thoroughly realize the state of the French nation when the masons, bricklayers, and soldiers laid down their tools and went their way, leaving the stupendous arches to preach to posterity, and to explain the full force of the well known dictum, 'L'état, c'est moi!'

An agreeable relief to such rumination is immediately afforded by turning one's regards to a very beautiful fabric close at hand which carries no reproach with it. I advert to the Viaduct which here carries the Railway across the river over two and thirty arches upwards of sixty feet high, constructed of pale-tinted brick and wrought stone, and presenting no disadvantageous contrast with the massive ruins just described; though differing from them as widely as a Roman rampart compared with a garden wall. Viewed almost instantly after leaving the more ancient work, this monument of an able engineer's design and execution has a charming effect; and whoever walks about the precincts of the Station to see the one, should make a point of going down a few paces towards the river in the valley, to admire the other: two very interesting sights in one brief halt of two hours and a few minutes.

And now I came again, after an interval of eleven years, upon the cornfields of La Beauce and the Chartrain, on which the Harvest had already made rapid progress. The crops, however, were below the average, and the stubbles imparted not that golden tint to the square miles of surface which is mostly observable in this fine bread-growing district of Europe. The drill-plough had been extensively employed, and the land looked all the clearer in consequence; but the French farmers prefer broadcast sowing, because the harrow and roller used in the after-culture require less of horse-labour; and they always grudge horse-work and weeding: hence the disreputable harvest of thistles and other pernicious weeds, which are only removed by the scythe or sickle in reaping-time.

Bad husbandry implies, in these times, bad citizenship and the absence of all love for one's country; for France will have to purchase at the cost of millions of money the quantity of corn which will be required to make good the deficiency of growth in the year ending Dec. 31st, 1866.

Our train ran into the CHARTRES Station before I had ceased gazing on the marvellously productive plains here referred to. Would that we had such an area of generous soil in our country! The foreigner takes crop after crop of white wheat without intermission, and with very

niggardly mending in the shape of manure;—a system of exhausting culture which must in the issue condemn many a tract to hopeless sterility: hence the Chartrain agriculturist sits down contented with three quarters and a half of wheat to the acre, on land which, under scientific treatment,—(fair usage, I would say),—would yield six. Meanwhile the constant removal of large quantities of inorganic food, alkalis, oxides, silica, &c., without compensating manures, tends to hand down to each new proprietor a tract of deteriorated loam which baffles all the efforts of time, skill, and toil to reintegrate it: a condition of barrenness which in La Beauce it is little short of iniquity to create; but the poverty and embarrassments of the landed interest in France hardly permit the exercise of the self-evident discretion which would guard against such calamity. The common people have for seventy years been gaining possession of the land, as petty owners, and all is Poverty and peevish Discontent.

I found myself a *rara avis* in Chartres. The obliging and agreeable host and hostess of the Hôtel de France had not for some years past seen an Englishman. The sacristan who 'shows' the Cathedral said my countrymen very rarely entered it. For my own part, I travelled a thousand miles and saw only two British faces! The French themselves entertain the notion that Paris, Rouen,

Vichy, and Pau are all that the generality of 'Les Anglais' care to visit nowadays.

I had bestowed much attention in a former visit on the mighty and magnificent Cathedral, whose spires annoyed me now again more than ever. Their discrepancy is too glaring to be reconciled by any old arguments or new notions on mediæval style. Such of my readers as happen to reside near Westbourne Terrace or Hyde Park Square may place before them in a moment these two spires:—Alongside of the steeple of Trinity Church, Bishops' Road, Paddington, place that of St. James's in the same parish. Their spires will at once realize those of the Cathedral of Chartres.

On this occasion I lingered long in the Interior of the Church of St. Peter, low down in the hilly old town, and near the river. The lower Clerestory windows are of exquisitely beautiful design: and disengaged from these, but at an interval of, it may be, twelve or fourteen feet between them, are their counterpart, without the glass, piercing the main wall that rises above the columns of the nave,—and so immediately opposite to them that both the arches are seen simultaneously. The shaft and tracery are so delicate and light that they may be conceived to have been carved out of ivory rather than of stone. The interior of this sacred edifice, which is for the most part left unvisited and unknown, while

the majestic Cathedral is engrossing all the leisure and attention of strangers paying their first visit to the town, shows to infinitely greater advantage than that of the latter temple, in consequence of there being no high screen to divide the nave from the choir. There is a low septum or dwarf stone panelling,—(it can hardly be called a wall),—about four feet high at the rise of the chancel pavement, which, though it hides not the Eastern extremity of the building, might be taken away with excellent effect; for then the eye would range without any intervening object from the Western portals through the entire length up to the Apsidal termination. I would at the same time remove the wooden pulpit and substitute one of stone, in accordance with the transition style of the columns: and with this should be swept away that abomination of the Continental Churches, the Banc des Marguilliers, or Churchwardens' Pew; generally the counterpart, in mahogany or black oak, of a Jury-box in one of our Courts,—and disfiguring with its modern panels and upholstery the most venerable antiquity that has survived the Dark Ages. Let St. Peter's Church be so far altered and amended, and it will always bear close inspection in the same day that may be set apart for the Cathedral.

When I entered, I observed a notice on the outside of the porch interdicting very gravely

any defilement of the outside of the walls. Returning through the same door, my glance fell on a large placard, exceeding very considerably in its proportions, the *affiche* outside, which announced the several prizes that might be won in the approaching lottery, and the prices of the several tickets,—for a part or the whole of the grand prize! Messieurs les Marguilliers had strained at the gnat and swallowed a camel, in their zealous anxiety for the *outside* of their cup and platter; and thought the printed announcement of twenty pounds to be won with a five-franc piece to be no defilement of the temple. The Incumbent was of opinion, probably, that as life itself is but a lottery, in which some draw prizes, some blanks, there was a *moral* to be drawn, very much to the edifying of his speculative congregation.

To see the Corn Market to advantage, the tourist visiting Chartres should choose the month of October or November, when the grain has, to a considerable extent, been threshed out. Prime old wheat, at the period of my arrival in the end of July, realized fortysix shillings the quarter, of eight bushels. Three months afterwards it was sold at two pounds, twelve shillings and sixpence.

CHARTRES, in the Eure and Loire Department, and Etampes in that of Seine and Oise, are the two great grain marts of the Empire. The most

extensive growers, or their agents, resort to their favourite coffee-houses so early as nine o'clock on Saturday morning, and are there met by the principal buyers or their representatives; and the business being transacted on view of samples, is generally concluded before half-past ten in the forenoon. The buyer either undertakes to send empty sacks to the barn door of the farm-yard whence the vendor has brought sample, or sends his wagon with them to Chartres, receiving filled sacks from the producer of the grain, which are eventually interchanged. Sacks for casual accommodation are also lent and sold in the town to the amount of some hundreds of pounds annually. The Corn Market-place, however, specially so called, is not resorted to by the large buyers. They are mostly to be seen gathering in the principal 'Place,' or Square, of Chartres,—and the promenade adjoining: but the retail sales are conducted in the Corn Market, where quantities even so small as a bushel are frequently asked for: indeed, half that measure is obtainable, if wanted. To meet this trade the small farmers bring their wheat in carts to the Market-place, where it is "pitched;"—set up in sacks. From that moment it is placed in the hands of some three hundred women, who exhibit specimens to the buyers, and weigh out the quantities demanded, and take the payments for the same, invariably down upon the nail, and

with great exactitude and regularity. The din of these women's voices, easily distinguishable among the thousands that resort to the scene of traffic, may be heard at a considerable distance therefrom: but tonguey and tart as they are, in the dispatch of business, their fidelity and correctness in the accounts delivered to their employers, and the precision with which they measure out infinitesimal portions and calculate fractional sums, are themes of admiration in the city, and deservedly. In the autumn, when vast multitudes of the poorer townsfolk flock to this market, the women-factors are frequently detained from nine o'clock in the morning till midnight: in which case, the farmers leave the town without having, in all cases, obtained the ready money. It is handed over to them on the Saturday following: but, in general, they receive the value of their corn before two o'clock in the afternoon,—paying a very moderate commission to these daughters of Ceres, without whose bustling agency all would be confusion and discord. As it is, the sales and purchases are ordered most admirably.

A very considerable business is likewise transacted in clover seed, which to the extent of three fourths of the entire quantity lodged in Chartres, is bought up by English factors and sent over direct to our country. I observed hundreds of storehouses inscribed with the words 'GRAIN et

GRAINES.' The former designating wheat, barley, oats, and rye: the latter, clover, turnip, rape, lucerne, sainfoin and grass-seeds; of all which an enormous bulk is distributed about the town, and gives employment to a very large number of commission-agents retained by planters and agriculturists living at a considerable distance from Chartres.

The Railway, as may be conceived, has effected much here, and transformed a dull languid town into a bright, bustling, thriving city, superior, in my opinion, to our York. The Porte Guillaume will remind some of my readers of certain "bits" in the latter city. The shops are numerous, and in most of the principal streets quite as well stocked and served as those in our chief provincial towns. Like Strasbourg and Amiens it has a celebrity for raised pies and all varieties of pasties: but July is not the season for these dainties, which are for the most part compounded of duck, goose, hare, woodcocks, snipes, pheasants, and partridges: all suggestive of appetizing rations at a breakfast or luncheon table, and never to be spoken of slightingly. I fell in with a 'Patissier,' who recognized me as one of the initiated; an intelligent subject, who said he had been in Spain and also in England—at Southampton; and added that I had only to give him an order, and the best of Pâtés should reach me in England, bide where I might. Indeed, if I would permit,

he would within a day or two supply me with such a pheasant pie as should leave nothing to be desired. I replied, I was astounded at such a suggestion in the month of July, and should deem myself worthy of being mulcted of my own three manors were I to connive at such a felonious killing as the slaughter of a pheasant before the Fête of St. Michael. The French are not over-nice in this little matter.

I entered the Cathedral, of course, several times,—and had to encounter proposals to mount the tower! or dive down into the crypt, or walk round the holy black image, and see and do the customary *sine quâ non* urged upon strangers; but, having passed through this ordeal several years previously, I was left to myself and my meditations: not without exciting some astonishment in the old bell-ringer whom I perceived to be as bigoted in his reverence for the dingy idol "beaucoup plus ancien que Jules César,—beaucoup, beaucoup!" as the town-clerk of Ephesus was, in the days of Paul, who took for granted that every man knew all about the image that fell down from Jupiter. Demetrius, of the same ancient city, is well represented here in the innumerable vendors of shrines, virgins, apostles, saints and martyrs, cherubs and angels, tapers and holy water shells, crucifixes and retables, from one to a hundred francs in price; according as they were moulded in rich

or ordinary material, and suited for Lazarus or Dives. Some of the statuettes in ivory, and some in plaster, beautifully modelled and painted, must have elicited the warm admiration of many a devout worshipper in this old cathedral city, and I believe the sale of them is very considerable.

It was in a small shop-front at no great distance from one of these (I must not say, 'sacred') repositories, that I lighted upon an exceedingly curious re-print from an ancient engraving, designed, beyond doubt, from a yet older painting, entitled 'Le Jugement de Notre Sauveur Jesus Christ:—Condamnation à Mort prononcée par Ponce Pilate, Gouverneur de Judée, dans le lieu nommé en Grec LITHOSTROTOS et en Hebreu GABBATHA, le 3 Avril de l'an 34 de J. C.' The scene represents a very handsome hall having, at one extremity (the background), a niche between pilasters of the Ionic order, in which is a lordly canopy and throne elevated on two steps above the pavement, and surmounted by a sort of scroll or cornice, fixed in the drapery, on which are the words 'SIÉGE DU GRAND PONTIFE.'

The High Priest, who is, also, in another compartment of the print, described as CAÏPHE, SOUVERAIN PONTIFE, is seen standing up on the dais or elevation just mentioned, and stretching forth his hands as if to invite special attention on

either side of him. In fact, he is summing up, after the several utterances on the part of others which I am now about to place on record. These enunciations from all the members composing the assembly are inscribed on very large scrolls or tablets held by the nineteen personages surrounding him, who are seen seated on benches; three tiers. Our blessed Lord is the only figure standing, and quite in the foreground: his wrists bound with a cord. To the left, however, of the throne occupied by Caiaphas is another, somewhat more gorgeous than the other; being surmounted by ostrich feathers. On this is seated Pontius Pilate: a youth or damsel (for the grouped heads conceal the dress below the waist, and it may be boy or girl), is holding a shallow basin in the left hand, and pouring water into it from a pitcher held in the right: and Pilate is washing his hands in the water. The Governor wears a very grave and melancholy countenance, looking with anxious eyes into space,—in a straight direction between Caiaphas and the Saviour;—the very impersonation of doubt, dismay, conflicting thoughts, and struggling conscience; placing his hands in the basin almost mechanically. It is the best head in all the print.

I will now note down the names of the speakers, and their respective opinions, which

they are to be supposed as delivering each in turn, in reply to 'WHAT THINK YE?'

To the Right of the High Priest.

POTIPHAR. He ought to be banished, as a disturber of the populace.

JOSAPHAT. Let him lie in prison till he dies.

SAREAS. Let us expel him from among us.

DIARABIAS. He ought to die because he has been exciting the people.

SAMECH. He must be punished, in order that he may cease to publish his doctrines.

SABENTI. He ought to die, be he a just or an unrighteous man; because he regards not the law handed down to us by our forefathers.

TERAS. Let him be banished.

JURAM. What reason is there for condemning this just person?

ROSMOPHIN. Are not the laws made to be observed?

EHIERIN. Be he a pious man or not, he ought to suffer death, because by his doctrines he excites the mind of the people.

Left of the High Priest.

RIPHAR. Let us make him confess, and then we will proceed to punish him.

MESA. Let us hold with him, if he be a righteous man: and if he be not, let us expel him from our community.

PTOLOMEUS. Why all this hesitation as to condemning him?

RABAM. The law saith he ought to die: our duty is to observe it.

ACHIAS. No one ought to be condemned to death without having been heard.

SUBATH. Our laws forbid us to condemn a person without just cause.

NICODEMUS (who sits first in order on the front bench at the left foot of CAIAPHAS). Can we, according to our laws, condemn any one before we have thoroughly informed ourselves?

SIMON EPHROSUS (called THE LEPER). What punishment does the law inflict upon a person convicted of sedition?

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHÆA. It were shameful if no one were to undertake the defence of this innocent person.

(CAIAPHAS speaks:) You do not comprehend this matter. You do not consider that it is for your advantage that one single individual should die for the people, and that all the nation should not perish!

A large crowd is seen beyond an arch to the right of Caiaphas, composed of the common rabble, and of priests and soldiers, who with uplifted arms are supposed to be clamouring for the condemnation of the accused. It is a very singular

composition, and has nothing whatever of the ludicrous or profane in it; as is often the case with such fancy pictures in Roman Catholic countries. The figures are well drawn, and the countenances strongly expressive of the opinions attributed to the speakers. The introduction of Caiaphas, however, with Pilate in the group is not warranted by the Gospel narrative; nor was his address to the Council uttered in the presence of Pilate, or in the Judgment Hall. Moreover, the parties here represented held not their deliberations in the presence of the Roman governor: but, as the Italian saying is, 'Se non è vero, è ben trovato,' and if Pilate were but blotted out of the picture it might be 'knocked into ship-shape,' and converted by a good artist into a really interesting illustration. The painter's name was Casse, a native of Gaudens in the Haute Garonne. He may have been a Protestant; for there is nothing offensively papistical in all the design: the single error lying in the introduction (for effect!) of the unjust judge. The old Masters perpetrated awful blunders; and very few large pictures purporting to illustrate Holy Writ are free from anachronisms of the grossest absurdity, and from reckless violation of the Unities, and of decency and all reverential feeling. The instances are innumerable. The apostle in the foreground of 'The Transfiguration' (by Raffaelle) holds a large bound folio volume;—it may be presumed, of the Old Testa-

ment—at a period when all writing was on scrolls, and bound volumes were unknown: and in a thicket commanding a near view of the summit of Mount Tabor are seen a gentleman of the Court of the Quirinal, and a negro by his side, glorifying the Redeemer simultaneously with Moses and Elijah! In the celebrated large picture, also, of the Marriage in Cana, by Paolo Cagliari (Veronese) are seen violoncellos and double-basses! and a relation of mine mentioned to me not long since his having fallen in with a picture in the late Mr. Elliott's gallery at Gedling House, Nottinghamshire, of St. John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness to a very large multitude, habited, with few exceptions, in full court dresses! Dibdin (not the Reverend) in his History of the Stage, makes reference to a picture representing the offering up of Isaac, in which Abraham is taking steady aim at his son's head with—a blunderbuss! And the late Reverend J. Arnold of Loudwater lodged in Amsterdam at a house where the Father of the Faithful was seated on a cloud, with large top boots on his legs,—and holding a diminutive Lazarus in the bosom of his waistcoat—in a picture of immense size.

While looking out, as is my wont, for old pictures and books, I met with several very antiquated house-fronts; among which was one of the early part of the sixteenth century, built up

in sculptured stone and marble, on a panel of which was a Latin inscription, informing the world that the owner had at length completed this mansion, and incurred heavy expenses in so doing, that he might thus immortalize the name of his family in Chartres, and the place of their domicile. Pauvre homme! The house is shut up—rough dirty boards are in the windows, and the walls exhibit cracks and other symptoms of decay. How complete an illustration of King David's text—'Their inward thought is that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling places to all generations: they call their lands after their own names: but, his glory shall not descend after him!'

There is still glory, however, in Chartres for young Marceau—immortalized more surely by Lord Byron's verse than by perishable stone and bronze—whose statue stands in the Poultry Market. He entered the army at the age of sixteen, became full general at twenty-three, and was killed four years afterwards. It was all very well for Napoleon to make generals of this stamp seventy years ago, when 'dash' and desperation were all in all, in fighting at the cannon's mouth, or rushing over long bridges, through a mitraille of grape shot and hundreds of bayonets. Such gallant spirits were the serviceable tools and pioneering champions of a great master in the art of war, but utterly unfit for important separate com-

mands; and modern campaigning calls for strategy and forecast, in which these boy-commanders were wholly deficient; and, as was said by our Duke, 'Many a colonel may get thirty thousand men into Hyde Park, but be not a little puzzled to get them well out again!' I observed on the pedestal which informs his countrymen that Marceau died in the second year of the Consulate, that the words are added, "of *Bonaparte.*" I have no recollection of having seen this family name inscribed on any other monument or tablet or building in France. The word NAPOLEON or NAPOLEO may be found in hundreds of French and Latin inscriptions. The present Emperor rejoices in .IL: probably that he may be remembered rather as the *twentieth* LOUIS than as NAPOLEON the Third, succeeding in the line of Josephine—as saith another Louis—

> ——— 'loth
> To link with him that was not lawful chosen!'
> SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VI.*

CHAPTER X.

LE MANS.

THERE are many localities, many objects in an extensive journey through France,—the Western part of it especially,—which recall to the English tourist, so vividly, all the features of town and country in his own native land, as in some respects to detract from that chief enjoyment of Foreign travel,—the charm of novelty. I have observed this frequently in Normandy; in the Northern and central provinces also. Now, again, in my progress from Chartres to Le Mans in the Department of the Sarthe, I found continuous lengths of landscape so thoroughly Kentish, that had I been riding on the South Eastern line from Ashford to Tunbridge, and gazing across country in the direction, alternately, of Chart and Smarden, Sutton Valence and Frittenden, Hadlow and Brenchley, my glances would have rested on the identical pictures that on this occasion rose before me in succession. There was an English feature actually tangible, just at starting, when, as I pro-

cured my ticket at the station of the Great Western Railway of France in the good town of Chartres, I found myself standing alongside of Peytrignet's bookstall. This firm has hired a standing place at every station between Paris and Bordeaux, if not further; and last year paid the Company a thousand pounds for the privilege. Here was 'Smith' reproduced, and this, too, not only in the book department, but, likewise, on the walls, where blazed every variety of French advertisements in capital letters of all colours, and with illustrations that formed quite an exhibition of pictures, far more sensational than THORLEY'S FOOD for cattle and a bloated bullock therewith; or DUNN'S COCOA and the CHOCOLATE GIRL and tray, *en suite*, —as portrayed in our stations. The per-centage thus appended to the railway fare by the purchase of a book sold for a franc or a shilling, seems to be as complacently paid by French as by English young men, who in both countries are the chief customers. Trash and useful information are thus indiscriminately circulated. The oculists, I believe, are the greatest gainers by so much railway carriage reading, which is said to irritate beyond all conception the optic nerve.

We travelled over a lengthened tract of level land, still in La Beauce: but entered upon the *replica* of Kentish scenery, just mentioned, at the distance of some twentyfour miles from Chartres:

for it was near La Loupe where every field and farm, mill and meadow, began to assert so forcibly the characteristic of British pasturage and arable land under good tenantry. The quick-set hedges, now only too rare among us, intersected the properties over many square miles. This thoroughly English landscape is perfect at Nogent le Rotrou, about thirtyseven miles distant from Chartres, and is in no respect interfered with by the fine old castle on the height, of Perche; once the residence of Sully. Its aspect is noble; and I hardly remember a more striking object among the private mansions of France. Restoration, however, has modernised it only too extensively; but a couple of centuries will render it as venerable as it now looks bright and gay: the latter appearance being, in my opinion, altogether inappropriate to any mediæval fabric, which is never so winning as when ivy-grown and grey.

After crossing a sandy heath named after the god of war, Mars la Bruyère, we reached Le Mans; one of the sunniest, brightest, prettiest towns in all France;—the home of a population whose civility, good-nature and kindliness of disposition ought to obtain honourable mention in the diary of every traveller that has passed even a day among them;—as well as the memorandum of its being the birthplace of the first Plantagenet king of England. After securing excellent accommodation at "La Boule d'Or," I sauntered down to

the tranquil and almost stagnant river (Sarthe) side, and found myself at once in the most ancient quarter of the town,—founded in the second century by the Romans,—where the backs and gables of the houses, and the odours around them, reminded me of the most densely peopled by-streets and lanes of old Chatham: a dark grey tint prevailing on all sides from the universal use of slate, both in wall and roof, accordingly as it had been inserted in square blocks or in plates. This material is brought in vast quantities from Angers, fifty miles distant, and, as an economical as well as most efficient substitute for brick, stone, and tiles, proves invaluable. Another modern expedient has also contributed in immense extent to the improvement,—and this, too, very ornamentally,—of Le Mans;—the asphaltum pavements, which, blended with the gravel abundantly raised in all directions, has formed causeways and promenades that might be spoken of as models of road-making. One of these runs along the quay on which stands the vast factory for the weaving of fine linen, where the steam-engine machinery makes itself heard from noon till eve; doing an immense amount of business, and building up the fortunes of Mon. Conigu, whose trade is giving employment to hundreds. The old towers and barbicans on the walls whose foundations, laid by the Romans, are in the river N.N.E. of the town, date from the

days of Philippe Auguste, and suggest to the mind's eye sentinels and warders in chain armour relieving guard, and trailing the lance or battle-axe; but there are numerous unmistakeable vestiges of Roman fortifications and Roman buildings intermixed with the early Roman brick and stone work; and before the days of artillery Le Mans must have been a "fenced city" of no light importance in the province. The tanners, however, seem in the present age of peace to man these old walls exclusively. All the Eastern quarter of the town appears embrowned by their dust, and is redolent of their pits: not that the scent of soaking bark is limited to the Rue de la Tannerie, but it overpowers, at any rate, all other odours; and this, considering what a stink may, by accumulation, culminate in, is no light commendation.

The best insight into the very remarkable commixture of Roman, mediæval, and modern fabrics which characterize Le Mans, may be obtained by crossing the river, and then returning over the bridge Ysoard. The stranger should go up the Rue de Pont, leave Rue de l'Hôpiteau to his left, and Rue de la Tannerie to his right. But, let him look down, ay, and walk leisurely down, this Rue de l'Hôpiteau, for he will then see an old house that stood there, lowly as it was, in the reign of Charles VI., some four hundred and forty years ago; and distinguishable at present

by the denticulations running in a frieze below long beams that traverse the frontage. There are several antiquated domiciles of a mean description, but all "timbered," in this street and others immediately adjoining, that have held together marvellously, considering the assaults, sieges, and sacking that have at various periods broken up the strongest as well as the weakest quarters of the 'enceinte murale.' The solidity of the ancient materials has been signally attested; and though these dingy remnants of a barbarous age may be, and probably soon will be, replaced by some airy and wholesome modern lodging-houses or manufactories, they are still regarded with just so much respect as is due to venerable old age, and to dwellings that yield a rent without calls for repairs; for one would suppose that two or three smart knocks with a hammer would bring the whole fabric very speedily to sudden death and destruction.

Continuing to ascend, always in a straight line, we have to mount a flight of sixty steps of hewn stone, which brings us close upon a very ancient tower of the days of the Romans, in which are discernible the familiar stratum of three courses of tile, between stones; and here too is a massive wall exhibiting the same materials, placed at intervals of thirty inches. I looked around me when I reached here a square enclosure beyond the wall, and

perceived there had been a square tower on the site, having walls four feet in thickness, the area comprised by them being fifty feet long and thirty wide. Doubtless there had formerly been a round tower on the left, corresponding with the one overlooking the river on the right:—much in the style of Carisbrook Castle, but on a smaller scale.

Thirtysix steps yet higher brought me up to another similar wall, with the Rue de la Tucé on the right; and twenty yet beyond this placed me on the site of an old postern, by which I entered the street called, of old, by courtesy 'La Grande Rue'! This is a very old and narrow thoroughfare, seven-eighths of the houses therein presenting gable frontages. Number 21 in it is a timbered domicile, three hundred years old. The one immediately opposite, numbered (without any apparent reason) as No. 314, is built up in stone, and was evidently the residence, in bygone days, of a family enjoying a certain position of rank and prosperity, about the date of the battle of Agincourt. Some knight may have found his way back to it from that field of terrible defeat; and yet, to what an atmosphere must he have returned, to regain that 'domus' and 'placens uxor,' after escaping from a crack on the head made by some English mace or battle-axe,—if the street, three yards and a half wide, smelt of an open sewer in his day as it

does now! One would think gastric fever must have destroyed more citizens and soldiers in those dark and nasty ages than did the cross-bow or falchion.

Numbers 10 and 12 in this street exhibit beautiful wood carving, painted to imitate stone. This is in florid Gothic style, and, judging by the ornaments in the entablatures, friezes, panels, and corbels or brackets, where I perceived some projected heads resembling gargoyles, I should say it had been a monastic residence of the same date with the house just adverted to: and I was borne out in this opinion by the account subsequently given when I was making inquiries on the subject at an antiquarian's in the Place des Jacobins [who kindly gave me an old engraving of Richard the First's queen]—to the effect that Nos. 10 and 12 had for centuries been designated the 'Maison de la Reine Blanche, ou de la Reine Bérangère.' Till within sixty or seventy years, there was a small open court behind it called the 'Cour Pooté' or 'De la Prévôté,—this having been the mansion in the open court of which the Counts of Maine used to dispense justice to their vassals, on days of appeal and trial. The word 'Blanche' was not a Christian name, but a term applied in those ages to widow Queens, who always dressed entirely *in white*, as habiliments of mourning; and so far as this went, it would have become applicable to Queen

Berengaria. The façade, at any rate, is not more ancient than the fifteenth century: and Mons. Hucher, a very acute archæologist, has recognized in the lower portion of the doorposts the arms of King René, Duke of Anjou:—the escutcheon of Bar and the cross of Jerusalem;—and the majority of the marked houses may certainly be regarded as erections of this date. Time and trouble have mercifully dealt with them; but they must have been built on principles and speculations very unlike those that "run up a row" in the present day.

At No. 69 in this street I saw, over the door, a bas-relief representing a deed committed in the very beginning of Man and Woman's history,—after a fashion never before brought under my notice:—Eve is there seen holding out to Adam an apple appended to the end of a stick! She holds it out at arm's length. THE basement floor is occupied by a chymist. Altogether there are twentyseven houses in the Grande Rue that have stood four hundred years. Poor old René, 'le bon roi,'—artist, musician, poet—Duke of Anjou, Lorraine, and Provence, and King of Naples, to a certain extent (!)—father-in-law of our Henry VI., saw but little of Le Mans, and died in Provence.

A mere chance made me acquainted with a very intelligent old priest and antiquary, Monsieur L'Abbé Voisin, *ancien* curé de Mans, but

with very *young legs;* for, in two hours' time he walked me off my feet, as the saying is. We halted a quarter of an hour at his house, where he showed me a vast bulk of MSS., the material for writing the history of Le Mans, his native town; and as though this were not enough work for his brain and pen, he said he should at no distant date publish a translation of Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War! He was very communicative; and long study and careful analysis, among the tomes and treasured lore of the old Libraries, had rendered his information authentic. He said Le Mans was one of the oldest and chiefest towns of ancient Gaul. Eight Roman roads issued from it; chiefly in the Eastern and Western quarters; and it only began to assume modern features about eighty years ago. Under the Emperor Julian (surnamed the Apostate) A.D. 360, it was called Cenomanum; having originally been known as Subdinum. The former name associated it with that one of the three nations of Gaul [the Aulerci] which was known as the Aulerci Cenomani, situate between the rivers Sarta and Lædus, two Northern branches of the Liger. This is the modern Sarthe: the two other Aulerci were ancestors of the modern population of Brienné and Eure. But, as early as fifty years before the Christian era the Romans overran Gaul, and held Le Mans as a powerful fortress for five centuries. Hence the abundant

quantity of brickwork and tile and stone structures discernible in the whole circuit of the primæval town. The Romans, however, were in due time expelled by the gallant Franks. This occurred A.D. 486. Three hundred and eighty years afterward [about six years antecedent to our Alfred] the Normans drove out the Franks, and remained masters of the territory for two hundred years, when at length William of Normandy laid siege to the place and took it, and erected two towers, of which the lower portions are, as I can certify, still extant. The town remained in the hands of the Norman conquerors for a hundred years after the decease of William in 1087. Philippe Auguste then came upon the scene, and threw a large garrison into Mans in the year 1189: after whom Richard, Cœur de Lion, and Jean sans Terre harassed it in turn, and the latter held it against all invaders in the year 1223.

The town had rest for two centuries, and then the English army under Lord Salisbury laid siege to it and took it. This was in the days of the Regent Duke of Bedford, and of the minority of Henry VI. Salisbury, who employed cannon in this attack, to the great amazement and consternation of the inhabitants, levelled the walls to the ground, and left the place in a woeful plight, to be held by an English garrison. However, in 1441, Jean Dunois, a son of Louis, Duke of

Orleans, became Lieutenant General of the kingdom, and some years afterwards drove out our countrymen, who never more set foot in the town or territory. This is the warrior alluded to in the opening lines

'C'étoit le jeune et brave Dunois'

of the favourite French troubadour and national air, 'Partant pour la Syrie,' which was attributed (perhaps without due confirmation) to Hortense Beauharnais, mother of the reigning Emperor of France. Dunois' great reputation lay in his having frequently defeated English soldiers! One hundred and fourteen years subsequent to this event the Protestant forces entered Le Mans, and with the barbarous ferocity which for the most part signalized their invasions, pillaged the churches, rifled the tombs, destroyed the libraries, and revelled in atrocities which rendered the adherents of the Reformed Faith detestable in Europe. In 1589, Henry IV. besieged Le Mans; the Leaguers holding it against him, but soon surrendering at discretion. For upwards of two centuries after this, the province of Sarthe was left in peace, and recovered from the disastrous evils of such frequently recurring hostile occupation. Trade and civilized systems were thriving when, in the terrible year 1793, and for six years subsequently, the Vendeans, Republicans, and Chouans by turns made irruptions on

the chief towns, and subjected Le Mans to cruel hardships and suffering. Upwards of ten thousand Vendean soldiers were killed in the streets during the sanguinary struggles with the Republican army; and I was shown in the Place des Eperons the area of space on which Henri de la Roche Jacquelin, gallant fellow! ancestor of the one just deceased, and young General Marceau (mentioned in the preceding Chapter) fought hand to hand till the former was wounded, and the comrades of both rushed in to part the combatants.

Such is the tale,—rather a dismal narrative—of the antecedents of Le Mans. We may well exclaim now, 'Requiescat in pace!' for, considering the casualties and devastations of thirty-five invasions in twelve centuries, according as Romans, Franks, Normans, English, and French worried and wasted the place, we may wonder at the existence of the many remains of antiquity and strength which still survive, and still interest the stranger that visits all that may be seen.

The Cathedral of St. Julien, in the Place St. Michel, is well worth a day's inspection. Voisin declared that the foundations were but a superstructure raised on those of the ancient Roman Prætorium, or Palais de Justice, which comprehended the Law Courts or Sessions House of the primitive rulers of the town. In support of this

affirmation, he drew my attention to long continuous courses of tile and reticular brick work just above the ground; and pursuing this opinion, he considered the round arched openings for the windows nearest to the pavement to have been windows in the fourth century. The several guide-books refer these remains of ancient masonry to the eighth century; but the foundations and six feet of work above them may safely be attributed to the fourth, when St. Julien converted the Pagan Basilica into a Christian temple: though the reticulation above and about the Western entry is probably only an imitation (for there are such elsewhere in France) of the ancient style of construction; and the handiwork of bricklayers that built churches and castles in the day of Charles Martel. The interior of this cathedral, 390 feet in length, 104 in height, presents many features of beauty and interest. The nave was completed in the reign of Philippe the First of France, A.D. 1108. The aisles were almost completed upwards of thirtysix years prior to that date, or about the period of the Norman Conquest in England. After the contemplation of high antiquity in the Western extremity of the building, where we first enter, the approach to the choir awakens that sense of veneration which rarely finds language to express its feelings. The most enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful would here pause in sober certainty of

having reached perfection. I may affirm that after having seen, at least, a thousand fine churches in Europe, I should be at a loss to particularize any one, the choir of which has so indelibly impressed its features on my memory as a *chef-d'œuvre* in design and execution. This might arouse curiosity in many;—but when are the English tourists ever seen at Le Mans! I was assured that the faces of our countrymen are altogether unknown there.

Double aisles encompass this choir: eleven chapels open into it. It was approaching its completion in the days of St. Louis (the Ninth), and, as a specimen of the pointed Gothic, is not surpassed by any in France. The stained glass rivals that of Chartres Cathedral: the stone work of the rose-window in the transept may be compared with the finest in Rouen; and, indeed, the violet hues of the gloriously painted quarreys in the Lady Chapel are only surpassed by those in the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. The crimson and blue tints prevail, and becoming more or less intense, according as the light increases or diminishes, an effect is created which will be best conceived by those who have seen Naples bathed in opal and rose towards five o'clock in the afternoon of February or March. One of the chapels just mentioned is dedicated to St. Peter. Here is an entombment group (called a "Calvary"), consisting of eight figures, admirably

moulded and most artistically painted. It is either quite new, or has just been renovated. An inscription surmounts it to this effect: "ALL nations shall despise Him, and His rest shall be glorious:'—an incorrect quotation; compounded of a passage in the 53rd chapter of the book of the prophet Isaiah, and of another in the 11th chapter. This is altogether in accordance with the practice of the Romish Church, whose volume of Scripture we might easily believe to vary most materially from that which we read and learn. But in this instance the sentence is 'made up,' and passes current for the exact enunciation of the prophet. The unhappy laity who read it are far too ignorant of the Bible to detect the error; and if they did, they would not trouble themselves upon the subject; still less draw their priest's attention to it. This the clergy know full well, and quote or misquote as they choose. Not that these, the very priests, are competent to cite or collate, as the well read clergy can in our own Church. I have tried them a hundred times, at least, and found them invariably ignorant to a degree hardly credible. In the 'Lives of the Saints' they are tolerably 'well up,' as the college phrase is; but 'cui bono?' In patristic writings, invariably unread. THE VISITOR desirous of obtaining a most delightful view of the stained glass in this exquisitely beautiful choir, should stand with his back to the iron

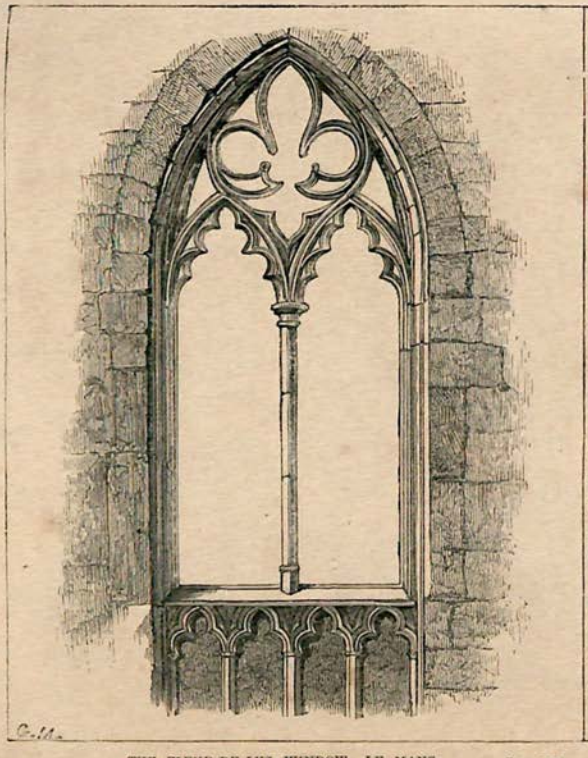
railing which encloses the chapel (without any name attached to it) between the Chapel of St. Anne and that of Saint Martin. At one glance, thirty compartments become visible; and there is no part of the interior of Chartres Cathedral which exhibits such grandeur in illumination. Not even Rheims can boast of an effect equal to this. It is, at the same time, inconceivable how any man, except a village glazier, could, in the face of these glories, set up such an abomination as the modern West window; the designs in which suggest a representation of a dessert service of twenty plates of Worcester ware! It would seem, however, that in these cathedrals and churches (as will presently appear, also, in my mention of "Notre Dame de Couture" in Le Mans), the clergy, the churchwardens, the municipality, the devout, here and there, in the congregation, and the amateurs of mediæval style or of modern ornamentation, as the case may be, send in painters and decorators with a message that they are sent to do something great and startling for the honour and glory of God and the Temple; and up goes the scaffolding, in come the artificers, and pure or execrable taste, according to chance: but each party seems bent on carrying out a notion; as in those days when there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes! The curé thinks himself fortunate in seeing his church or-

namented. The bishop thinks all must be going on well when men are ambitious to adorn and honour the very edifices which only seventyfour years ago were on the point of being converted into magazines for forage or stabling for dragoons. Control there seems to be none. Some *musical* genius has filled up with lath and plaster one of the most magnificent windows in the South transept, under a persuasion that the admission of the solar rays would sooner or later extract all the finest tones of the organ! This interposition has darkened the transept most grievously. The Lady Chapel was suffering from similar disadvantage by the closing of several of the windows, for, I believe, temporary reparations and changes.

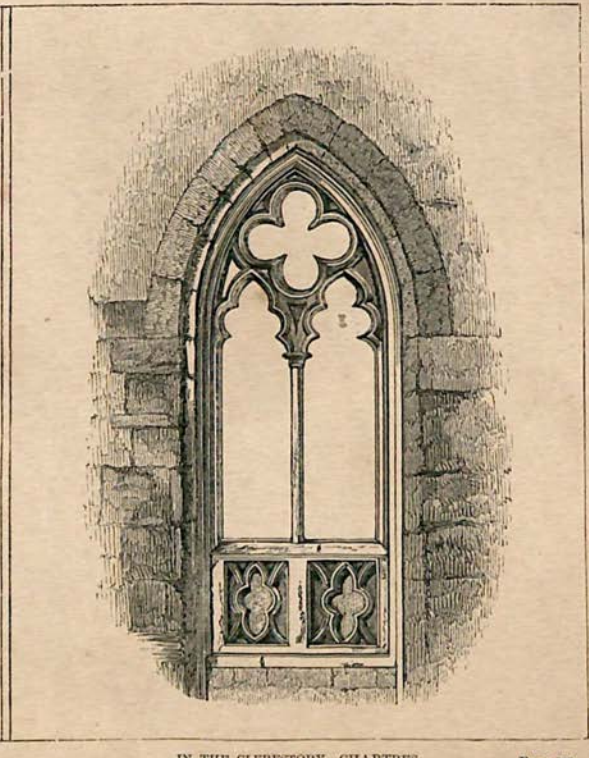
Having dwelt thus long on the drawbacks, I would fain endeavour to do justice to one of the most admirable relics of bygone ages that time has spared, if not, indeed, tended to beautify. I refer to the fleur-de-lis masonry of the North transept windows; one of the most beautiful features in the dim religious light of the sanctuary.

These windows bear the date of A.D. 1440 [Charles VII.]. The stonework of the tracery is so exquisitely carved, that but for the certainty of the material having been raised from the quarries of Caen, one would feel disposed to distrust the evidence of one's eyes, and declare the whole to have been wrought in lime-tree.

wood or African ivory. I have no recollection of any other instance of the introduction of the fleur-de-lis into tracery: though there is some admirable work slightly resembling it in the Western window behind the great organ in the church of St. Maclou at Rouen. The effect is charming; and the taste evinced by the architect in every line and curve of the whole window indicates all that feeling and genius which, through a thousand years, has continued to think out and bring into existence such monuments as are little else than works emanating from inspiration. Consummate skill and mathematical knowledge must have been brought to bear upon these masterpieces of Ecclesiastical structure. The harmonious arrangement of flowing lines and ingenious combination was not produced solely from a correct perception of the beautiful, but from the nicest sense, also, of the effect resulting from just proportion, and the distribution of pleasing forms. I have tested many of my drawings, made at different periods, of these glorious designs, with a pair of compasses, and found them to consist of curves sweeping from many central points, traversed and divided and sub-divided, yet asserting their affinities and blending, of necessity as it were, one with another, till a perfect geometrical figure developed itself, to the rich perfectionation of which they had all proved themselves accessory. These



THE FLEUR-DE-LYS WINDOW, LE MANS. Page 332.



IN THE CLERESTORY, CHARTRES. Page 229.

transept windows were finished at the date of the completion of the cathedral at Strasbourg.

The organ is in the South transept: a stupendous structure. From the pedals to the top of the highest pipe must be an altitude of forty feet. The tone of it is of correspondent power and fulness.

A very peculiar feature presented itself in the nave. The twenty arches were originally semicircular,—or rather may I say, round, like the Saxon and early English and Norman. At some subsequent period *pointed* arches were turned under them. The effect, as may be supposed, is unmeaning and bad; and only serves to enforce the wisdom of letting well alone.

One can hardly sufficiently exprobrate the despoiling officiousness of Carreaux, Bishop of Le Mans in 1831, who took upon himself to mutilate all the front stalls of the Choir, which until then had exhibited a complete series of chimerical figures carved in oak, very much after the fashion of the Rætian or primitive Etrurian statuettes;—the features of that monastic enrichment which characterizes so many aisles and cloisters of the middle ages. They were each supposed to allegorize some vice or virtue, to rebuke some folly, or to enforce some lesson in morality. The ignorant prelate, Gallio like, cared for none of these things; and when his carpenters and executioners had sawn off some

forty of the emblems he sent them into the church a second time, with a hamper full of wooden knobs, such as used to surmount our old bygone tent bedsteads, to supply the place of the condemned chimæræ. The old sacristan, seeing the 'scorny' look I gave to these ridiculous lumps, pointed to them with a grin of infinite contempt, saying—'Il nous a donné, en révanche, ces miserables bonbonnières!' It then occurred to me I had seen French children eating carraway comfits out of similar caskets!

It was an amusing episode, however, in my morning's inspection, to make a list of the old monkish ornaments still remaining. Among these were heads of rams and of dogs:—Cupid, or a cherub, or winged child, playing on a bagpipe; a cluster of fruit depending from the latter. Ditto, playing on a flute: a bottle tied to the instrument. I suppose I employ a misnomer in the word 'Cupid;' mais, que faire? The youngster had arms and legs, &c.:—winged babe, perhaps, is the fittest term. A fox comes next on the list, with a goose hanging from his mouth:—A kid with the head of a duck instead of its own. Winged child with a French horn: A dolphin: a stag's head: a phœnix: a winged child beating a military drum with his right hand, and holding a palm branch in his left: another holding a mandoline.—Ditto, a guitar:—A sort of Sphinx, with the hind-quarters of a

lioness: a pelican, surrounded by flames, feeding its young: an eagle with a fish on its back. To complete his Vandal-like raid upon the numerous oaken stalls, the same bishop covered the whole of them with three coats of *Roman ochre paint!* and did as much for the oaken pulpit—a mean article at best, and wholly unfit to be where it is: but in many such a sacred edifice the pulpit has not been thought of till all the funds were exhausted, and then *anything* was adopted. It was not thus in those glorious churches in Flanders, where the pulpit is a conspicuous object of admiration. The same may be said of that at Amiens Cathedral. But for the interdict against speaking evil of dignities, I would denounce Bishop Carreaux as 'bête, fort bête!'

I pass by the monumental effigies of Langey de Bellay and Duke Charles of Anjou, in the North transept, as works of mediocre merit; but there is one modern introduction, dated 1858, which attracts and deserves attention. It is the kneeling form of Bouvier, Bishop of Le Mans, who died in the Pope's palace at Rome. In the *rilievo* on the base he is seen lying on his death-bed, alongside of which sits the present Pope, addressing to him religious consolation; of which his Holiness himself may be supposed just at present, and in futurum, to stand not a little in need! Would that he might yield assent to have and to hold that "City for the Pope," so admirably planned and

printed for him by the Rev. R. Burgess of Chelsea. It leaves nothing to be desired.

And now passing over to the South transept we behold on the right hand the sacredly preserved monument of Queen Berengaria, wife of Richard Cœur de Lion. I must make my reader acquainted with just so much of this illustrious lady's history as awakened interest at the period of my visit to her last resting-place in this planet.

She was the daughter of Sancho the Sixth, King of Navarre, and on becoming widow of our Richard the First, obtained beneficial occupation of the province of Maine, through an amicable exchange of territory effected between herself and King Philippe Auguste, who some time previously (as mentioned in this Chapter) had driven the English forces out of the Maine. It was a proud day for France when Berengaria, widow of a most valiant monarch, rendered homage to Philippe upon the occasion of his pompous entry into Le Mans; but she was greeted with every mark of honour and reverence, quand même. She was a very beautiful woman, and of noble soul, of a generous spirit and compassionate affections, and during the twentysix years of her actively exerted influence, between 1204 and 1230, won all the esteem and veneration of the Mankians by the observance of most impartial justice, abounding charity, and numerous endeavours to establish and perpetuate good. Towards the year 1229

the 'bonne reine Berengère,' as she was popularly called, founded the abbey of L'Epau, of the Cistercian order, at about the distance of two miles from Le Mans. She died in the year following, and a tomb was raised on her grave, surmounted by her recumbent effigy: but in the year 1821, when the site of the abbey exhibited only the faint traces of its ruins, the body and the monument were transferred to the spot where they now are in this cathedral. Among the old papers and archives treasured up by the Abbé Voisin was one relating the order and incidents of that grand historical cavalcade and solemn entry in 1204, of this beloved queen, when she came to take possession of the county of Maine; and Philip Augustus, the gallant and the brave, rode by her side, as he advanced to instal her as his royal vassal in her province of Maine; he being followed by the train of all the grand dignitaries of the Crown, and the whole of the high nobility of the said province.

The Queen's head bears a crown, and rests on a quilted pillow: her long hair flowing down far below her shoulders. Her feet rest on a very remarkable device; a lion overpowering, if not *demolishing!* a kid or lamb. We hear not, however, of any disposition but that of kindness on the part of the lion-hearted king towards his consort. He was far too hotly engaged in all varieties of warfare and chivalric enterprise to prove

much devotedness to womankind. He met her by appointment, in Messina, and went through the marriage ceremony, but instantly took ship and put his bride and his sister with her on board another vessel, and after a storm at sea and a disembarkation on the coast of Candia that now is, and which, if alive again, he would soon quiet (!), rejoined her in Cyprus; he being then thirty-three years of age. Nine years afterwards he died; but Berengaria survived him thirtyone years.

An Argand lamp is affixed to a branch in the wall, within two feet of the head of the effigy, and is always burning. History has recorded her virtues, and we may infer that with many Christian graces she displayed sound common sense; for, near to the premises where she founded the abbey, there stood a large mill:—It was not on the abbatial land, but on her own private grounds. The monks, however, caused a complaint to be conveyed from them to the sovereign lady's ear, deprecating the further working of the said mill, the noise of which they affirmed was a serious disturbance to their devotions. One of her friends quietly advised her to bestow the mill on the holy brotherhood. She did so: and heard no more about the disturbance. The monks worked the wheel early and late for a century afterwards!

The tomb is enriched by eighteen admirably carved quatrefoil panels, and is massive and hand-

some; but the statue, about six feet in length, is of very indifferent sculpture. There is, or was before the recent conflagration, a very perfect copy of it in the Byzantine Court of our Crystal Palace.

On the second occasion of my visiting this goodly pile, my clerical guide pointed out a length of pavement outside the Northern walls, beneath which would be found a number of cells, which he said were considered by all antiquaries to have been chambers of detention for prisoners at the time of the Prætorium in the Roman age; and not far from this he showed me the dark copper-coloured mass of rough sandstone, built up in the fabric of the wall, which was probably a remnant of one of the rude temples of the ancient Gauls, and had lain about this spot at a period anterior to the occupation of Le Mans by the Romans. It was a foolish fancy which could prompt any builder to incorporate such an uncouth, unmeaning fragment,—a worthless memorial of Paganism,—with the good masonry of a Christian cathedral.

The Church of the Visitation of the Virgin is much admired on account of its façade, which is certainly a beautiful demonstration of the excellence of the Corinthian order; and as the whole front seems to have been very recently completed, it exhibits the carving of the stone with a distinctness which favours it not a little, and shows the handicraft of the French mason to be

in every respect equal to that of the old Greek that stood with chisel and mallet in hand in the presence of Pericles. But what can be the English rendering of the French inscription over the Portal? 'VIVE JESUS.' When the populace exclaim, 'Vive l'Empereur,' they emulate the Jews that saluted Solomon, crying 'O King! Live for ever!' Can we thus apply the word in this instance?

My next visit was to the Church of Notre Dame de Couture. The arches on either side of the nave are semi-circular, and spring from within three or four feet of the pavement: engaged slender pillars standing *between* each arch, which seems to have rejected the supports of any columns. The body of this church is not above five hundred years old, and has been *restored:* most unhappily too. Indeed, it is a misappropriation of terms to speak of restoration, where, in point of fact, there is only innovation; and this with a display of vicious taste which is painful to the sight. The first fifty feet length after entrance at the Western doors,—which comprises two out of the three arches just mentioned, has been painted in yellow, white, red, and black,—varnished and gilt; and called Byzantine! It is, rather, a fac-simile of the interior of those Egyptian tombs discovered by Belzoni, very accurate representations of which were exhibited in London some fifty years since. The yellow

washed walls are picked out in white, and the perpendicular borders that follow the ascent of the columns are bedizened with the gaudiest combination of colours ever woven into a French riband.

I learned that most of these "improvements" are introduced at the cost of private individuals, whose fancy is permitted to run riot, and who are reverenced as 'bons Catholiques,' and as faithful found among the faithless; no matter how untrue to the architecture and style of the era at which the walls were raised.

Among other horrors, I noticed twentyeight corbels—or substitutes for corbels—in the shape of human heads, male and female, in a narrow frieze at about thirty feet height from the pavement,—painted to the life, and varnished;—which, projecting from the wall, looked down upon the congregation below with every variety of expression in the features;—sorrow, surprise, scorn, ridicule, doubt, detestation, disgust! If it had been the object of the originator of this appendage to the sacred edifice to provoke merriment or trifling or foolish thoughts among the worshippers whose eyes, uplifted heavenward, might glance at these ludicrous physiognomies, the success must have been complete. I had never beheld anything so ridiculous in a consecrated building—and it will be well when, 'non indecoro pulvere sordidus,' each countenance

shall have become too begrimed to be any longer expressive of joy or ill-temper, approbation or contempt.

For all this, however, there was ample compensation at the other extremity of the building: Ancient as the accession of Hugh Capet to the throne of France, the architecture of the Choir is yet so effective as to fix one's regards at the first glance. A remarkable purity of conception is observable in every feature of this venerable sanctuary, where the narrow round arches, devoid of all ornament, and almost rustic in plainness, are seen high in air following the semicircular apsis, and actually enriching the fabric by the mere manifestation of their simplicity,—of primitive conception and masonry. Compared with the filigree-like enrichment of choirs in certain churches of Normandy,—at Caen for instance,—this rude arcade astonishes us: for, unadorned and bald as it is, good taste would not add another feature. The altar they surround was consecrated and served by ministering priests at the period of seventysix years prior to the Norman conquest; and the principles of architecture that began to prevail at that remote period being modifications of the Lombardic style—(a derivative of the Roman)—were characterized by the general use of these semicircular forms, not only in arches, but in windows. Meet them where we may, they are

always pleasing in effect, and in this particular locality their chastely elegant arrangement is in charming and dignified contrast with the vermilion and green pilasters and running borders at the opposite end. My old canon, M. L'Abbé Voisin, used to officiate here; but his own antiquity and his penchant for everything old and archæological have induced him to relinquish active service, and he is more at home with maps and dictionaries than in the sacristy or confessional. While we were perambulating the precincts of the cathedral it occurred to me to ask him where Paul Scarron used to reside; for there is a canonical house still remaining, which in 1637 was for a time occupied by that comical, if not 'scampish,' specimen of humanity in the seventeenth century. We soon stood opposite to it, and as it was not altogether devoid of characteristic lineaments, I secured at once a sketch of it; showing a large allowance of lodgment for "a single gentleman without incumbrance," when his habits may not have been exemplarily regular, or his tastes simple.

I asked, also, whether I ought to rely on the alleged authenticity of the account handed down to the present day of his notorious escapade in Le Mans, which, though it nearly killed him by the chill contracted in the river-stream, made his native place too hot for him ever afterwards, and induced him to pass the remainder of his

life in Paris. Voisin said it was all true enough, and pity 'twas, 'twas true ;—but he could hardly be considered an ecclesiastic, though nominated as such ; and, in those days, there was but too great licence, even among the professed. It appears that Scarron was only in his noviciate or first year of probation, when the event occurred of which I am about to make mention. His father, who practised at the French bar, intended Paul for holy orders, and had interest enough to secure for him, when his education was completed, a canonry at Le Mans: he being at that time about twentysix years of age. The young man seems to have been of an uncontrollable, mischievous turn of mind,—the plague of his friends as well as of strangers, and continually disturbing both by practical jokes—(as men designate acts of ludicrous annoyance)—which made his whereabout no pleasant nigh-neighbourhood. He was lodged, however, as a probationary canon, in the house here mentioned, when, at the close of the Carnival,—even on Shrove Tuesday,—he conceived the insane project of stripping himself to the skin, and anointing himself from head to foot with honey; having done which, he called up his man-servant, and giving him a pair of scissors, directed him to slit open a large feather bed, into which he immediately plunged,—and rolled himself round, turning over from front to back, and from side

to side, till, by the adhesion of the down feathers to every inch of surface of the nude body, he came forth an *animal bipes plumiger*, or something between a cassowary bird and an ape. In this guise he rushed out into the open street, and called at the house of every acquaintance and friend that he could succeed in reaching, before the mob of boys and men and women that almost immediately surrounded him began to chase him through the City, hooting at and pelting him, till he began in fierce indignation to turn round upon and assault some of the lads nearest to his heels:—whereupon the uproar became tremendous, and the chase so fierce and threatening as to induce him to make for the river-side, as a stag would have done; and here he threw himself in, and, swimming like an otter, distanced his pursuers, who had thus been brought to a standstill; and as there was no bridge at the spot where he left them, Scarron had ample time to find a nook of shelter under some shed or archway higher up the stream, where, with but few feathers left upon him, he was soon descried by some kindly-disposed persons, who supposed him to be a bather exhausted by swimming. The check of perspiration had well-nigh proved fatal to him; but, within four and twenty hours he was seized with cramp, ending in total paralysis of his limbs below the waist, which rendered him ever afterwards incapable of moving

without crutches. Having no more use of his thighs or legs than if he had been made like a *bowl*, which, we know, can roll about a little with no very regular locomotion, he contracted the sobriquet of 'cul-de-jatte,' and was thus contemptuously spoken of through the remainder of his life, which, as might be expected, was a short one, for he died at the age of fifty. This, nevertheless, was at the distance of twentythree years from the date of his indecorous and fatal prank, which is even yet spoken of in Le Mans. As Hamlet says of Yorick, Scarron was "a fellow of infinite jest," and made a joke of his sufferings, distressful as they were, to the end; yet his was a lot far merrier than that of many who were sound in mind and body (and he was neither); for, as was adverted to in a preceding Chapter, his Salon in Paris, over which Madame (afterwards Marchioness Maintenon) presided, was the centre of attraction for wits and fashionables of either sex and of distinguished positions in society,—and among these he forgot all antecedents, and beguiled all sad consequences.

SCARRON'S mad pranks may yet find admirers, if not close imitators. According to the Parisian Journal 'La Liberté,' *ladies* in Paris have begun to come out in dresses trimmed all over with feathers so copiously that sportsmen cannot supply them in sufficient quantity. Feathers of the peacock, pheasant, partridge, jay, blackbird, and

pigeon are all seized with eagerness after every *bâttue* at Compiègne; and even the ducks of the poultry-yard are plucked, while alive, to satisfy the caprice of the fashionables, who, being birds of a feather, flock together, in this foolery, in the gayest salons of Paris.

I might have filled a little volume with vignette-sketches of the quaint and picturesque, if not of the beautiful, which I made in Le Mans, —a town abounding in charming relics of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Among these were the old Penitentiary House of the Cathedral Chapter, at the corner of the Rue des Chanoines, and close to the *quondam* Infirmary of the monks. It is a decidedly picturesque specimen of the domestic architecture of the days of Charles VII. The projecting cylindrical or hexagonal towers, beginning at about seven or eight feet from the pavement, and ascending to about one half of the height of the roof, are characteristic appendages of most of the dwelling-houses of any note at that period. They are generally staircases, leading out of the first into the second floor; and were expedients to save loss of room in the apartment from which they issued, through the formation of a flight of steps *within* the building. Prout has immortalized them in English portfolios, illustrating Belgium, the Rhine, and Normandy.

Invention and sportiveness in design of the

ludicrous and mystical have wrought masterpieces in wood and stone throughout the old quarter of this city: and labour must have been requited with very low wage when sculptors, masons, carpenters, and carvers worked upon statues, corbels, finials, gargoyles, brackets, and friezes, in every other street, which are still extant on comparatively mean dwellings, but which would occupy even an expert mechanic three or four, perhaps even seven, days, were he engaged in the production of one of them. The execution of detail in many, if not the most, of these ornaments, in very hard material, is elaborate and highly artistical; and the carver who could in the present day turn out one of them in that degree of excellence which I noted in this antique city, would realize at least from five and thirty shillings to two guineas a week at the ordinary bench.

Just previous to my departure from Le Mans I witnessed a remarkable arrival. The illustrious stranger came direct from Paris, and put up at my hotel, commanding 'bon logis à pied et à cheval' for himself and attendant, travelling chariot, driver, and horse. I fell in with him soon afterwards, when he had baited and gone out for a drive about the town, and learned that he was a man of science to whom Society owed much, and who might possibly be found a desirable party to consult before I went further on

my travels. This was the expressed opinion of several whom I perceived gathering in the rear of Monsieur Delapeau's chariot; but the *modus in quo* was disclosed by M. Delapeau himself, who made known to me the manner in which he thought it likely enough he might prove of service. This was not communicated in a personal interview, but through a medium which, from its singularity, I felt disposed (as a traveller ever ready to hear some new thing, and to see some strange sight) to adopt.

Monsieur Delapeau's invitation simply suggested that I should go and stand for a few minutes before a square of plate-glass, through which he would enable me to witness in silence an exhibition of artistic skill, which would, beyond all doubt, entitle him to my confidence, and prove his best introduction. There was somewhat of the VIDE. AUDI. TACE. about all this—but falling in with four or five others to whom the same notification had been made, I determined to humour this facetious personage, and ascertain how much of the performance, which was evidently *pro bono publico*, was to prove advantageous to *me*. I took up my position before the square of glass. It commanded an ample insight into a handsomely furnished room, at one corner of which I saw a black attendant grasping an enormous pestle, with which he was pounding something in a proportionately large

mortar. Nearly in the centre of this apartment sat a very good-looking, lady-like woman, most elegantly attired in a rich black moiré silk gown, and holding in her right hand a fold of her skirt, from which presently she protruded her right foot,—placing it, bared of its stocking, on a low stool resembling a pianoforte stool *rasé*. Monsieur Delapeau, in full evening dress (and, as seemed to me, with his dark hair *bien frisé*), was occupying a chair, not exactly facing her, but a little towards the right,—so as to let us see distinctly what, literally, was afoot. He began by making a very deferential bow, which the lady acknowledged with a gracious inclination of her head, and then she bent down,—as though to see that all was right on and about the stool. She then raised her head and nodded to him; not speaking one word; nor he. He then nodded his head twice, very quickly,—as if to say "All right!" Then he bent down very low, and placed both hands on the lady's foot: and before he raised his head again, shook it gravely. However, he raised himself half way, but kept his right hand on the foot: then he looked up in her face. She shook her head. He was about to place both hands on the foot, when she suddenly withdrew it. Hereupon he threw himself back in his chair, extending his arms on either side. I then perceived he held a knife in his right hand. This assured me it was a case

of corn cutting! and this last gesture intimated —"If you will not let me touch it, I cannot relieve you." All this time, the Negro boy had been looking askance, or gazing at us, with a broad grin—and decidedly neglecting his proper work, which, doubtless, was to pound some ingredient for plasters. Suddenly M. Delapeau turned his eyes upon him, and then he set to work, pounding away as if it had been iron ore he was to triturate and reduce to pulp or impalpable powder. At length, the lady placed her foot again on the stool; nodding. Then the operator nodded briskly; placed his hands on the foot—and presently held up both,—bending the left arm so as to raise the hand higher in air [of course with the extracted corn in it], and holding out the right arm at length, as if to display the sure and effective knife. Madame lowered her skirt: hid her foot, and made him a bow—(Blackboy almost frantically grinding down the mystical lumps in the mortar)—and M. Delapeau, rising, made a bow rivalling George the Fourth's—upon which the curtain fell! Veni! vidi!

The plain English of this little episode is that the hinder part of the white (!) chariot in which Monsieur Delapeau, Artiste Inventeur, Boulevard de Strasburg, No. 19, près de la porte St. Denis, à Paris, travelled through the provinces (Maine not forgotten!), was fitted up with a square

rumble, somewhat after the fashion of commercial travellers' phaetons, the back panel of which, being removable through grooves on either side, was at once supplaced by a broad sheet of plate glass nearly a yard square, into which the admiring public, for whom a little bugle was now and then sounded, were invited to gaze and behold a capital wax likeness of the artist himself,—a figure about fifteen inches high,—which, together with the other two, moved by mechanism of wonderful construction, in a manner so true to life as to express in dumb show all the action I have described, and to leave all the printed recommendations of his gentle and judicious treatment, one of which I have by me still, quite superfluous. The black boy's job was to make up that Pommade Pedicure which for fifteen years had proved the most effective of all preventives and eradicators also; and within five days would get rid of the worst bunions and callosities known among the thirtyseven millions of the population of France. "Plus ils sont durs, plus il est facile de les guérir!"

The term 'bird's eye,' by which we designate a certain sort of tobacco, is by the French applied very differently. 'Oeil de Perdrix' means a soft corn!

I observed to Madame Odiot, my pleasant hostess, that the 'Boule d' Or' would become more and more illustrious through the custom of

such a client; but, whether the 'grand artist' had made *her* partridges' eyes smart by too ungentle treatment, and testified much less politeness than he observed towards the lady in the moiré gown, she fired up with—"Oh! je n'aime pas du tout ce charlatan ridicule!" Perhaps she resented this pretentious relieving officer's thus making *Game* of, probably, her very tenderest points! Quant à moi, I needed not the application of his science, and next day left the town; and might justifiably have exclaimed, "Nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus":

> Free from all detriment or dread
> Shall this sound foot on earth still tread.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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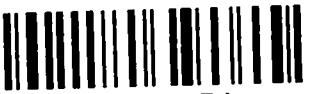
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